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the matches with "no after glow"

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This is a Food Beer, more delicious, nourishing and better than any malt beverage you can buy in bottles. Drink all you want of it. Easy to make. The drink that "cheers but does not inebriate." Rich, creamy foam, natural color, snap and sparkle. Your friends will confirm your opinion—"The best I ever tasted."

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(Golden Sables) from registered stock. Males \$15.00; Females \$10.00. At stud, "Loveland Scotty," registered in U.K.C. 236978. Fee \$10.00. Book on "Care and Training of the Collie," 50c, postpaid.

G. DETBERNER
Watrour - Sask.

The Western Home Monthly

Vol. XX.

Published Monthly
By the Home Publishing Co., Ltd., Winnipeg, Can.

No. 10

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Yours truly,



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The Western Home Monthly

What the World is Saying

A Bitter River for the Germans

The Marne may be a little river but it has had great floods of bitterness for Germany.—Ottawa Citizen.

Well Understood

We understand the Germans too well to ever conclude a peace by understanding with them.—New York Tribune.

Their Main Reliance

German military science seems to consist of one poison gas after another.—Toronto Star.

A Whirlwind Driven Back

All that seems to be left of Hindenburg's "whirlwind campaign" is the whirl and the wind.—Halifax Herald.

Boss of the Kiel Canal

Germany has a new Minister of Marine. It is a high-sounding title for a canal superintendent.—Paris Figaro.

He Has Had Many Wrong Ideas

The Kaiser has the wrong idea. The war will end when he asks for peace terms; not when he proposes them.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

Civilization's Burden

The colored Republic of Hayti entered the war for the purpose of taking up the white man's burden.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Beyond Dispute

It must be admitted, however, that the Kaiser has come nearer fooling all his people all the time than any other ruler.—Indianapolis News.

Where Money Talks

The French franc is now worth more than the German mark. Money has no country. It follows the winning side.—Baltimore American.

All Push!

Says The Berlin Vossische Zeitung: "Either Germany or Britain must be pushed out of the ranks of world powers." Quite so. Now all push!—Vancouver Province.

A Rash Demand

An American newspaper asserts in a headline, "Red Tape Holds Up Soldiers' Garments," and proceeds to demand it be cut!—Regina Leader.

Blood and Iron

The Kaiser's policy is blood and iron, with some other man's son furnishing the blood while he and the Krupps furnish the iron.—Detroit News.

A Plain Statement of Fact

The two farm women who were injured a few days ago in harvest work near Blenheim, Ontario, deserve a place in the casualty list of the war.—Toronto Telegram.

An Epitaph Somewhere in France

Nothing finer has come out of this war than this line from an epitaph in a British graveyard in France: "For your to-morrow they gave their to-day."—London Truth.

The Name Fits

The name of the Canadian soldier who escaped from Germany on the seventh attempt and walked 200 miles to gain freedom. It was A. Corker. The name fits.—Toronto Globe.

Turkey's Evil Companionship

Another thing that would have been considered impossible four or five years ago is that Turkey could possibly get into any company that would be bad for her morally.—Ottawa Journal Press.

"Mistah Rat-Face"

A darky soldier has named the Crown Prince "Mistah Rat-face." It should live as one of the world's most famous bits of description.—Detroit Free Press.

The Kaiser Sent Her His Photo

Must have been a treat for Frau Meter, the German mother who lost her nine sons in the war, to get a photo of the man whose six safety-first sons haven't got a scratch.—Edmonton Journal.

Patriotic Hens, Please Copy

The Lethbridge Herald tells of an Alberta hen with a record of 151 eggs in 158 days. Patriotic hens elsewhere are urged to please copy.—Calgary Herald

The Huns Are Worse Than Sharks

Sharks are reported to have menaced American aviators fallen into the sea, but they have not been accused of attacking hospital ships.—New York World.

His "Faithful Allies"

When the Kaiser speaks of "my faithful allies" he means Austria, which he is holding by the hair; Bulgaria, which he is sitting on, and Turkey, which has just made a break for the window.—Toronto World.

An Infamous Popinjay

The Germans are now blaming the Crown Prince for their reverses. A nation that has applauded this war-crazed buffoon for years is getting its deserts.—Victoria Colonist.

A Plea for a Robber

A Swiss lawyer pleaded for leniency for his client accused of robbery, on the ground that he had lived a long time in Germany. That is the way the rest of the world will look at it for a long time to come.—Washington Star.

Quite So, Indeed

The Kreuz Zeitung explains to its readers that American troops for the Allied armies "happened to flow somewhat freer than anticipated." Quite so. American enterprise and British naval strength both "happened" to be on the job.—Saskatoon Star.

Great Britain's Long Purse

The Chancellor of the Exchequer reports that Britain has loaned £568,000,000 to Russia, £402,000,000 to France, £313,000,000 to Italy, £208,500,000 to the Dominions, and £119,000,000 to Belgium, Greece and smaller nations.—Hamilton Herald.

A Proper Reminder

Lord Robert Cecil gives a proper and timely reminder that the indemnity already extorted from Belgium amounts to 2,300,000,000 francs. Till that has been repaid by Germany the question of "peace without indemnities" cannot even arise.—Glasgow Herald.

Benighted Russia

There are vast districts in Russia wherein the people believe that the Czar still rules. Democracy can make but little headway in a country so benighted.—Regina Post.

A Good Use for Them

A box containing 450 German iron crosses was among the booty captured on the western front. If used by the Allies in the making of shrapnel, they may after all serve some useful purpose in the world.—Minneapolis Journal.

Canada's Pension Roll

Canadian war pensions will soon reach \$17,000,000 annually. It is an expenditure the public will not object to, since the men who fought for us dearly earned the pensions they receive.—St. John Telegraph.

Foul Fighter, Bad Loser

The German is a foul fighter. He is also a bad loser. He wants to play always with stacked cards. He violates the rules of war when he sees advantage to himself in violating them. But as soon as he begins to suffer from their violation he begins to whimper and asks for a return to civilized practices.—Duluth Herald.

How Long?

German generals who have failed to "make good" have been dismissed and disgraced by the Kaiser. How long will it be before the German Kaiser, who has failed to "make good" will be dismissed and disgraced by the people he has so long deluded?—Toronto Mail and Empire.

The Ancient Lord of the Prairies

From a herd of 750 buffalo in 1909, the Canadian Government now has a total of 3,500 in the Wainwright park, all due to natural increase. This is good business. At that rate, all fear that the ancient monarch of the western plains will become an extinct species is groundless.—Brantford Expositor.

Remarkable Bungling

Some men who pretend to guide the destinies of other men in this city have lately reminded us of the man whose cat's head got stuck in a pitcher. He cut off the cat's head to save the pitcher and then broke the pitcher to get the cat's head out.—Vancouver Sun.

A Suggestion

The Dominion Government might profitably put an end to an active enemy agency in Canada by confiscating all known stores of spirituous liquor. They can be used to advantage in the manufacture of high explosives.—Peterboro Examiner.

The Cost of Clothes in Russia

A good suit of clothes is said to cost \$700 to-day in Russia, and poorer clothing is in proportion. At that rate the mass of the Russians should be going about in old duds, and in extreme cases hiding behind their whiskers.—Woodstock Sentinel Review.

Gloom in the Kiel Canal

"The German army and navy now face dark hours. May God protect the fatherland!" writes the military critic of the Dusseldorf Nachrichten. Where did the critic get that stuff about the German navy? Has there been an eclipse of the sun in the Kiel canal?—Windsor Record.

Another Job for the Food Board?

Excessive drinking of lemon extract is said to be causing trouble in Saskatchewan. This new indulgence would seem to open up the dreadful possibility of the Canada Food Board having to prescribe lemon pie when it is above proof.—Victoria Times.

Ship Construction

Some idea of ship construction and sailing regulations may be gathered from the fact that to-day a merchant vessel is leaving North Atlantic ports for Europe every forty minutes. The U-boat as an important factor in the war, has ceased to exist.—Canadian Finance.

Precarious Thrones

Candidates for thrones in the German made "kingdoms" of the Baltic region should take a good look at the trade mark which will be found stamped on them somewhere. It may be got up in fancy language and design, but what it means is simply this: Good only as long as the Brest-Litovsk treaty lasts.—New York Sun.

An Exploded Myth

The last four years have been hard on supermen. The carefully cultivated myth of German superiority, which gained adherents easily when nobody was particularly interested in examining and exposing it, has been blown sky high through the efforts of men who were compelled by necessity to exert all their power. It can never be restored.—London Daily Mail.

Women's Work and Pay

Forces of orderly progress may welcome the evidence that English women have the intelligence to claim the same rate of pay as men for similar work. There is nothing revolutionary in the women's demand. After the war the danger to the state will be in the possibility of women causing men to be unemployed by accepting lower wages than men.—Kansas City Star.

The "No Booze" Secret

Tommy Mason, a correspondent, tells us was superintendent of the construction work on the Tuckahoe, the naval collier turned out of the yards of the New York Shipbuilding Corporation in 27 days 2 hours 55 minutes—the world's record cut in half. After the launching Charles M. Schwab sought Mason to learn how he and his men had made such phenomenal speed. "I want to pass your secret along to other shipyards," said Schwab. "No booze," replied Mason. "That's the secret."—New York Outlook.

As the Crown Prince Sees It

"To hold our own and not be vanquished"; that, says the German Crown Prince, has been his idea of a German victory ever since the British entered the war. The amiable prince will explain soon that the invasion of Belgium and France was just a friendly visit, the motive of which was misunderstood by the inhabitants.—Manitoba Free Press.

Canada's Forthcoming War Loan

The new Victory Loan is another opportunity for every Canadian to help in speeding the war to a close and giving the cause of the Allies a victory so complete that peace between nations will reign in the future.

Rushing Coca-Cola to the Thirsty Westerners



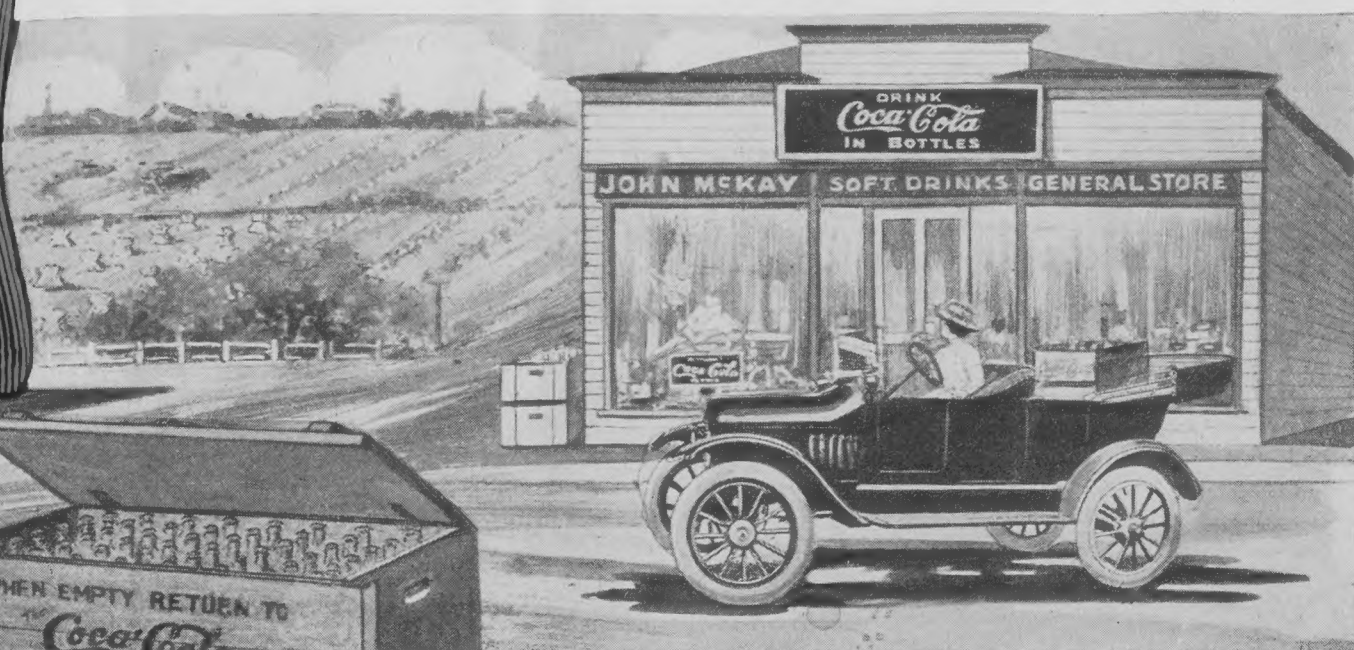
In Sterilized Bottles

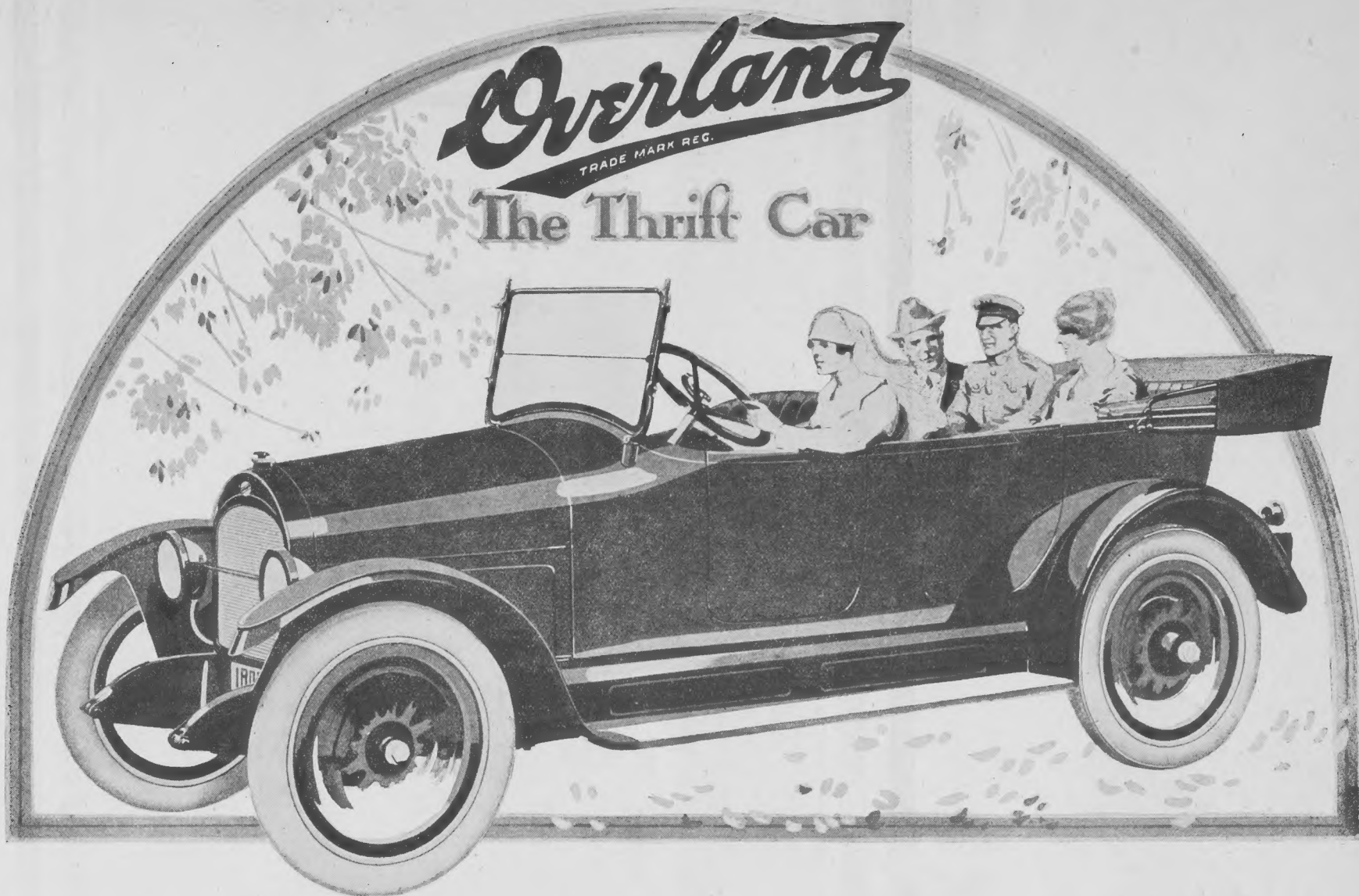
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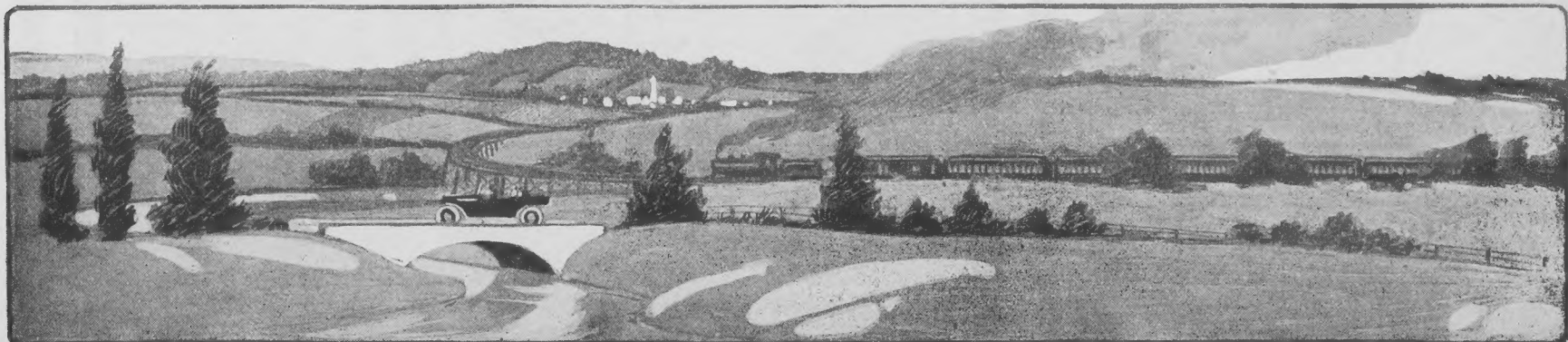
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Winnipeg, Man.

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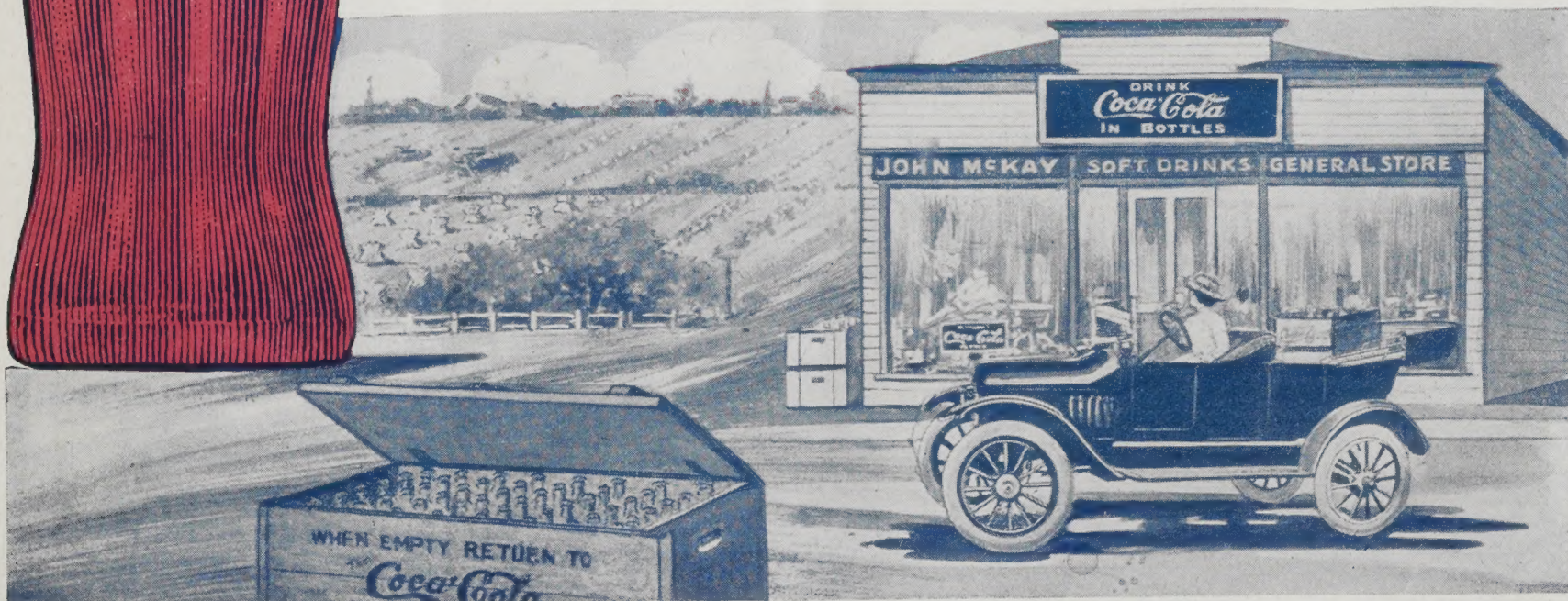
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It is a delicious drink, of great food value, and its use saves other foods.

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disinfected too!

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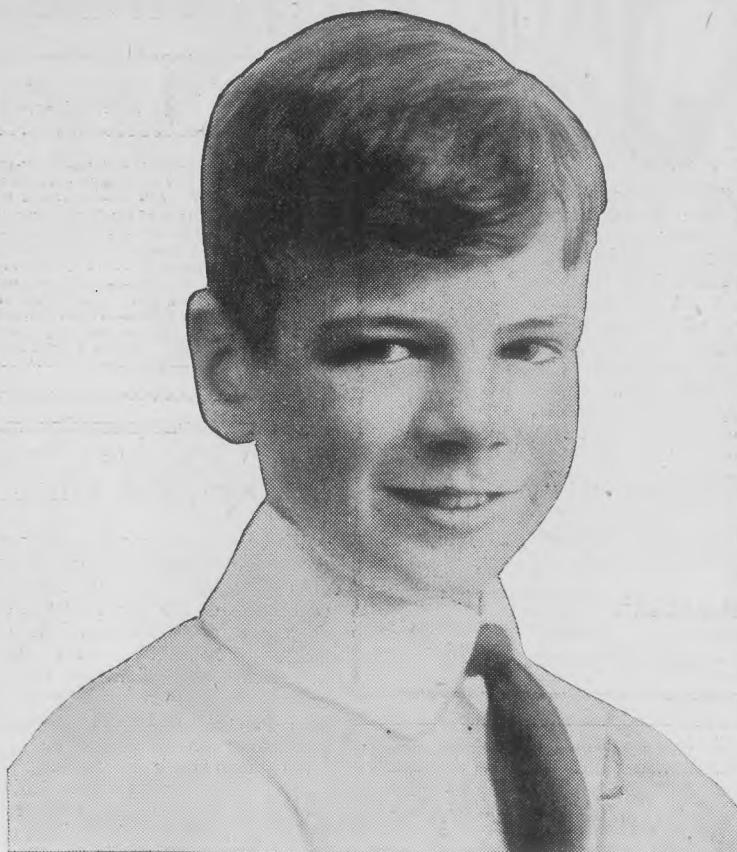
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with brief, simple and fascinating talks and descriptions. It contains everything the child ought to know, and wants to know, and leads the child step by step from his first simple question into all great departments of knowledge.

"The Book of Knowledge" will prepare the child for life; it will store his mind with wonderful interesting information; it will teach him to observe; it will help him to find his place in the work of the world. Many times the wise parent will be able to decide upon the future of the boy by the measure of his delight in reading one or another of the great departments of "The Book of Knowledge."

This Boy Has

a sure foundation upon which he will build a strong, useful and brilliant life. Through his daily use of "The Book of Knowledge" he knows more about the earth and the life on it than the wisest men knew a few generations ago.

Not the least valuable section of this work contains the answers to hundreds of everyday questions such as the following:

Why does thunder follow lightning?
Why do autumn leaves change color?
Why do we dream?
Why does the outside of a glass containing ice cream get wet?
Why does not heat run along a stick?
What is the force in lightning that kills a man so quickly?
Why has water no taste?
Why does steam always come when water is hot?
What happens when you get tired?
What does a hen make her eggs of?
Why do we count in tens?
If snow is frozen rain, what is hail?
What is it that causes earthquakes?
How many words do most of us use?
Why does hair turn grey?
Have fishes any feeling?

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NAME

ADDRESS

W.H.M.—Oct.

**The Grolier Society THE TRIBUNE BLDG.
WINNIPEG, MAN.**

Editorial

Thanksgiving

THE Government of Canada has asked that October 14 be observed as a day of national thanksgiving. Usually people do not pay much attention to requests of this kind. They accept the day as a feast day or holiday, but thanksgiving is in many cases the last thing in their minds. It is not that men and women are lacking in gratitude, but that they cannot bring themselves to be thankful according to order. True thanksgiving like true prayers is spontaneous. Its origin is in the heart of man rather than in an official document. As a matter of fact it does little good for people to join in saying they are thankful unless their own hearts prompt them to an expression of gratitude.

This year, however, there is so much for which all Canadians have to be grateful that it is easy for them to unite wholeheartedly in a chorus of praise and thanksgiving. They can well take to heart the words the children sing on Sundays:

"Count your blessings, name them one by one
And it will surprise you what the Lord has done."

The blessings of the past year are beyond number, and it will do us no harm to recall them in order that our hearts may be stirred to sincere gratitude. Thus will the day set apart be really what it was intended to be—a day of national thanksgiving.

First should we be thankful that the overthrow of the arch-fiends of all time is certain and near at hand, that the world henceforth is safe for democracy, that a league of nations making for peace is in the making, is indeed already made, that truth and honor are triumphant over brutality and disregard for obligation, that God reigns on earth as in heaven, and that all's well with the world. We may have doubted in the darker days, but now we rejoice in the light of victory.

We should be thankful, too, that we as a nation have been permitted to take part in this great task of setting the world right. It is not given to every people to be chosen for such a great honor. One nation is chosen to give the world a code of ethics, another gives ideals of beauty, another a conception of law and order, it has been for us to assist in asserting the right of the humblest citizen and the smallest nation to freedom of thought and action. And for all this we can return thanks.

Then we have reason for gratitude that when the call to service came our men and women willingly yielded their sons to become defenders of the world. Our western land has been described as a paradise, a land of illimitable possibilities, the home of the wealthy. None of these terms describe it rightly. Its greatness consists in the devotion of its men and women to principle, their willingness to sacrifice their most precious possessions in order that truth and honor shall be preserved to the world. Thank God, our people are sound at heart.

Above all these things we can be thankful that our young men failed us not when the supreme task was assigned them. Through all the tedious months and years they maintained their unbroken courage, and when the final trial came they stood every test. Because of their unflinching courage the name of our country will go down in history as a byword for all that is brave and dashing and resourceful. And in keeping their trust they acted as men. This be our greatest joy. No brutality, no desecration, no slaughter of innocents marked their conquests. They played the part of Christian heroes. For this let all our hearts be glad.

Then our country was able to do more than give its men. It was so favored by kind Providence that it was able to give gifts of abundance to the needs of its Allies in this great struggle. The war is to be won on the harvest fields as well as on the fields of battle. God has enabled us to assist most wonderfully in keeping up the supply of food, and munitions of all kinds.

Nor is this all. The sound of arms has not reached our shores. We scarcely know that the world is in a death grapple. Our children are safe, our women protected. Who would not be thankful?

True there are some who at this solemn time have not felt the call nor made the sacrifice. There has been occasional plundering, and there have been combinations for to seek higher wages and greater gain. Yet on the whole our people have risen above selfish ambition. The war has purified their souls and developed the altruistic and unselfish spirit. It has moreover developed the feeling of brotherhood, fathers joining hands as they wished their sons God-speed, and mothers mingling their tears as they sorrowed over fallen heroes. For all this let us give thanks.

And as we express our gratitude let us pray that we may not be wearied in our task, for there is some distance yet to travel, though the road be down hill. With new devotion let us all on October 14 reconsecrate ourselves to the work. Thus will our thanksgiving be acceptable to God, and returning upon ourselves will sustain us in our hour of greatest trial.

Learn Farming

THE call is for men and women who can claim from the land all that it is so ready to give, men and women who know how to farm to the best advantage. Not all who attempt the task are successful, for many lack skill and knowledge, while others are lacking in moral qualities—perseverance, system, economy and frugality. It is imperative that in these times all should succeed, and our country has been wise in placing it within the power of young men and women to get such instruction as will insure success. In an agricultural province there is no institution more necessary than an agricultural college, and in no province is there a college with better equip-

"He Will Give Them Back"

(A poem for those bereaved in the war)

We are quite sure
That He will give them back—bright,
pure and beautiful.
We know He will but keep
Our own and His until we fall asleep.
We know He does not mean
To break the strands reaching between
The Here and There.
He does not mean—though Heaven be
fair—
To change the spirits entering there, that
they forget
The eyes upraised and wet,
The lips too still for prayer,
The mute despair.

He will not take
The spirits which He gave, and make
The glorified so new
That they are lost to me and you.
I do believe
They will receive
Us—you and me—and be so glad
To meet us that when most I would grow
sad
I just begin to think about that gladness,
And the day
When they shall tell us all about the way
That they have learned to go—
Heaven's pathways show.

My lost, my own and I
Shall have so much to see together by
and by,
I do believe that just the same sweet face,
But glorified, is waiting in the place
Where we shall meet, if only I
Am counted worthy in that by and bye.

I do believe that God will give a sweet
surprise
To tear-stained, saddened eyes,
And that His Heaven will be
Most glad, most tided through with joy
for you and me,
As we have suffered most.

God never made
Spirit for spirit, answering shade for shade,
And placed them side by side—
So wrought in one, though separate, mys-
tified—
And meant to break
The quivering threads between. When
we shall wake,
I am quite sure, we will be very glad
That for a little while we were so sad.
—George Klinge.

ment than that at St. Vital. It should be crowded with young people all the time, for there is much to be learned not only for to-day, but for the days that are coming. It is easy enough in a rough and ready way to raise wheat and vegetables and stock. The world is clamoring for food of all kinds. But it is necessary to conserve the wealth of the soil, and this means knowledge of soil chemistry, of crop rotation, of fertilizers, of methods of cultivation and a hundred other things. In a few years from to-day it is only the man who knows who can succeed. And so we say to all farmers. "Get informed, send your children to the agricultural college, patronize the extension courses, read the farm papers, know the best in practice in every department, be artists rather than artisans."

One of the daily papers so well expressed it in these words:

"The industry most neglected in Canada, from a scientific standpoint, is farming. Without the West, and its grain and its cattle, Canada would have been struggling along with a population of probably six million of people, the families at home raising sturdy sons and thrifty daughters to migrate elsewhere.

The New Canada has been the backbone of the whole Dominion. This is the land of big things and sure things, and it is time we gave more attention to the scientific side of farming, our basic industry. The field for the expert and the educationist is immense, just as wide as our prairies. We must not only get the people on the land, but we can afford and it will be profitable to spend millions to keep people on the land and give them the benefit of the best advice that money can buy. Without the wealth of the land we should not have a Winnipeg, and those eastern cities would be insignificant places compared with their present importance."

This, of course, is only one side of it all. The farmer must know how to buy and sell, and for this reason co-operation is essential. Here, again, the college is the rallying centre. It may be with changing conditions that the college will have to change in some ways its mode of operation. It may be trusted to do this as circumstances make changes necessary. Yet in all its work it must rightly be regarded as the source of inspiration and enlightenment for the farming population. It is impossible for too many to become experts in agriculture. Nothing will make our nation decline more rapidly than the occupation of the land by a body of ignorant or improvident husbandmen. Western Canada in all things should lead the world.

There are, of course, some things a college cannot give a man—the habits and moral qualities essential to success. These are part of the man's spiritual equipment, the result of early training, education and self-conquest. In the long run it is these very things that count for most. Good homes, good schools are the foundation of national prosperity.

The Hiving of the Races

AT last the newspapers of Western Canada are becoming interested in the hiving of the non-English settlers. They are appreciating the evil of a policy that was thrust upon us by over-zealous but misguided ministers of immigration. They are saying just what this magazine endeavored to say ten years ago. The fact is, the gravity of the situation is not yet fully seized. The settling of the non-English in large colonies not only works against nation unity, but imposes financial burdens upon the province, and makes it next to impossible for departments of education to grapple with their task. It is most unfair for the Federal Government to launch immigration policies that inevitably commit the provinces to the expenditure of great sums of money. Were a half dozen Polish or Ruthenian farmers to settle in a district they would soon catch the Canadian spirit, and there would be no trouble at all in educating the children, but when there is a large colony with no admixture of English speaking people, it is exceedingly difficult to develop natural sentiment and to give the children an English education. And it costs far more to educate where the nationalities are segregated. More serious still, there is always danger that the old love will persist.

Last week appeared an article pleading for "diversity in unity." This is excellent doctrine, sound doctrine, anti-German, though coming from one who is more at home speaking German than English. Yet all through one could see that the writer was thinking more of diversity than of unity. And so it will ever be until schools taught by Canadian teachers are planted in every district, and until papers written in English are found in every home.

Thirty Hours a Week

THAT was indeed a wonderful resolution adopted at a union meeting in Winnipeg a few days since. It declared in favor of a six-hour day, for five days in the week, the excuse being that after the war there will be no positions for returned soldiers. Think of thirty hours a week for able-bodied men in the city trades as compared with eighty-four hours for farmers, ninety hours for doctors, and practically one hundred hours for good housewives. The Bolsheviks have declared for a three-hour day, but they never think in terms of the nation or of humanity. Where would our country be, where would the world be on a six-hour programme? The thing is too absurd for discussion. In these days a man must be willing to work for twelve, thirteen or fourteen hours if need be, to make the world safe. It is not a matter of money at all. It is a matter of national preservation. Of course, some of those who at the Winnipeg meeting voted for the resolution never intended to work only six hours a day. They wanted six hours at the ordinary wage, and as many extra hours as you please at one and a half rate. It is pure camouflage, a round about but clumsy attempt to get a higher wage. By all means let men get a higher wage for working—just as high, for example, as the soldiers at the front are receiving—but let them get it in a frank open way, and let them at this time put their whole energy into work. It is no time for idlers; no time for a six-hour day. Nor will there be need for reduction of time until many years have passed.



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A Touch of Brotherhood

Written for The Western Home Monthly By H. Mortimer Batten

DOCTOR FORD pushed his account books from him and looked up smilingly at his wife.

"Not so bad," he meditated, half to her and half in soliloquy, "two thousand six hundred dollars in one year can't be complained at, considering it's our first year, and considering how scattered our patients are."

His voice bore the tone of happy anticipation, as well as that of satisfaction, and, as Kitty laid down her sewing, he drew from his note-book a new fifty dollar bill, and handed it to her.

"That's your little bonus, or rather commission, Kitty," said he, "goodness knows you've earned it, dear girl, and you can spend it as your fancy dictates. This spring we will buy an automobile, bearing my own name, so that I can give you a little more diversion. Don't thank me—please!"

Kitty took the note, her cheeks—slightly faded after years of toil as a struggling practitioner's helpmeet, with little to break the monotony of each day—glowing with pleasure.

"Dear boy," she replied, "I can't say how happy it makes me to think that we have succeeded in this new country. As for the present, I appreciate it fully. There are two things I would like to do with it. If I had my choice we would take train to Vancouver, put up at a good hotel, go to two theatres and a concert, and return here at the end of four days. That being impossible, since you cannot leave your precious patients, I would like to give a children's party, a good, old-fashioned, children's party."

The doctor regarded his wife almost incredulously. He himself could not have defined just what was lacking in his life. They had been married five years, and no event of paramount importance had punctuated that period of partnership.

"A children's party?" he echoed. "How like your dear heart. I thought you would plump for new clothes. But then,"—the doctor smiled on her blandly, "perhaps you do not need them, you had a good wardrobe when we left England a year ago, and fortunately you look beautiful in just anything!"

Kitty laughed. How blind men were! Goodness knew she needed the clothes badly enough, for a wardrobe, fifteen months old, is not much for a girl, accustomed to every luxury, to work upon.

"I can do without the new things till next year quite easily," said the woman. "A children's party it shall be, and, as it wants only three weeks to Christmas, we had better get to work right away. I would love to invite every child within a day's sled ride, but let us make a rough draft of the 'possibles,' so as to see where we stand. You take all residents north of the baseline and I'll take the south; then we can revise each other's lists."

Each with pencil and paper, they made out their rough drafts, then exchanged lists.

Ford glanced his wife's paper with the quick eye he brought to bear on prescriptions. "I see you have included them all," he observed gravely. "These two Dale children, a boy and a girl, do you mean the children at the sawmill, Howard Dale's children?"

Kitty nodded. "Yes," she said. Then, touching his hand, she added. "This is not a professional affair. We are giving the party to please the children, not their parents. It is my party, Dan."

The doctor busily polished his glasses. He had given the money to Kitty for her to do what she pleased with it, but now he was in a dilemma.

"I do not think it is very wise, dearest," he said. "Not that I myself care, it is the parents of the other children who will care. Why, that man has been in prison twice for peddling whisky into the mining camps. He is suspected of beachcombing and remarking timber, and he is the most notorious drunkard this side of Telegraph Creek. His wife is a—"

"I know all that," said Kitty with a little shudder, "but why should the sins of the parents be visited on the children? The poor little half-starved things have tasted few enough pleasures, goodness knows, and it is just that kind I want to see happy this Christmas."

But the doctor persisted, "Dearest, you do not understand the people of

these pioneer districts as I do," he argued. "Their non-conformity and narrowness of outlook, coupled with a sense of self-righteousness, passes all belief. Why, if you invite those children, half the mothers in the district will be horrified, and the whole thing will prove a hopeless fiasco. Take my advice, and cut it out. The children live a long way off, and even if you invite them they will never get here."

For a moment Kitty was silent, then she said, "It's my party, and I'm going to invite the two little Dales. As for getting them here, well, we can send our own sled for them, and it will be an example to the other mothers that we, at any rate, are not bigoted or narrow."

And so the doctor was compelled to subside, and the next three weeks were a time of bustle and happy anticipation for Kitty. She had no shops from which to

"Mrs. Ford, it is kind of you, madam, to invite Joe and Betty to your party and to offer to send your sled for them, but I am afraid they can't come because they haven't any party close, their father he drinking that heavy and me without money for food, hoping it find you as it leaves me at present. Yours respectfully,

Annie Dale."

"You see you were right," said Kitty with a sigh. "It would have been better had I not invited them. It would be no kindness to bring them here unless they were dressed like the others, for children are very sensitive."

But to her surprise her husband began to argue the point. "I don't see why that should stand in the way," said he. "A little frock and a suit are not very expensive items. You get the children here in good time, and we will see what can be done."

In the early morning of Christmas

"Just as well to give them a little time to overcome their self-consciousness," Kitty explained. "Now don't you think they look as nice as any of the other children will look?"

But somehow a lump had risen in the doctor's throat. He felt himself a brute for the prejudice he had maintained towards these two small and innocent people. He himself would have robbed them of what was undoubtedly to be a holiday of many memories, and now the sight of them seated at his own table, pink and clean and modest, stirred an entirely new sensation within him. He had long lived a bachelor, partaking of bachelor habits, and, to-day, he had surrounded himself with animals on which he bestowed unbounded affection.

"I am glad you insisted, Kitty, dear," he said. "As for Joe and Betty, they must enjoy themselves thoroughly, because we are very pleased to have them."

"Pop is coming on Boxing Day for us," chirped Joe, gaining confidence. "He said I was to tell you that he would come to drive us home, then bring the sled back next morning."

"That's decent of the fellow," observed the doctor, "since he is ready to give up two working days, it shows he appreciates it."

Kitty's party was an unqualified success. They kicked off with supper—or high tea, as it would be called in England—according to the usual western custom. Many of the little visitors at first held themselves aloof from the two Dale children, having evidently been instructed to do so by their parents, but Betty was so pretty in her pink finery, and Joe so much of a little Britisher, while Kitty's attentions to the pair of them were so marked, that, by the time crackers were placed on the table, all suggestion of conservatism had vanished. Then, after the crackers, the curtains were drawn aside by the half-breed, decked in the full glory of the tribal garments of his mother's side, and there, in the centre of the drawing-room, stood the Christmas Tree.

A cry of delight went round, while the doctor and Kitty looked on in silent pleasure. As for the Dale children, they simply stared and stared in speechless bewilderment, till the doctor tossed Betty on to his shoulder, and made a triumphant entry into the enchanted chamber.

It marked a new era in the children's parties of that locality. Hitherto the parents had been too afraid of their offspring forgetting their manners, too afraid of their party clothing, to let things rip; but now, led by the doctor and Kitty, all formality was sacrificed on the altar of enjoyment.

It was late when the sleds began to draw away their loads of happy children. Joe and Betty, the specially favored, remaining behind to see off the guests, thereby acquiring unto themselves additional prestige, and an hour later the childless man and woman stood by the large bed in which the two small people were sleeping. Joe's head was pillowed on his arm, one pink cheek visible, and Betty's hand held a wisp of her brother's hair as though to ensure his constant proximity.

"You made a wise choice, little girl," said the doctor, drawing his wife to him. Kitty smiled up at him. "You are glad?" she asked, simply.

"More glad than I can say," the man answered, "but—I think we shall miss them when they are gone."

The girl bit her lips and nodded. "It sets you longing?" she said at length. "I, too, dear heart!"

Next morning, true to his promise, Howard Dale arrived to take his children home. He wore a rough Canadian parka, made from an old woollen blanket, his feet were shod in shabby moccasins, his beaver cap sat at a rakish angle over one black eye. The doctor went forth to greet him, and saw at a glance that the man was the worse for liquor, not merely a stray dose, but long imbibement.

"Doctor," said Dale, with tipsy dignity, coughing as he spoke. "I'm much obliged to ye for the kindness ye've shown. I tell ye, I think a whole heap of my children, and if their mother was anything like the woman she ought to be, things would be different. Aye, different with me and my kids, I tell ye—"

In spite of all the circumstances, there was a ring of sincerity in the man's faltering voice, and the doctor took the big hand offered him.



General Sir Henry Sinclair Horn, the brilliant leader of one of the British Army Corps on the Western front, which distinguished itself in the British advances. The General is a Scot—and a Caithness man.

purchase the necessities for the party. The cakes and sweets she had to make herself, with the assistance of an extremely green servant girl. The Christmas tree she cut from the second growth spruce grove at the back of the house, the Japanese lanterns were of cardboard and red photographic paper stolen from the doctor's dark room. Thus the bulk of the \$50 note was saved for the presents which were to adorn the tree, a present for each child.

Strange to relate, Kitty's announcement of her decision had none of the regrettable results the doctor had prophesied. It was quite possible that the foolish womenfolk of the district, recognizing the doctor's wife as a person of education and "learning," would have fallen in with her views to even greater extremes, for only a few turned up their noses, and refused to allow their children to participate in such a cosmopolitan gathering. Kitty received a characteristic note from the mother of the little outcasts. She read it aloud to the doctor at the breakfast table:

Eve a sled, driven by a half-breed, drew up outside the little forest-marooned sawmill, where the two Dale children lived. This was the opening of an event such as the little boy and girl had never before dreamt of, a children's party, such as their mother had described in weak and garrulous moments as existing in her childhood's days, an event to brighten darker hours, perhaps by happy memory. The half-breed, having imbibed of the spirit of Christmas, cheered the two children throughout the morning with his quaint little songs, but, as the long white afternoon dragged on wearily, he developed a headache, and, when finally they arrived, both children were tired out. A hot bath and a comfortable feather bed awaited them, and Kitty, appropriating their poor little garments, made a bundle of them and packed them in the bottom of the sled in readiness for their return trip.

Next morning the two Dale children made their appearance in their party clothes, purchased by the doctor at the village store.

"You want to look after that cough of yours, Howard," he said by way of dismissal. "It sounds bad, and it isn't improving." * * *

The doctor's first year had been a prosperous one, but the second bade fair to even things out. He had worked hard now for seven years, with precious little relaxation, and that spring the reaction set in. It began with an attack of typhoid, followed by a nervous breakdown and a complete surrender on the part of the Doctor. For three months he was bedridden, paying exorbitantly for a "locum," and compelled to maintain an automobile to keep up the practice. By the beginning of July, funds were extremely low, and it was then that the specialist recommended a complete change as the only course. The doctor suggested a spell of mountaineering in the range that lay to the south as a good substitute for the proposed coast trip, and incidentally he decided to pay a visit to the sawmill at the foot of the range.

"Now, don't worry, old girl," he advised his wife on taking his departure, "I'll come back as fit as a trooper, and by the end of the year, we shall easily have restored our much exhausted funds."

"The trip was to combine prospecting and angling around a central camp located only a few miles from the sawmill, and the doctor, being a capable mountaineer and woodsman, was able to dispense with a guide. The mountain air soon worked marvels, and, at the end of eight days, he was sufficiently fit to plan quite an ambitious round, which would land him by mid-day at the sawmill.

For weeks past it had been hot and still, but that morning a wind sprang up, increasing by eleven o'clock to a hurricane. Here and there forest fires began to show, and by mid-day scores of them were burning in every direction. The air became thick with smoke, blotting out the sunlight, blotting the landmarks, and rendering many of the familiar routes unrecognizable. The doctor, cut off from camp, made a wide detour in the direction of the sawmill, but only to find that the route was cut off. Fires were approaching right and left, and there was nothing for it but either to make through the timber and take one's chances, or enter a narrow gully which promised certain shelter from the flames.

Feeling sick and weak, the doctor made for the gully, and rested at the mouth of it. He had not sat there very long, however, before it was borne in on him that the fire would shortly sweep this point with its full fury, that the air was rapidly becoming unbearably with smoke and heat. Accordingly, he entered the gully, a small canyon which ran off into the mountain side, at points so narrow that he could touch both its precipitous walls by stretching out his arms. Not many minutes had elapsed before he began to realize further that his choice was not a wise one. The fire now had all but reached the canyon brink, and the heavy fumes were rolling into the narrow cutting from its mouth and from above, there to lie imprisoned. The doctor hastened towards a higher level, scrambling over dry waterfalls and boulders, when suddenly he came to an abrupt halt, hardly able to believe his eyes, the peril of the moment forgotten.

Could it be possible that a generation of prospectors had missed this place? Could it be possible that he, by chance, had stumbled across something in search of which good men weary out their lives in fruitless endeavor? For there, across the dome of rock on which he stood, was embossed what appeared to be a Japanese dragon. In every direction its arms stretched out from the central lead, thick, crooked arms of white quartz, liberally mingled with some sad yellow material.

"Gold!" cried the doctor. There was no mistaking it. At his feet lay a fortune, and, with this realization, the facts returned, he was in dire peril, and outside was the world of sunshine and laughter, and—Kitty.

The doctor clutched his chest, coughing and gasping. The air was full of smoke, and a sullen roar filled the canyon. He began to gasp for breath, then it dawned upon him that the air was giving out, that the furnace at the other end of the canyon was sucking the oxygen from the confined space. To proceed was impossible, for in that direction flaming trees were crashing from above into the

cutting, to escape the way he had come was equally impossible, to remain here meant suffocation!

The doctor looked up. Above him the canyon edges were clear of timber, and at this point the precipitous walls were scarcely four feet apart. In an instant his mind was made up, and, bracing his shoulders against one side and his feet against the other, he began to ascend Alpine fashion. It was hard work for a convalescent man, but, having ascended forty feet or so, the air became clear and breathable, and, propped in a more or less natural position, Ford rested, deciding to remain there till the worst was past. Not till then, however, did he realize how utterly spent he was. Weak to begin with, the strain and excitement had proved too much for him, and now his muscles went limp, his brain throbbled, and, in spite of the heat, an aching chill began to creep through his limbs. To stir from his wedged position meant falling into space below. To descend was impossible; to ascend—well, it was a

the doctor by at least six inches. Claspings a dead root, he flung himself across the canyon with reckless skill, and began to descend in the same manner as the doctor had climbed upwards. He got below him, so that the doctor's body rested on his, and thus inspiring confidence, assisting and supporting, they began to work upwards. But it was a terrible trip. At times the big man supported all the doctor's weight, mumbling encouragement and advice, and after each such struggle he was overcome by a fit of coughing. His voice became a hoarse whisper, his breath rasped in his throat, his huge hands became pale and death-like. But somehow they gained the brink and sank in the sunlight, Dale still gasping and coughing. Presently the doctor rose and stood over him. The sight that met his eyes filled his heart with pity and admiration for the man who had saved him, the one who had struggled so manfully, in spite of his own awful predicament.

"Doctor," gasped Dale, "I been out



General Diaz, Commander-in-Chief of the Italian Army, who has proved himself a good military genius, and more than a match for the enemy.

matter of eighty feet to the row above!

Ford will not forget the hours that passed. Six inches at a spell he struggled upwards; at times the sweat streamed into his eyes; at times he was chilled through every fibre. By sheer grit he gained a point twenty feet from the brink, but there the canyon widened, it was impossible to ascend further. The cold stars came out, the little chills settled, while the doctor, bruised and cramped in his unnatural position, dreamt of Kitty and the vast fortune he had found for her. Daylight came at length, and the doctor, crying out in his delirium, became aware suddenly of a face peering at him from above. As his vision cleared, he saw that it was the face of Howard Dale—Howard Dale, the drunkard, now red-eyed and fire scourged!

"Stuck?" queried the big man simply. "Yes, lend me a hand for heaven's pity?" cried the doctor, deliriously. "There's a fortune down there, Dale—Gold! Dale, gold!"

Dale was quick to weigh up the situation, and he had the advantage over

fighting fire. When I—got—back—heard you were—missing. Reckon I set right out, and—and I've got you!"

The doctor could say nothing. He merely took the big man's hand with the touch of brotherhood and wiped the red stains from his trembling lips. There was another terrible fit of coughing, then—

"Doc—the smoke's—kind of got on my chest. That cough—you know, it's kind of got me down of late. If—if it finish me—you'll look after the kids?"

"Yes, yes, old man," whispered the doctor gently. "But listen—there's gold down there, enough for all of us. You mustn't give in till we've fixed our claims."

The ragged woodsman smiled faintly. His big white hands clasped those of the doctor. "Enough to educate my little boy?" he murmured dreamily. "Enough for my little Betty—to make—a lady of her? God is kind—God is—"

But his voice trailed off, and his big hands fell from the doctor's yearning grasp.

Warranty to Replace Broken Parts

Written for The Western Home Monthly
By A. B. Brown

An average farmer, living "somewhere in Canada," was approached in the spring of the present year by the local agent of a leading tractor company, who showed up in the glowing way in which agents will, the many and manifold advantages of the tractor which he was selling, and pointed out that if he did not buy he was missing the one chance of a dozen lifetimes.

"It's a good thing all right," agreed the farmer, "and with the scarcity of help it's a pretty hard one to get along without it, but I don't know. It's quite an expense to assume."

"That's quite true," admitted the agent, "but our guarantee really guarantees, and you'll say so if you'll just let me read it to you."

"Go ahead," said the farmer. "The said company covenants and agrees to and with the buyer," the agent read, "that it will repair and replace, free of charge, any part of the above described tractor, which may break under the normal service of the buyer within one year after the delivery thereof, because of defective material or workmanship, or it will furnish, free of charge, new parts to replace any parts which may so break."

The result was that the agent did sign him up, delivered the tractor, and the farmer put it to work. Inside of a month the tractor went bad, as the crank case had been cracked when the tractor left the factory, and this crack in the crank case allowed the oil to leak, and the leaking oil burned and wore out the bearings in the motor, so that the tractor was practically useless.

Then one day the farmer saw the agent driving by, called him in, showed him the tractor, pointed out the defects, and at the same time produced his guarantee.

"What do you want me to do?" queried the agent.

"I want you to replace those defective parts according to your guarantee," maintained the farmer stoutly.

"But, my dear man, the guarantee don't cover this case," laughed the agent pleasantly. "The only part that is broken is the bearing and that did not break on account of the defect in the bearing itself, but on account of the defect in another part of the machinery altogether, and in any case all that you could ask us to do would be to replace the crank shaft."

Now, this is a problem that is liable to come up at any time, and as far as is known the point has never yet arisen in Canada, but in a case right along this line the Massachusetts Supreme Court decided that such a guarantee bound the company to replace the worn and broken bearings.

"The manufacturer," said the Massachusetts Court, "by his guarantee, agreed to repair and replace the parts which become impaired within one year, under normal service, because of defective material and workmanship or to replace any parts so broken. Construing this provision with reference to the subject matter of the contract, the obligation of the manufacturer to restore or deliver the defective parts was not confined merely to parts which were themselves defective, but extended to all the machinery which broke down because of defects existing in the material or workmanship. While the manufacturer had the option of delivering parts to take the place of broken ones and was not bound to make the repairs and restore them to the machine, his obligation was either to restore or deliver all the parts which broke down under normal service caused by any defect of the material or workmanship, although there was no defect in the particular part which had so broken down, and although there was no defective material or workmanship in such parts, if they broke down because of defective material or workmanship existing in other parts of the machine. If the fact was established that because of a defect in the crank case the bearings wore out in two months under normal use, the buyer could demand of the manufacturer their replacement or delivery, according to the guarantee, to the same extent that he could if they wore out in the same time because they were in themselves defective."

Save for the next Victory Loan.

The Bos'n of "The Gull"

Written for The Western Home Monthly By C. Lewis Rotherham

IF this story has an old time flavor it is because the events herein related occurred many years ago. The world has changed since then, and in nothing more than in that which pertains to the sea. In the days of which I write the sailing vessel still held its own, and the picturesque "white wings" swelled to the freshening breeze. It was the time of the creaking windlass, of the sailor's chantie and of hemp and tar; the age of Drake and Frobisher and their stalwart supporters, to whom England owes so much. It was in these days of the old sea dogs that one, William Drew, was bos'n of the Gull which lay at anchor in the harbor of S— on the Devonshire coast. But William was not aboard that night. The Gull was due to sail on the morrow and the greater part of the crew were ashore, making the most of the

"Fair and foul," he replied, half bitterly.

She looked at him with questioning eyes and he answered the look.

"Fair for the going of the ship, but foul in that it takes me away again."

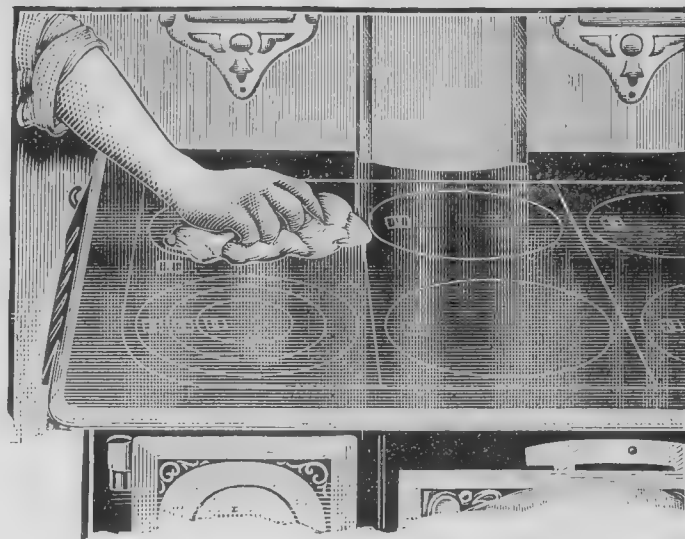
A smile flickered to her face. She was glad that he was loath to go. His quick eye caught it, and he bent, suddenly, toward her.

"Is it aught to you, Susy, that I feel like that?"

The color mounted to her cheek, and her lips trembled, but her eyes were steady, and she did not pretend to misunderstand him.

"I am sorry you are going, Will," she said.

The words were spoken quietly, but she had never called him Will before, always William, and her eyes spoke more than her words. He thought he read in



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So that all may see what saved his life, this British "Tommy" on his way to the hospital is exhibiting his steel helmet. A piece of shrapnel has torn a hole through it, and has wounded him in the head. Had it not been for the helmet, he might have lost his life.

time before a long voyage. Some lounged on the sea front and talked with their friends, others had gone to the white cottages of the sailor's quarter that rose in irregular terraces on the slope of the hill, but William and a companion had gone far to the east where the sea wall ceased and the road narrowed to a path that wound among the broken rocks and rugged boulders below the cliff. Here they were soon hidden by a turn in the path. William's companion was a girl, young and attractive, but simply dressed. Her head was bare, and her fair hair, ruffled and fluffed by the wind, till it surrounded her face like a halo. At least so William thought, as he looked at her, and his heart swelled within him, and he longed to take her in his arms and kiss her, but as yet he had not spoken to her of love.

The tide turns at four in the morning, Susy," he said.

"Yes," she said, simply, "and should the wind hold as it is it will be fair going for you."

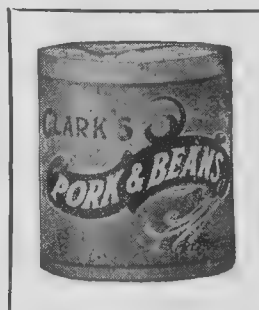
them the answer to his hopes and longings, and, forgetful of all else, caught her hand and drew her to him.

"Susy!" he cried, passionately, "is it to be!—to be!—now—and for ever."

Still her eyes were steady, but they shone with a light there was no mistaking.

"Yes," she said softly, "Now and for ever." And so they plighted their troth.

But as they walked back in the twilight a cloud spread over the sky of their happiness. Susy was one of a family of four children and dwelt with her parents in a substantial stone house standing between that part of the town where the seafaring portion of the inhabitants lived and the rest of it. It seemed a connecting link between the actual toilers of the sea and those who, by trade and occupations of the land, were associated with them. And Susy's father, Johnathan Guest, held a like position. At first himself a sailor he had risen to be owner of craft, brigs and schooners not a few, and dispensing with middlemen had dealt with inland merchants, and built up for himself



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a comfortable position. He was proud of his position, proud of his connection with the business world, proud that his son held a position under government, and his eldest daughter had married a well-known merchant. Is it to be wondered at that such a man should look askance at the humble bo'sn of the Gull. Of this both William and Susy were aware, and coming events cast their shadows before. As yet nothing had been said openly. They had known each other for years, though only of late had their acquaintance ripened. William had made occasions to call at the house, but had avoided treating Susy any different from her sister. It was when they had met alone she had learned his true feelings. Johnathan, therefore, had little suspicion of the state of affairs. But now they both felt it would be necessary to speak to him, and William, with characteristic decision of character, decided to do so at once. He was bound to sail on the morrow, and he would know, one way or the other, what to expect.

When they neared the house, therefore, they parted by mutual consent. Susy went to speak to a friend in a neighboring

far forget her position as to form an attachment for a common sailor. But the fellow before him must have unduly persuaded her against her better judgment. His anger blazed out against William, and he did not seek to conceal it. He cut short his speech with an impatient gesture.

"It's no good, young man," he said, curtly. "You can spare me farther details of your so-called affection for my daughter. You are wasting your time and mine. Girls like followers, it amuses and flatters them but there's nothing in it. As for you, you may be excused for wanting to better your position."

His tone was offensive, and William could but resent it. The suggestion was that Susy was merely flirting, and that he sought only the financial gain it might bring him. With an effort he controlled himself and answered calmly.

"As to that, your daughter is the best judge of her own feelings, and I have only my word to give you that I seek her affections and nothing more."

William saw it was useless to proceed further but he put a question to the other.



Each of the Allied soldiers represented here is giving the military salute of his country. It is exceedingly interesting to note that the signs of respect of each of our Allies are different with the exception of the Belgian and Czechoslovak, which are nearly alike. They are represented in this photo starting at the top from left to right: British, American, French, Belgian, Greek, Italian, Polish, Serbian and Czechoslovak.

dwelling, and William to see her father, if possible alone. He was fortunate in finding him outside, smoking his pipe as he paced about the large garden that surrounded the house. He returned William's greeting with a nod, and after a few remarks respecting the weather, spoke of the prospects of the coming voyage of the Gull, saying, no doubt, William was tired of life ashore and would be glad to be afloat again. This gave the young man the opportunity he sought, and he plunged at once into his subject. At first Johnathan listened in silence, taking his pipe from his mouth occasionally and emitting a cloud of smoke. He was hardly surprised. It was natural that any young man should consider his daughter a desirable asset. Was not he a man of position, and might there not be reasonable expectations of a comfortable dowry, to say nothing of future expectations? But when William intimated that his suit was returned, and that Susy was not only partial to him but had given her word of consent, his anger rose. He would not have thought it conceivable that his daughter should so

"Were my position equal to her's would you give your consent?"

"Possibly, but," with a cynical laugh, "it is really so unlikely that we need not discuss it further. Good-night. I wish you a pleasant voyage." And turning abruptly he entered the house.

William made no attempt to follow. He left the garden and passing a little way down the road, turned through a gate that led to a meadow. Here as he expected he encountered Susy waiting for him. It was nearly dark and they were quite alone. He took her hand in his and she read at once in his face that his appeal had been unsuccessful.

"Susy," he said, with a strange mixture of playfulness, regret and tenderness. "He will have nothing to do with a poor bo'sn."

She looked at him a moment, then impelled by a sudden impulse flung her arms around his neck and laid her cheek against his.

"But I will!" she cried. "Poor bo'sn, indeed! Was he not less than that at one time himself? But he forgets and thinks only of his position, and I would



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sooner be your wife than a queen upon a throne."

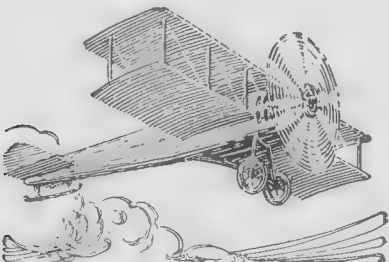
"And I," said William, "am yours forever."

"Yes," she replied, softly. "Now and forever."

* * *

We who know the sea only in modern times have little conception of what a long voyage meant in those days. The sea indeed is unchanged. It has still its hazy days of balmy weather, with barely breeze enough to fill a sail; its starlit nights of steady progress, when the waves divide, phosphorescent, before the prow of the ship and close again behind in a long white line. It has still its great upheavals when the mighty winds seize it and lash it to fury; when the blackness of the sky mingles with the blackness of the waters, and all is indescribable chaos, revealed only by the vivid flash of the lightning. But the power to navigate has changed. Dependent only on her sails, the vessel of that day, on these latter occasions, was largely at the mercy of the winds and the waves, and the dangers that beset her proportionately greater.

William had been a fortnight at sea, with very fair going, when the weather changed and a great storm sprang up. Everything had been made as snug as possible for the forthcoming struggle which they had seen was impending, nevertheless, when the tempest broke with overwhelming force the vessel was driven helplessly before it. It was impossible to hold their course. The wind became changeable, veering from one point of the compass to the other, and the effect on the sea was indescribable. It became a chaotic cauldron of seething waves, and the vessel, thrown this way and that, was fast becoming a wreck. One after another the masts went by the board, and the decks were a confusion of tangled cordage and splintered timber. To add to it all, it was night, with a darkness that might be felt. In the midst of this reign of terror, William, who was standing to his post by the boats, thought he saw something gleam for a moment that was neither the lightning or the flying foam, and with straining eyes he watched it. Presently his stentorian voice rang out above the clamor of the storm, as he turned toward the captain on the bridge.



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"Light on the starb'ard bow, sir! Light on the starb'ard bow!"

"Aye, aye," came from the captain, who, following the direction indicated also saw the gleam.

Breathlessly, the anxious crew watched the light, now blotted out, again reappearing, but ever growing brighter and nearer. Yet a strange thing they noticed. It was not moving as they were, it was no vessel driven before the storm, indeed, save that it rose and fell, it seemed stationary. Then it disappeared to reappear no more. It was then that the dread truth came like a flash to the mind of the captain. Some vessel, driven as they were from its course, had struck a sunken reef, had remained fast for a time, but racked by the waves and battered on the cruel rocks, had at last slipped back into the all-engulfing ocean. And such would be their fate unless they acted promptly, and were saved by almost a miracle.

There was but a chance, but he must take it, and immediately he gave the order to lower the boats. These had been made ready by William and his mate but the lowering and launching of them was attended with great hazard. They were swung from the davits and the first lowered. This was instantly dashed to pieces against the side of the ship. Well was it that the men had not been lowered with it. With the second they were more successful, it was launched and manned and got clear of the ship. There were more than enough boats, and the crew was not large, and the third boat could easily carry the remainder. This in turn was lowered, William and the captain being the last to enter. Hastily they cut away and were fortunate in getting clear. The dawn was by this time just breaking for the operation had taken a long time, but the second boat had disappeared, whether engulfed or not they could not tell. Their whole attention was given to keeping the boat head on with the waves and baling the water that broke over it and threatened to swamp it. For half an hour they toiled when something big and black appeared on the crest of a wave, bearing down on them. It proved to be a mass of entangled wreckage, shrouds, broken mast and spars. With frantic efforts they pulled the boat about to avoid it, and in doing so came broadside on to the waves so that they threatened to capsize. Just as they succeeded in averting this by turning again, a cry came from William:

"A man! A man!"

A figure had detached itself from the heaving mass to which it had been clinging, and, half rising, flung out an appealing arm, then sank again. What was to be done? The distance was fast increasing between them. There was a rope in the boat but it was not long enough to reach, and to approach nearer would be madness. Suddenly William seized the rope, knotted one end round his waist and the other to the oar he was using. Then he dropped the oar overboard and sprang in himself. The course of the waves assisted him and he was a strong swimmer, having been used to the sea from his boyhood, and he gained on the advance of the waves till a great swell threw him against the wreckage and he held on with determined grasp. Now came the difficult and hazardous task; how to get back to the boat with a nearly exhausted man. He laid a firm hand on the other and essayed to pull him into the water, but the man, only half conscious, and wholly dazed, clung convulsively to the wreckage. There was no time for niceties. He struck the man's hand a sharp blow with his clenched fist, so that his grasp relaxed, and with a jerk, dragged him off into the water. The wreckage passed on, and they fell behind, luckily avoiding being struck. Holding his helpless companion at arm's length with one hand, William, with great difficulty, kept them both afloat. The oar at the other end of the rope was tossing on the waves and the boat coming up rapidly behind, the man in the bow reached out and grasped it, and rescued and rescuer were assisted over the side.

* * *

Plymouth Hoe, in fine weather, was a pleasant place, but to none more so than to two men who paced leisurely there, one evening nearly a month later. They had only the previous day set foot on their native shore and the perils they had undergone had greatly increased their appreciation of it. But they were now

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absorbed in conversation. The younger man, tall, dark and bronzed is familiar to us as William Drew. His companion, also bronzed, was in striking contrast, being much older, fair and of slighter build. There was about him an indefinable air of distinction, a grace of manner and dignity of carriage, which marked him as of gentle birth, and of those used to rule rather than to serve. But he spoke as on equal terms with the other.

"It is indeed good to be here," he said, "and it is to you, my best of friends, that I owe it all. To you I owe my life and restoration to all that I hold dear."

"It is nothing," replied William. "God hath delivered us; but one thing I would like to know, and that is more of yourself."

"Ah! I have told you little and with a purpose, but now I desire to have no secrets. You will know how I was aboard the Sea Horse, dashed to pieces on that dread reef, where your own vessel has doubtless met her fate. I had been to the Indies on business and was returning home. You snatched me from death

I am needing a steward, a man I can trust, who will look after my affairs here in Plymouth, where I have much capital invested; to look after my cargoes, going and coming, and see to the upkeep of my ships. Such a man I think I have found in you. My presence is required at Court and you would represent me here and I would know that all was well."

"Indeed! it is too much," said William, overcome.

"Tut! Tut! Too much indeed, not enough. And now take the first coach to S— and tell old Johnathan Guest. I have taken a fancy to his future son-in-law, and his daughter shall want for nothing when she is mistress of yonder house that stands by the Catwater with Staddon Heights in View and my wharves before it."

And so it came to pass that William journeyed to S— hardly knowing whether or not he was dreaming to claim his Susy who welcomed him as one recalled to life. Sir John had given him a letter to Old Johnathan for William had sore doubts that his story might not be believed, and when, not a week later the

Landshut, Bavaria
April 18 18

Dear Grandma +

Well at last I have managed to write you a letter. At present I hope you are as well as I am. I never felt better in my life, just got out of the cloak a few days ago.

It was almost impossible to get the letters delivered, and I was helped by men and dogs.

I suppose by this time you are back from the Court where you will be living. I don't know so I will send this to home. I am awfully sorry I did not get it

your parcel before I was shot down. I could certainly do it if I were here to send it.

I know you will be thinking and wanting to know if I can find out any thing about Willie, but I have not got a hope of finding out a thing. I have a trust that you have from home.

Other information we know that has been a big battle within the last three weeks but cannot give any details. The German people here think it is going to end the war soon must be in their favor.

I hope you have not sold the old farm. I would like to live on it and farm it when I get back for a couple

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I guess I shall have to live out of doors with dogs back and would like to settle in your place a few days. I hope you are well in the summer yet and don't have to join, believe me it's pretty rough going, and I hope it is soon over.

It will be a long time before I will be able to write again as I am writing a few letters a month but please write in the meantime and I will drop you a line now and again thus home. And don't worry I may be a bit battered but can still look after myself. Write soon.

Your affectionate grandson
Hector Dougall
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A German censored letter from Hector Dougall (Flying Corps), a well-known Winnipeg athlete, who was shot down in the German lines after engaging five German Fokkers. His comrade managed to escape. He was listed as missing, and through the agency of the Red Cross, was located at the prison camp, and word sent to his parents.

and we spent days of misery in an open boat, but were at last picked up by the vessel that brought us to this port, and here we are in our native land again. My home is not far from here. I have given you my name as John Gilbert, but that is so only in part, my full name is Sir John Gilbert Carew."

William stopped suddenly in amazement. "What!" he cried. "Sir John Carew, known as the merchant prince of Devon."

The other inclined his head. "Indeed, I have heard Susy's father speak of you with great respect."

Sir John laughed, a free pleasant laugh. "So, ho!" he said. "There is a lady in the case. Old Johnathan Guest's daughter I doubt not, for he lives at S— and knows me. I have heard him speak of her. It pleases me well, my friend, and accords with my plans for you."

"Plans for me, Sir John," said William, mystified.

"Yes, surely I have plans for you. Do you think I could let you go unrewarded?

bells of the old church rang out a merry peal, it was known to all and sundry that two hearts and two lives had been made one, as William whispered to his bride "Now and forever."

It is surprising how little money a man can get along on when his family needs it all, says a writer in Life.

"Perkins looks very happy these days."

"He has reason to," Brown replied.

"After his wife and children had been fitted out with their winter wardrobes he found there was enough left to have a new collar put on his overcoat."

Mrs. Waldo (of Boston). "I have a letter from your Uncle James, Penelope, who wants us to spend the summer on his farm."

Penelope (dubiously). "Is there any society in the neighborhood?"

Mrs. Waldo. "I have heard him speak of the Holsteins and Guernseys. I presume they are pleasant people."

The British Bluejacket and His Pets

By Patrick Vaux, Thundersley, Essex, England

"He who loves animals may walk with angels,
Who knows!"

A saying of the Estremadura.

IN the British Navy there is a great liking for pets of all kinds. It is the happy ship that has a pet, for Jack must have something on board with him on which he can bestow kindness and care, and, because, too, he has a very great fondness for animals. So, as often as not, a British warship, whether it is a little vessel of two hundred tons or a great battleship of twenty thousand tons has a special pet of her own, which her men look after, each one, as if the animal is his very own.

Sometimes folk may think that the British Bluejacket is cruel, after having seen a party of "liberty" men, that is men on leave ashore, having a rumpus with the donkeys and their drivers along the beach of some watering-place. But these folks are wholly wrong. British Jack is the very opposite of being cruel, though he is very high-spirited, especially when ashore on leave for a few hours. He dotes on pets, from a parrot to a monkey, or a tabby cat, down to a cat, a sheep or even the hideous puff-adder.

Dogs and cats, however, are among the most popular pets of the British Bluejacket. Among the dogs perhaps the best known is the bulldog that belongs to H.M.S. Tiger, for he was in the great battle off Jutland, May 31, 1916, that ended in a victory for Admiral Jellicoe. Though, by all accounts, Jumbo, the bulldog, did not win renown in the fight.

Before the engagement began the men of the Tiger were greatly troubled as to how the ship's pet would take the terrible crashing and quivering when the enemy's projectiles hit their huge warship; and their commander came to the rescue. He ordered Jumbo's ears to be filled with cotton wadding, and his head wrapped round and round in thick shawls, just as if the bulldog was suffering from a very nasty cold and toothache into the bargain. Then two young seamen, who were not very well, were directed to take "Bullie" to a room deep down in the hull of the vessel, which was the quietest place in all the ship.

"Jumbo," however, had no fancy to be treated like a sick thing, and growled and struggled ferociously, till the great guns began to thunder. Then, when the enemy's shells and other projectiles fell in deafening thuds against the thick steel decks and sides of the warship, he became, all of a sudden, as quiet as could be, and began whining and licking the hands of the two seamen who were sitting on each side of him, holding him by the paws and the neck.

Master "Jumbo" was not so brave as the tabby cat of another warship that was in that great fight. When the battle was raging, and the warship was firing as fast as she could, and was being hit, too, by the German shot and shell, Mistress "Tabitha" made off sedately to her own particular place, carrying her kitten in her mouth. Here in her own little bed-place she was found fast asleep, long before the engagement was at an end. It was in a box on a lower shelf in the pantry of the wardroom, where the officers live. And not only the wardroom but part of the pantry, too, was already torn to bits by a heavy shot passing through the warship's hull.

Monkeys and parrots also are often found among the pets of the British naval seamen, for both of them are very amusing and make laughter, and so help Jack to pass the long weary hours of monotony on board his ship. Often in the men-of-war leaving their station, or part of the ocean where they have been sent to, in the warm climates, the mess deck where the bluejackets live and eat and sleep, is like a small menagerie with parrots and monkeys. For on such an occasion, the commander or senior executive officer as he is often called, whose permission has to be got for pets to be brought on board, seldom holds back his consent.

Occasionally there are pets in the British Navy that are adopted by a crew in strange circumstances. When H.M.S. Iron Duke was on her trial runs, she rescued off a steamship, Scotsdyke, that

had gone on fire, all the officers and men, and a dog named "Spot," that belonged to the master of the steamer. Afterward he offered "Spot" to the Iron Duke as the battleship's pet, and the dog was at once accepted, to live very happily on board with the officers and stokers and bluejackets.

Again bantam cocks and hens are sometimes made pets of, and a very funny story is told of a "banty" that was and is the favorite of a warship which engaged in one of the fights against the enemy.

This "banty" was the cheekiest and cockiest little "banty" ever seen, and is so to this day. But the time came when he suddenly lost all his "swank" and pride and boastfulness, all his swagger and self-conceit.

When the British warship began to fight, and shot and shell struck her, "banty" forgot all about his make-

believe bravery, and took to his wings in real fright. He flew into the very first hole that he could find, and this was the mouth of one of the ventilator leading fresh air to the deck below. When after the battle strange noises were heard coming from this ventilators, and "banty" was hauled out of it, he presented a very humble and bedraggled appearance, for the sea water had been splashing down it. He was full of misery, and his tail feathers drooped. But now, because he hears no more guns thundering and no more shells bursting in deafening shrieks, "banty" struts around and makes all merry with his old brag and boastfulness.

Yet, perhaps, among the queerest pets to take to sea are the opossum of H.M.S. Superb and the Arctic fox which was presented by the ex-Czar of Russia, to one of the British battleships that visited the Baltic before the war.

After all, there is the queerest of all, Dennis the pig. For a pig was for a long time one of the pets of a certain British man-of-war.

About two hours after the German cruiser, the Dresden, was sunk at Robinson Crusoe's island, Juan Fernandez in the Pacific Ocean, off Chile, a signalman of the British cruiser, the Glasgow, saw a pig from the German ship was still swimming about in the water, though very feebly now, and close to the cruiser. A strong current was running, and the seas were tumbling about, yet one of the bluejackets dived overboard into the water and helped the exhausted animal; a boat was lowered at once, and both the seaman and the pig were quickly rescued.

The men of the Cruiser in high glee took the pig to be their pet, and after much talking it was named Dennis, for Ireland is a land of pigs, and Dennis is a favorite name in Ireland. Dennis was well fed by the cook in the galleys, and the bluejackets' messes on the lower deck always collected all that was left of their meals, the scraps and so on, that are put in the refuse or ullage bins, and the pig thrived well and got fat. It was also wonderfully fond of eating bits of coal



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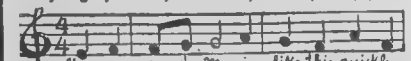
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as it roamed around the vessel. So it became a joke on board the Glasgow, it was because Dennis ate so much coal that the cruiser had to fill her bunkers so often. On the arrival home of the Glasgow, after having steamed more than 70,000 miles in search of the enemy, a special permission was given for Dennis to be landed safe on shore at Portsmouth.

Here on Whale Island, where in the Gunnery School British officers and blue-jackets are trained with big guns and little, all the pets of the British Fleet can find a snug home. And here, too, is the burying ground of many of the favorite animals that have been watched over and cared for by the men of the British navy. Memories of them they do not let die.

"Away Over in France."

"Away over in France," 'tis said,
So often it seems
And with so "little thought"
Of all that it means.

Of the—

Father and Mother
So soon grown old.
With heart aches—
Too great to unfold.
And hair turning grey
With the price they have to pay
In helping "Britain's Cause"
By giving their only boy
"His bit" to do—
"Away Over in France."

To be Daddy's all.
And when Mummy comes
To tuck him in, and
Her good night kiss imprint,
On each little cheek
A tell-tale tear—
Its tale of sorrow tells.
Only Daddy's little man
A soldier must be,
And so tries his sorrow to hide.
For in a fresh soldier's grave
His Daddy's just been laid,
"Away Over in France."

Of the—

Girl who carries
A smiling face,
Though her heart's
As heavy as lead,
For now she knows
Her sweetheart's dead.
With honors heaped
Upon his head,
And his comrades best
Have laid him to rest
"Away Over in France."

And when the war is over,
And the boys keep coming home,
Each in turn will welcome the lads
And honor them for all their bravery.
But their thoughts all the time
"Far away will be"
With the loved one left behind,
Who gave his life in his country's
strife,
And now sleeps his "long, last sleep,"
"Away Over in France."
—M. F. Watson.



Prince Arthur, on recent visit to West, and two guides, leaving Devils Portage Lake, Nipigon.

Of the—

Sister who yearns
As each day goes by
For the playmate of her youth.
And in each pair of socks
A prayer she knits,
As she sits and thinks
Of the time to come,
When his duty's done
And he's home once more again.
But his Country's call
Came first of all.
And he's only one
Of the many to fall
"Away Over in France."

Of the—

Young wife who fondles
Her first born babe.
Whose father it has never seen.
And wonders if her husband
Will ever come back
His lovely son to see.
So she kneels by the lad,
And prays for his Dad.
Tho' plainly she can feel,
The Supreme Sacrifice
For him will be—
"Away Over in France."

Of the—

Child who wonders
Why Daddy's gone,
And why he won't come home.
He can't understand
This talk of war
And country's call.
He thinks he ought

Over the Hill

By John Vance Cheney

Where wild flowers were and rippling
grass,
I chanced upon a country lass;
"Was never lovelier home," I said.
She hung her head, blushed very red,
Then raised her eyes, as maidens will—
"My heart, my heart lives over the hill."

So fair she was, and so afraid,
I could not quiz the little maid;
So over hilltop must I ride
To see what could be on the other side.
Her words went, too, as sweet words
will—

"My heart, my heart lives over the hill."

I crossed the hill, looked everywhere,
And asked if a little red heart lived
there.

I was sure it did, so I rode along
Till I heard the burden of a song;
Sang the lad o' the mill, as lads they
will—

"My heart, my heart lives over the hill."

The little lass and the miller boy,
The meed of the years, the grief, the joy,
They told it all, that summer day;
However run the hours away,
Bring fortune good or bring it ill,
Heart and hope live over the hill.

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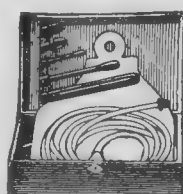
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Betty's Bargain

Written for The Western Home Monthly by E. Everett Green

GIRLS, I simply can't stand it any longer! I absolutely must run up to town before the sales end, and rummage out some of my magnificent bargains!"

Betty's bright eyes were dancing, as they had a way of doing on very small provocation, which was very creditable of them, for the life which she led as the Cinderella sister of a small suburban home was not one which could be called exhilarating.

Small means, a delicate and depressed mother, two somewhat overbearing elder sisters, who secured for themselves the chiefest portion of such good things as came their way—this was the environment of Betty's life. Nevertheless, she kept a brave, bright face; she drudged about the house with a song on her lips and a laugh in her eyes. Her clever needle was forever at work upon articles of finery she never wore herself. Truth to tell, Betty's aim and object in life was to avoid finery and keep her own small person trim and neat. Her tweed coats and skirts were fashioned by her own

clever fingers, and fitted admirably; she wore plain linen collars and plain silk ties. Chiffons and fallals she made for her sisters, who strove after the reputations of the beauties of their suburban circle, and were deeply engrossed in the task of husband-hunting. But Betty had never joined in this sport. She had never dreamed of any husband since Jim had gone away to make his fortune, and the great far West had swallowed him up.

That she might never see him again she had made up her mind to bear; what she could not bear was the thought of setting any one else up in the shrine of her heart, which must be kept forever sacred to him.

"Bargains!" spoke the sisters in a breath. "What sort of bargains do you mean, Betty? Let us see!"

Betty tossed across a number of circulars and sale-lists, which the morning's post had brought, then rose and gave herself a little shake.

"I don't go by lists; I go by my own unerring instinct. I prowled up and down, and my eagle eye marks down the bargain most worth having. I've got three

pounds saved from my music pupils. Mother has something saved up for sale bargains in the housekeeping purse. If you two have anything to speculate with, I'll bring you back double your money's worth—or die for it!"

There was rummaging and discussion and excitement for the next half hour; then forth stepped Betty, purse in hand, importance writ large over all her small, trim person. A day's shopping at sale-time in London was one of the few delights and excitements of her life. She meant to enjoy herself to the full.

In her heart of hearts Betty hated the region where she lived. She longed for what she called "real town or real country." It seemed to her that these suburban regions possessed all the drawbacks of both, with none of the advantages of either. Spacious country solitudes were infinitely dear to her when in the summer she could get right away from everything, and walk with a knapsack on her back through untrodden ways and rural regions of romantic delight. To-day her errand took her into the great throbbing heart of the metropolis, and her spirit leaped up to meet the mighty hum and clangour which told of hidden energies of human

beings, vast activities, and audacities of the world's greatest mart.

Those shop windows! What stories did they not tell to Betty! What visions did they not conjure up! The sight of the customers thronging through the doors fascinated her. She wanted to read the life-stories written on those stranger faces—some eager and strenuous, some careless and mocking, some pathetically sad, some—but these not many—wearily indifferent.

Then the streets, with that congestion of traffic—those splendid equipages drawn by showy, high-stepping horses—the huge motor-cars fitted with undreamed of luxuries—what unimagined wealth must not their owners enjoy! For a moment Betty stood still, letting her fancy play riot at will. Suppose she were to step into one of those huge waiting motors, give the order to the driver, enter some vast, stylish shop, and order of obsequious shopmen such things as pleased her fancy most! Suppose and suppose. . . .

"Betty!"

She gave a big jump; it was as though a voice out of the mists of the past hailed her—a never-to-be-forgotten voice! But from whence did it come? With big, startled eyes Betty gazed about her. A huge,

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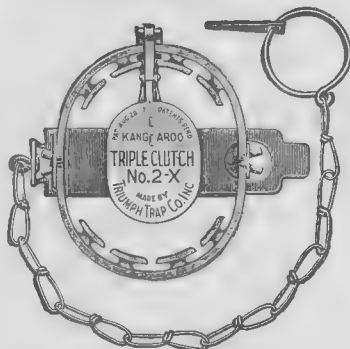
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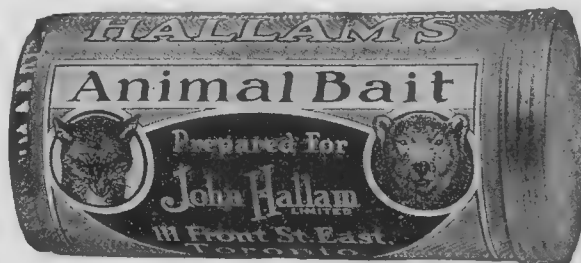
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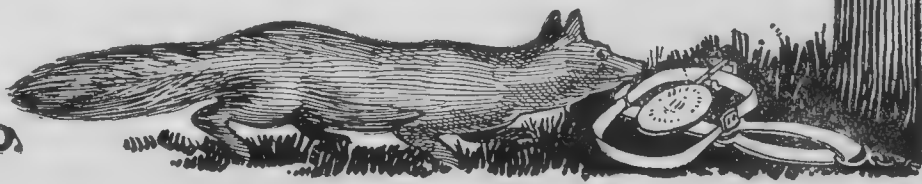
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luxuriously-appointed motor-car was drawing up at the curb beside which she stood, waiting her chance to cross. Beneath the peaked cap of the driver two eager blue eyes shone forth. Betty's heart leaped up; a flood of color dyed her cheeks; both her hands went out.

"Jim—O Jim!—can it really, really—be—you!"

No one heeded them in that big crowd. Where is one quite so alone as in a seething mass of eager humanity bent upon its own business? If Jim did not take her into his arms and hug her, Betty felt as though he had done so. She was enfolded in his personality; he seemed to envelop her with it as with a garment. All the world receded from them; they were as much alone as though they trod some garden solitude where human footstep had never been before.

What had he told her? What had she said to him? But what did any words matter? Here he was, back safe and sound! What did she care that instead of returning with a fortune, he was only a chauffeur of some man of wealth and station? Not one whit! It was Jim she wanted—his own dear, faithful self! Better really that he should be poor. They were in the same case now, and, after all, a good berth as a mechanic and driver was not a thing to be despised. O, the joy and glory in Betty's dancing eyes!

"Get in beside me, sweetheart. I must take you off somewhere. We must go where we can talk together in peace."

"O Jim, how delightful! I have never been in a motor. But are you sure that you have time? And do you think that you may?"

"Eh! what?" queried Jim, "what did you say, may—?"

"I mean, Jim, dear, would your, your—master—your employer—like you to drive me about in his car? And would it make you late for anything?"

A look of illumination dawned over Jim's pleasant, strong features.

"O, the boss you mean! That's all right, Betty. He's not a bad sort of chap. And, as it happens, I'm quite free to-day, and can go and do anything I like. I've a few errands to put in; but they're easily done. Jump up by me. I've a rug in there you must wrap round your shoulders. You ain't half warm enough dressed for motoring—or for January either; but we'll. . . yes, that's right. You look stunning in that—like a polar bear come to take a spy round. O Betty, it's good to have you by my side again. Why did you stop writing to me? I thought you'd forgotten, and that it wasn't fair to bully you, when perhaps there was some other good sort of chap, who could make you happy, and do you better than I seemed likely to do—"

"You bad Jim . . . it was you who stopped writing . . . I went on till I was ashamed. I've got my half of the sixpence, Jim . . ."

"And I've got mine—you bet. I've kissed it every night of my life. . ."

"O Jim!—and so have I!"

"I never got your letter after I cut adrift and went out to the far West. Something must have happened, Betty, for I got others all right."

"O Jim . . . perhaps mother . . . or the girls . . . kept them back. I was ill one winter. I couldn't post them myself. You know they thought us silly. They wanted it broken off. But they need not have done that."

"I guess that was how it happened, though," quoth Jim, somewhat grimly. "Well, little sweetheart, it was rough on us. But maybe it turned out for the best. I might have been tempted to come back just too soon if I'd had such a magnet on the far side of the water. As it was I didn't care what became of me. But I'd started out to make a pile, and I didn't mean to be beaten."

"Poor, darling Jim—don't think that I want your pile—I only want you. I never cared about money—not really—though some of the things it can buy are very, very nice. But I like you as a chauffeur just as well as I should like you as a millionaire. And now that I know you did not forget me, and now that we are together again, I'm so happy that if we had to live by sweeping a crossing together I should not care one little bit."

He turned a long, steady gaze upon her, and, for a moment, beneath the rug, their fingers met and clasped.

"So you're prepared to take me for better, for worse," even though I've come back a big failure instead of a big success?"

"Of course I am, Jimmy, darling. I'll try and make up to you for everything! You don't know how clever I've grown whilst you've been away! I can make money go twice as far as anybody else! That's what I'm up for to-day—bargain-hunting! Jimmy, I'm going to take you out to lunch first—yes, really I am. I'm going to be wildly, madly extravagant; and we're going to lunch like kings upon eighteenpence apiece—and I'm going to pay! You may tip the waiter—which he won't expect—but I pay! We'll have soup and fish and omelette (simply delicious), and meat and vegetables and sweet and cheese—and coffee at the end. Drive where I tell you, and you shall see! And then you shall see me buy bargains. I've done my spying round. After I'm fortified by lunch I start out on the war-path! O, Jimmy—I'm so happy I don't know how to hold myself in! If your boss were to come along and get into his car himself, I believe I should hug him on the spot for having engaged you! Jimmy, dear, would you mind?"

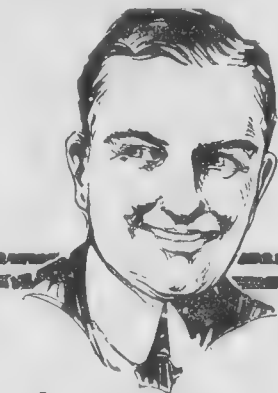
"I'd try to bear it," answered Jim with a grin. "Is this the place? All right; we'll hope the inside is better than the out!"

It was; but neither of them would have noted had it not been so. What a meal that was! Had ever viands been so daintily cooked or served before? Yet neither could have told the moment afterwards what had been the ingredients of a single dish set before them.

When they got out to the car a surprise awaited Betty, for there was a driver in charge of the front seat, and Jim held the open door of the tonneau for her to enter. She flashed a look of enquiry and astonishment.

"All right, Betty—got a chap I know to come—messenger boy, you know—to drive us. You can't go about shopping wrapped up in the rug, and you can't sit outside without it. Come along in and talk to me; we'll be as snug as a bug in a rug—for you remember that's what we used to call it? Where to? All right; out on the war-path we go. Hunt out your bargains, little Betty, and I'll do a bit of bargain-hunting myself, in honor of the occasion. One must have a bust now and again!"

What an afternoon that was! In vain Betty strove to keep Jim in hand; but he was absolutely incorrigible. Her own



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bargains were duly secured. Jim watched her make her purchases—listened to her charming bargaining—with laughter-brimming eyes and lips as grave as those of any judge. But when she had done, he would begin on his own account—Betty would fairly gasp at the things he said he “fancied”—for her, for her mother, for the sisters at home. And there was no restraining him. It was awful to see the money melting away. Betty left one shop with a really stern expression upon her happy face.

Once safely inside the car—so heaped with boxes and parcels as to leave but little space for the occupants, for Betty declared that half the charm of bargaining lay in carrying away your spoil—she turned to him with an air of great resolution.

“Jimmy, boy, there must be an end to this. It is perfectly sweet of you; and I am tremendously glad that you have saved money, and have such a good berth; but remember that if you want to get married”—the arm about her slim waist tightened its hold emphatically—“you must not be so wildly imprudent and lavish. We have had such a ‘bust’ as I never thought to have in my life. Now we must draw in our horns and consider how to get all these things made up and taken home.”

“Where is home now, Betty? I’ve simply been hunting you all over the shop whenever I could get this car, and haven’t run you to earth yet. I thought the earth must have opened and swallowed you up.”

“O, no, Jim; but we moved a good deal after we left Hampstead, first from one lodging to another; and then from boarding-house to boarding-house. Then old Uncle Timothy died and left us his little house at Wandsworth, and a hundred a year for mother. So that made us feel almost rich. But we have to be quite careful still. I take pupils when I can get them, and the others do a little millinery—at least they are supposed to do it, but mostly leave it for me to finish off.” Betty’s gurgling laugh brought back old days to Jim, as also did her words. Betty had always had to finish off for her sisters all her life. “But we manage quite well now—unless the roof does something naughty, or the rates jump up twopence in the pound at one fell swoop. O Jim, what are your stopping for here? Gracious, Jim, don’t you know that this is Bond street?”

Jim was gingerly descending from the car, and disposing of the cardboard boxes to greater advantage.

“Come along, Betty, I’m going to drive out with you to Wandsworth; but I want something here first that I took a fancy to the other day. I said in my heart, ‘Wouldn’t little Betty look stunning in it? Now I’m just going to see!’”

“Jim, Jim—come back—listen— you don’t understand!” She was forced to run after him into the costly furrier’s, and before she could get a word out she heard his masterful voice speaking to the obsequious showman, who had noted the stylish appearance of the great motor at the door.

“I want to see that brown fur coat you had in the window the other day. Is it sold yet? Or have you any other like it?”

“I believe I have the very coat you mean, sir. I do not wonder it took your eye—the best Russian sable—but a small-sized coat, which perhaps has made it not sell so quickly as otherwise it would have done. The very thing for madam—a motor coat which cannot be beaten for stylish appearance and quality of the fur. Allow me, madam”—he took the rich, silk-lined garment from the hands of the assistant, and then Betty, too aghast to offer protest—found herself inducted into the magnificent sable coat, and gazed at her own reflection in the glass, certain that all this lovely episode of her meeting with Jim, and the things which followed, must be part and parcel of a dream, from which she would waken to the bare and sordid realities of life.

“To make the effect perfect, madam should wear this sable toque,” spoke the shopman in bland, persuasive accents.

“To be sure,” cried Jim. “Off with your hat, Betty. Now, let’s look at the whole effect! Yes, that’s what I call about the right thing. No, don’t take them off. We’ve a cold spin before us; that’s why I wanted you to get them to-day—and we haven’t room for any more parcels. Just let me have the bill and I’ll write a cheque. James Rossiter, Savoy Hotel; Union of London Bank—is that good enough?”

It seemed to Betty as though the name of James Rossiter was known in this place; the bows of the shopman increased in emphasis. Now that it was all a dream, Betty felt that she would let herself go, and enjoy it to the full. The dream-Jim whipped out a cheque-book, and she was not surprised to see him fill in the figures to the tune of four hundred pounds odd. Why, in a dream, one might as well give four thousand for such a coat as the one her dream-fingers were caressing. How exquisite the fur felt! How delightfully brightly her eyes sparkled under the little stylish toque crowning her curly brown hair! Jim had bestowed new fur-lined gloves upon her already. She felt equipped for a journey to the North Pole. She half expected to see a reindeer-drawn sledge awaiting them at the door. But no, it was the same motor, and the same parcel crowded interior into which she got, and with a long gurgling laugh, sank down at Jim’s side, clasping his arm between her two small hands.

“Jim, darling, don’t let me wake up just yet. It is so lovely, so delicious to be with you gliding along through the night. When I wake up you won’t be there—and perhaps I shall find I’ve got the ‘flu’ or something. I want every minute of the dream that I can get. I’ve so often

dreamt of being with you—and, Oh, it’s been so dreadful to wake up—and find myself all alone!”

Then a great, strong arm gripped her almost fiercely. Surely, surely this was no dream-Jim, whose dear, strong, loving face was looking into hers—almost pressed against hers.

“All right, little Betty; this dream isn’t going to take itself wings, you bet. You’ve got your Jim back very much in the flesh—and, whether you like it or not, your Jim’s got you, and isn’t going to let you go—no, not for a single day; and we’ll be married by special license—without froth or flummery—directly I can see about it. I’ve made a big pile, little Betty. I was unlucky at first, but when I thought I’d lost you, I set my teeth and said I wasn’t going to be done every way. And then the luck changed. Everything I touched turned to gold. This is my car, Betty—bought to go hunting for you in! I’m going to buy you a pretty place in the country, and take a flat for your mother and sisters in town, in the same block as ours will be, for I’m a man of affairs, and must be near the great heart of things. We’ve waited all these years for one another—now I’m going to rush and hustle till I get you all to myself. Betty, you had a welcome for

a poor Jim, a failure, down on his luck! What do you say to him as he is? Will you try to send him packing—for he won’t go, if you do! My little darling Betty, there’s no getting rid of Jim now!”

He had her in his arms; she clung round his neck, half laughing, half crying, wholly bewildered, and happy beyond the power of words to express.

How that drive passed neither knew; it seemed not five minutes before the car drew up at the familiar little shabby house.

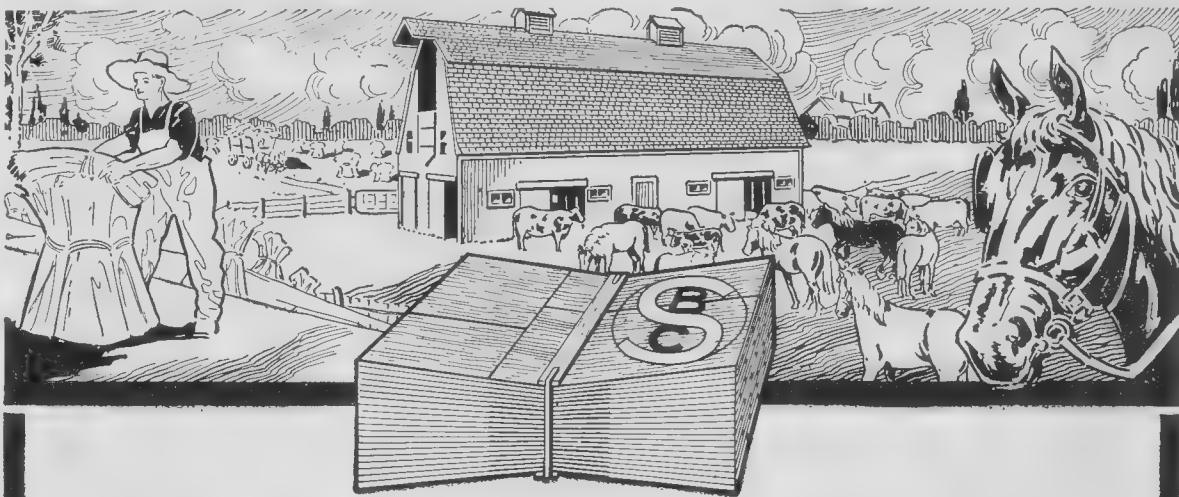
Betty alighted, filled her arms with parcels, and staggered into the parlour, where she was eagerly awaited. When the boxes fell from her arms there was a cry of astonishment—almost of dismay.

“Betty, Betty—what have you got on? You don’t mean that you got that as a bargain? I never saw such a coat—!”

Betty had run across to her mother, and had her arms about her neck.

“Mummy, darling, my biggest bargain is outside; I’m just going to bring it in. Promise to approve it when I do. Oh Mummy! you’ll be so surprised.”

“Here are the bargains,” cried Betty, rippling over with happiness. “O mother, O girls—Jim has come back a rich man. He and I have made a bargain—the very biggest bargain I ever made in my life!”



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Are there Slums on the Prairie?

Written for The Western Home Monthly By H. D. Ranns

Sometimes we talk as if all the social problems are to be found in the city. Instinctively we associate city life with complexity of social conditions and difficulties of decent living due to the herding together of vast masses of people within comparatively restricted areas. This is natural enough in view of the fact that he who runs may see object lessons in plenty in any city street of the prevalence of city problems. Add to this that sociologists, wise and otherwise, have exploited the city problem in unnumbered volumes of learned lore, and journalists, not so ponderously sober but infinitely more graphic and popular, have portrayed in vivid description every known aspect of what we call "the city problem." The result of all this is that the problems of the city have become part of the mental furniture of the "man in the street," that mythical personage supposed

to represent you and me and the other person.

It is when we come to the problems of the country that another tale has to be told. Only within recent years has there arisen a group of "country" sociologists and the rural problems come to assume the proportions of a serious subject of study. Even yet the mention of a "rural problem" raises incredulity of impatient intolerance. Is there a rural problem? To the writer, a dweller on the great prairie stretches of the West, that becomes a more concrete and intimate question when it is changed to read, "Are there problems on the prairie?" The writer, from a fairly wide experience of prairie life, ventures to think that there are, and also that some of them are not so dissimilar to certain problems of life in the cities as some may think.

Let us take, for example, the housing

problem. Immediately you conjure up in your mind the crowded hordes in the reeking tenements of the large centres of population. And yet I will warrant that in many places on the prairie there are conditions just as bad as in the city slums. Miserable unpainted wooden hovels, black from exposure, inside furniture, less apart from the barest, crudest necessities, not a thing that spells a home, while outside there is all that cluttered untidiness and accumulated litter and filth that we associate with the slum in the city. Any one who has lived long on the prairie in the rawer parts, not by any means necessarily the homesteading sections, knows that the description we have given in such general outline is not in the least overdrawn. Certain districts have numbers of these unattractive shack dwellings, where somehow or other, explain it as you will, men and women have come to be content to live in conditions that in any city in the land would class them as slum dwellers. On the prairie, it does not. There is a large tolerance about prairie

life, which is in general wholesome and right. But to some of us that tolerance goes too far when it condones conditions that handicap good, decent living.

An instance will best point my words. I know of a case, not two miles out of a certain western town, where in a two-roomed shack, there "live"—save the mark—a farmer and his wife, five children of differing sexes growing up, and a hired man. From this conditions developed that cannot very well be described here. For one thing I am afraid if we told them they would not be credited. "Well well," you say, "he must be one of those foreigners." They are only half civilized, anyway." In this case at any rate you are wrong. The man is a Canadian. And there is not even the excuse of poverty. The farmer in question owns a section of land, drives a car, is a member of one of the local churches and doubtless considers himself a very fine fellow. No person would be more surprised than he if his son or daughter were to go to the bad. In view of the conditions that prevail in certain parts of the prairie the marvel is that the moral standard is as high as it is, though some of our prairie physicians could tell strange tales in that regard.

That incident is not at all an uncommon one, though one feature of it is. As a general rule the ingenuity that is practised in relation to sleeping accommodation is remarkable indeed. No question of the lack of accommodation ever precludes the offer of hospitality. "We'll manage somehow," and they do wonderfully well. The only thing that one cannot help wondering is, why allow conditions that make such inconvenience, to put it mildly, inevitable and such ingenuity necessary? In many cases there is not the excuse of poverty that there is in the city. Once upon a time there may have been, but the financial conditions of the farmer improves, and too often his conditions of living do not improve with it. Where it is real poverty that is the cause there can be nothing but sympathy for those compelled so to live, though nowadays it may be doubted whether an industrious man need be troubled in that way on the prairies.

One feature of all this is that it tends to lower the general tone of life on the prairies. The conditions of overcrowding and unlovely living are naturally not so noticeable as in the city, where misery gathers in a mass. And neither is the type of people the same. Often the people so inadequately and unfortunately housed are themselves very worthy folk. Yet, despite the isolation of these bad housing conditions and the general better character of the people, such conditions cannot exist without influencing for the worse the community life. The question of appearance is one of the least consequences maybe, yet why should the smiling prairie be hurt and soiled in that way? Why should everything about a "home" be unsightly and repulsive? The prairie deserves better treatment, to say nothing of the people. Is it any wonder that the children of such "homes" despise the prairie and leave it as soon as possible? It is the women and children who realize the handicap this improper housing involves, and it is their lives that are spoiled, not those of the men.

It would be unfair to leave the impression that this sort of thing is typical of the prairie generally. From my experience I have found it run in "streaks," so that one district will be a "shack" dotted district, with an uncared for air about its general appearance and another, only a few miles away, will be as clean and neat and natty as a new pin, with fine homes and conveniences of every reasonable sort. Why this is the case would make a long story, but 'tis true, 'tis pity and pity it is 'tis true. I think that for broad generalization purposes we may put it down to the personal equation. Certain people in a certain district do live meanly, others see no particular reason to bestir themselves and before long the tone of living is poor generally. The fortunate side of the matter is that good example is just as contagious. One new house, spick and span and consciously important will start a neighborhood building, all trying to go one better. Before long there will be a transformed community. In these days of the high price of wheat this process is going on apace in many western communities, but it will take considerable prosperity to awaken some farmers to the value of good living conditions. It is



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(Continued on Page 47)

The Queen Goes East

By W. R. Gilbert

IN a small upper room in a model dwelling off the Victoria Dock Road, in the East End of London, it was growing dark. Across the room, on a line specially erected for the occasion, the weekly wash was being hung out to dry by Mrs. Haley, who, by every one of her slow, down-trodden movements, portrayed a voiceless protest against an unknown something, which had placed her in a sphere where she seemed for ever fighting against things too strong for her, and bound her down to the dead level of a perpetual struggle for existence, strive as she might to rise against it.

A head, fearsome with curling pins, appeared round the door, and surveyed critically the result of labor accomplished.

"Goin' out to see the Queen presently?" it enquired at length.

Mrs. Haley signified a patient negative. "No; I've got a bit o' business ter do to last me over tomorrow—the clock and the silk blouse as the aunt gave me at Christmas. Will yer give an eye to 'im while I'm gone?" With a gesture she indicated a corner, where in a truckle bed a boy lay quiet, apparently asleep.

Mrs. Jennings nodded. "I'll look to 'im; 'ows he bin?"

"Corfin' shocking. Doc says as 'e's better, but 'e don't know what 'e's torkin' about; goes on at me about fresh air, an' storms an' swears 'e does, cos I won't

emphatic nods. "That's what I complains about with the upper classes," she asserted. "They don't seem ter understand that we must bury our dead respectable. Such dull funerals as they 'ave too! No plumes, nor streamers, nor nuthin'!"

A sudden knocking at the door caused the two conspirators to start apart with all the terror caused by guilty visions of mis-spent milk money, and as Mrs. Haley uttered a quavering "Come in," the door opened, two people entered—at the mere sight of one she gasped for breath. Sir William Pink, Lord Mayor of the district, felt the honors of his position; in a past, which he found it wiser to forget, he had first seen light in just such surroundings. Therefore, all the more to-day did his fine presence stiffen with importance, in its tightly buttoned frock coat, and his silk hat shining in a reflected glory of an occasion.

"Mrs.—er—er—Haley, I believe."

The lady admitted what it would have been useless to deny, by an inclination of her quivering head.

"It has come to our knowledge, Mrs.—er—Haley, that during the most gracious visit of Her Majesty the Queen to the East End to-day, these dwellings may be included in her inspection. Lord Charles Mortimer here"—with a wave of a hand he indicated a second personage standing modestly by—"was of the party, but has most kindly come down in advance, so as to notify us of Her Majes-



Delivery of letters from home is a great event "Over there." Here are shown the happy countenances of American Red Cross chauffeurs upon the arrival of the mail wagon in Paris.

'ave them winders open. Mad I calls it. An' as for 'im being better—well, I knows what I knows."

The sense of drama in Mrs. Jennings leapt to meet its affinity.

"An' don't I know the signs, too?" she queried, seeking her eyes with the corner of a doubtful looking apron. 'Ain't I buried seven, and wasn't my Ernie just took like that, too—went off in my arms, 'e did, all in a minute!' A reminiscent tear lingered in an eye already moist with the use of over much beer, and then a beatific smile chased away the gloom. "My, but we 'ad a proper funeral, banquet afterwards and all. I ain't finished payin' off for it yet. Got your black?"

Mrs. Haley's small face lightened with an air of mystery; she tip-toed across the bare boards, and from the unexpected precincts of the model bath, which appeared to be the home of many things, unearthed a long roll of dingy black crepe.

With many sighs and exclamations, the two women unrolled it until at last, thrown over a chair in a careless profusion that would not have disgraced a paquin, they stood afar off, the better to revel in its glories. Mrs. Jennings was the first to break the drama of silence.

"My!" she ejaculated, "ain't it beautiful?"

"They were allowin' me milk money from the mission for 'im," she emitted in a stage whisper that would have filled the largest of theatres, "but as it didn't seem to be doin' 'im no good, I bought that instead, so as to be prepared. There'd be a fine old row if they found it out."

Mrs. Jennings marked her appreciation of this Machiavelian stroke of genius by

ty's slight change of plans: that is correct, is it not, Lord Charles?"

The breeding of Lord Charles was without question. He sat on a chair without a suspicious glance at it, and did not appear to notice that in so doing he had sacrificed the tail of an immaculate morning coat in a pool of dying soap suds.

But Mrs. Haley was beyond reach of calming influence or consolation. "The Queen comin' 'ere," she wailed, "and my best dress in pawn, and no good shoes to wear. Gawd 'elp us! What shall I do?"

Primitive instincts had become too strong for Sir William, who amid the combination of steam, heat, and humanity, was fain to mop a moist brow. "Phew, open that window, will you?" he gasped. "I can't, sir," said Mrs. Haley.

"Can't? My good woman, open it at once," commanded Sir William through the fog.

"I would," she said, "but I can't 'cos of 'im." The eyes of both men followed the jerk of her thumb. Sir William's leap backwards was almost simultaneous.

"What's this?" he spluttered. "Someone in bed. Nothing infectious I hope?"

"Dyin' o' consumption," responded the mother with pardonable pride. "There ain't no 'ope."

"A consumption case!" ejaculated Sir William. "Has it been notified? Do you not realize, woman, that had it not been for this timely, I may say providential, discovery of mine, Her Majesty might actually have visited here? And you, Lord Charles, how can I apologize sufficiently for the risk your person has been exposed to? Withdraw immediately,

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CANCER

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R. D. EVANS Brandon Man.

I beg of you, Mrs. Haley, you will hear more of this."

A spark smouldered in the mother heart of Mrs. Haley. "Ome for incurables was full," she asserted, "and 'e didn't want to go, cried orful, 'e did."

Sir William delivered his answer from the safe vicinity of the stairs. "A mere matter of sentiment, Mrs. Haley; the more I see of your class the more I realize their ingratitude—beautiful homes provided for them at public expense, and they refuse to go into them."

The smooth voice of Lord Charles filled a widening breach. "It has been said of us English people that half of us spend our time in putting the other half into institutions—perhaps if we gave a little more thought to housing conditions, and teaching the value of fresh air, so many institutions would not be required. Believe me, Mrs. Haley, nothing is further from my wishes than to seem to interfere, but outside those windows is the only one thing that can give life to your son."

Mrs. Haley struggled with natural prejudice and the convictions of a lifetime. "Didn't believe the doctor," she stated, "but you—you make me think."

Lord Charles addressed Sir William, and the courtesy of his tones contained a dismissal. "Mrs. Haley and I would like to have a chat together," he said.

Sir William felt that he retired hurt; so did Mrs. Jennings, who, longing to hear more, was yet in the interests of good taste perforce to retire to the more dangerous and less satisfactory precincts of the keyhole.

Lord Charles stood gazing down at the

Lord Charles forbode to reply as he meditated on the problem.

"The Queen is coming, ain't she, sir?" The thrill in the hoarse childish voice spoke of a state of mental exaltation which, under existing circumstances, must in no wise be allowed too sudden a reaction.

"Yes," he murmured.

"Would you like me to bring you a much nicer picture of her than that one?"

Albert's eyes glistened. "Not 'arf! Bin wanting one a long time. Yer can buy 'em down Rathbone street on a barrer. Min-a-tives they calls 'em; four pence ha'penny, set in diamonds."

Lord Charles rose. "Very well, I will go out now and buy one. Where did you say it was?"

"Rathbone street, past a public 'ouse and round the corner; yer can't mistake it; if they yells at you for a toff, say you're a friend of mine, and they'll pass yer."

"All right, and I'll come back later on," replied Lord Charles.

She stood hesitatingly on the threshold. She was new to social work in the East End, and the temptations to hold her skirts high and tightly around her had to be sternly repressed.

The little room was almost dark now and empty, save for the little heap in the bed in the corner. Mrs. Haley having departed to do her little "bit of business."

"So you've come! I knowed yer'd come." The voice startled her just as she meditated flight. She entered gingerly.

"How did you know?"



These colored gentlemen who, with others, load Canadian Corps Tramways with ammunition, are seen, in this Canadian official photograph, resting.

wasted specimen of slum humanity on the bed, with eyes that were for a moment unutterably sad. He had a boy once, yet with money, skill and the whole world of science and surgery at his command, he had been as powerless to keep him as was Mrs. Haley in her one stifling room, with its fast closed windows.

"What's your name, my boy?" he enquired by way of introduction.

"Halbert Edward, after 'is late Majesty," forestalled Mrs. Haley with relish. "And 'is father was chauffer to a lord once, and there's a lady of title coming to see 'im from the Mission, too, while the folks downstairs only 'as plain Misses to visit them, but 'e always did seem to attract the classes, did Halbert."

While Lord Charles pondered on this law of opposites, the voice of Albert made itself heard.

"Yer said as 'ow the Queen was comin'," it announced. "I wasn't asleep."

"There now," exclaimed his mother; "if that isn't 'im all over; fair crazed over Royalty 'e is, and ever since this talk of the royal visit, a fine life 'e's led me. Wanted ter go out to-day, 'e did, 'im with one foot in the grave, and won't sleep without that picture of Her Majesty over 'is bed."

Her hearer noted the extraordinary intelligence of the large eyes of the young-old face, so typical of the London slum child, but did not contradict her. "How are you to-day, Albert?" he said.

"Feelin' better, sir."

Mrs. Haley's countenance dropped to zero. "A bad sign that, sir," she asserted; "they is always better before they is worse."

HAD SEVERE PAINS IN SIDES AND BACK. HAD TO GO TO BED.

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sympathy. "No, believe me, it is not—all ginger."

"Are you the Queen?"

Under such suspicion, verging upon an accusation, she clutched at a straw.

"Someone called me one once."

"Yer looks quite different to the pictures of 'er, now I sees yer close; straight, now, are yer the Queen?"

She strove to dissemble. "Would you be terribly disappointed if I said 'No'?"

There followed a blank pause.

"Yer aren't?"

"No."

Fate hung in the balance for a moment, then, "Well, if you ain't no class I likes yer."

Lady Muriel received this ultimatum with relief. Sense of failure is intolerable to some natures.

"May I come and see you sometimes?"

"I don't mind. Will yer come often?"

"Whenever I have time."

"West-ender are you?"

"Er—yes."

"Work yer 'ard up there, do they?"

"Very."

"Saturdays orf?"

"No, I'm afraid not."

"Sundays?"

"No."

"My, they do put on yer. Why don't yer strike?"

"We don't strike up there, we just go on."

A strange new born friendship increased with sympathy by leaps and bounds.

"No wonder yer looks down in the mouth. Say, yer are a sort of queen, aren't yer?"

"No."

"But yer said that someone used to call yer one."

"Oh, yes, so someone did."

"Ow did 'e come to make such a mistake?"

"It's a mistake we are all apt to make at some time in our lives, and for which we are bound to pay. The mistake of seeing someone else as something quite different from what they really are."

"Didn't yer 'ave a crown?"

"Yes, he gave me one."

"What sort?"

"Pure gold, and full of the jewels that money cannot buy—it shone and it shone—the light of it was everywhere."

"I know, like the things round the 'eads of them angels as yer sees in pictures. Where is it now?"

Lady Muriel did not answer, the game of make-believe was becoming strangely real, with the memory of half forgotten things, and in these unexpected surroundings, the dark tiny room in this back street of an East End slum, the past lived, vividly, cruelly.

"I—don't know."

"Lost it—'ave yer?"

"Yes."

"Did it cost 'im much?"

"He paid for it very dearly. There are other ways of paying for a thing, you know, than with money."

The lad paused to absorb a new point of view. "Never 'eard of them," he said. "There'd be trouble, I'm thinkin', if you ever tried 'em down 'ere. What ways?"

"You wouldn't quite understand, but one person gives everything to another person: years of patience and unselfishness and fidelity and devotion, and things like that, to make another person to say just one little word. Then, after it has been said, perhaps the other person finds out that it wasn't worth it after all, and that he has been worshipping at an imaginary shrine, and building up a false ideal—that is what we call disillusion. It's the grave of everything that makes life worth living."

"I don't quite catch on, unless yer means as 'e was fair let in."

"Perhaps that was it; the words are different, that's all."

Albert pondered for a while.

"Say, 'e wasn't yer husband, was 'e?"

"Yes, he was my husband."

Albert's tone was severe, with a knowledge of East End life.

"On the straight, lines and all?"

Lady Muriel was genuinely startled.

"I—er—er don't understand."

Again she was treated to a penetrating scrutiny.

"Orl right. I sees yer the right sort; I'm beginning to get you now. 'E was yer 'usband, and I suppose what 'appened was that you told 'im orf and then 'e paid yer—we sees lots of it of a Saturday night down 'ere."

"Really, I—I'm afraid I don't under-

stand," apologized Lady Muriel helplessly.

Albert strove for the art which is simplicity. "Avin' words the upper classes calls it," he asserted at last, with pardonable triumph.

"Oh, no, we didn't exactly—er—have words—he just went."

"Sulks?"

"No, you wouldn't understand; he just went."

"An' never gave yer chanst to tell 'im what yer thought of 'im, or to 'ave a row about it. Well, now, I sympathize with yer, I do that; an' now, I suppose, you're frettin' yer 'eart ter get 'im back?"

"Certainly not."

"H'm, sweet on 'im were yer?"

Lady Muriel rose and crossed over to the window looking out across the roofs of the mean street to where in the distance shone the myriad lights from the ships in dock. She forgot to marvel at the fact that she was opening her lips upon that

which she had never breathed to a living soul, she forgot her surroundings, she forgot all, save the past, her voice sounded stifled.

"Supposing I were?"

"Phew, more fool you to let 'im go. You should 'ave kept 'im."

"How?"

"You're a woman, ain't yer? Bein' ill so much I've noticed things; it's like this down 'ere, and I don't suppose it's much different up yer way: if a chap is sweet on a gal, and she wants 'im, there ain't nothin' that'll keep 'im from 'er, likewise if 'e's orf 'er and wants ter go, there ain't nothin' that'll keep 'im with 'er—that's men, that is."

"Sometimes one learns too late," she slowly said.

The door creaked, and on the threshold stood a tall form.

"Got your picture," said a cheery voice. "I was prevented coming back

sooner. Why, how dark it is. All right, I've got a match."

At the imperative command of Albert Edward, he struck several vestas, while together they examined the beauties of the treasure, then as the last one spluttered to extinction, the boy sank back on to his pillows with a long drawn out sigh of satisfaction.

There was a strained silence. Lord Charles strove to pierce the gloom, but it defied him. Albert Edward continued: "Of course it was 'is fault too; 'e ought to 'ave knocked 'er about a bit, they all likes it, fair asks for it down 'ere, they do, when they gets dull at all. Nice lookin' gal, but thirty if she's a day. I'd like yer to size 'er up. I say, Miss—Queen."

There was no reply only a faint movement. The boy sat up in his bed and looked towards the window.

"Orl right," he whispered, after a moment, "she's shy I expect, but they're lighting up over there from the ships,



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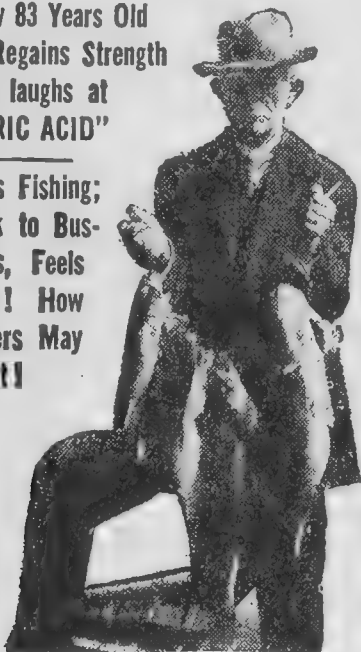
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Mr. Ashelman is only one of thousands who suffered for years, owing to the general belief in the old, false theory that "Uric Acid" causes rheumatism. This erroneous belief induced him and legions of unfortunate men and women to take wrong treatments. You might just as well attempt to put out a fire with oil as to try and get rid of your rheumatism, neuritis and like complaints, by taking treatment supposed to drive Uric Acid out of your blood and body. Many physicians and scientists now know that Uric Acid never did, never can and never will cause rheumatism; that it is a natural and necessary constituent of the blood; that it is found in every newborn babe, and that without it we could not live!

HOW OTHERS MAY BENEFIT FROM A GENEROUS GIFT

These statements may seem strange to some folks, because nearly all sufferers have all along been led to believe in the old "Uric Acid" humbug. It took Mr. Ashelman fifty years to find out this truth. He learned how to get rid of the true cause of his rheumatism, other disorders and recover his strength from "The Inner Mysteries," a remarkable book that is now being distributed free by an authority who devoted over twenty years to the scientific study of this particular trouble. If any reader of The Western Home Monthly wishes a copy of this book that reveals startling facts overlooked by doctors and scientists for centuries past, simply send a postcard or letter to H. P. Clearwater, 40-D, Water St., Hallowell, Maine, and it will be sent by return mail without any charge whatever. Send now! You may never get this opportunity again. If not a sufferer yourself, hand this good news to some friend who may be afflicted.

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and in a moment one of them long lights will shine in through the window. I waits for it every night."

Her face was hidden.

"Ever see a 'ead of 'air like that, sir?" demanded Albert proudly, as the light died.

Lord Charles' answer came breathlessly after a moment's pause. "Yes, once," he said.

There was a swift movement by the window, a figure flitted through the shadows, and reached the door even, as it was flung open, and Mrs. Jennings, lamp in hand, barred the way.

"Beg pardon," said that lady. "Didn't know as there was company. Was just bringing the light, but perhaps you don't want it."

Lord Charles was the first to speak; he looked long, first of all at the woman with the golden hair; even Albert failed to analyze all that lay behind that look.

"We do," he said—"badly."

* * *

A certain corner off the Victoria Dock Road still rings with the tale of how two swells in a panting motor car came down one day and bore off Mrs. Haley in company with Halbert Edward to a life of comparative affluence in a cottage all her own, and how Albert Edward thrived and flourished amid his newsurroundings, and promised now to carry out family traditions one day and become a chauffeur to a lord.

Mrs. Jennings still proudly tells the story, and treasures jealously that which the gentleman had insisted upon her receiving as a small reparation for her being disappointed of a funeral, a long and beautiful roll of black crepe.

A Warning

We hold that white flour products are a poison to the system, because they have been robbed of the real body building material, and that the results of this are seen in the increase of consumption, defective teeth, defective eyesight, early death of children, etc.

There may also be a danger in the extensive use of corn breads, and this is found in the fact that corn may not ripen fully before frost kills it, thereby preventing the full development of the organic mineral elements and the vitamins which make the corn a perfect food.

Again, it is possible that the soil in which it is grown is deficient in some of the organic mineral elements and because of this, the corn will be deficient.

If the corn is in any way deficient, or if it had not fully ripened before it had a killing frost, various ailments may result from its use and these ailments may become epidemic.

Food and Music

By Ephraim Cutter, M.D., LL.D.,
of New York,

Member of the Committee of Dietetics of
the American Medical Association.

The subject naturally divides itself in two parts:

First: Food and music together, as at banquets and dinners (after the custom of Oliver Cromwell and Queen Victoria) and at first-class restaurants. Second: In what music depends upon food.

The first division will be passed over for the present, and we take up the second. In this division a newer subject is considered, to wit—The relations of food as helping or preventing music, either vocal or instrumental.

1. Air is a food. This idea is three thousand years old, at least. It is very clear, no air means no music; there are no vibrations in a vacuum, nor when respiration is prevented. All music is harmonious motion of atmospheric air. Few deny the importance of pure food as to meats and drinks; but if we can judge anything from what is found in concert rooms, one would think that pure air was a matter of slight importance. All know the effect on the voice of the pure air of mountain and sea-shore; also the effects of fogs in drowning sound. A fog-horn can be heard miles farther in clear weather than in heavy. It should not be forgotten that air is a great vehicle in conveying foreign organic and inorganic bodies long distances. One has only to melt snow or to touch a wet finger on the top of furniture in living rooms to find this out. It would seem

desirable for good musical effects in auditoriums to have the air filtered. I could not help thinking, at a late London concert, that a good deal of the huskiness and fuzziness of a tenor's voice was due to the hazy atmosphere that filled the hall like smoke.

2. The principles of food affecting music.

(a) Organic beings—that is, plants or animals—are what their food makes them. If birds are kept on bad food, they get sick and cannot sing.

(b) For a body (human) to produce good music, as a general rule, it must be healthy.

(c) Health comes from proper feeding.

(d) Sickness comes from improper feeding.

(e) Hence, musicians should eat properly, to produce the best results.

(f) Foods that produce fermentation will cause colds, catarrh, bronchitis, ropy and adhesive blood, and thus rheumatism, asthma, and fibroid degenerations and consumption.

(g) Colds, catarrhs, and bronchitis are singers' bane, and oftenest are plead in excuse for not keeping appointments. Of course, asthma, rheumatism, and consumption interfere seriously with singing or the playing of musical instruments.

(h) The relation of food and music has been long recognized, so that is nothing new.

They cause alcohols, carbonic acid, acetic acid, butyric acid, sulphuretted hydrogen, which do the following bad things:

(j) Cause a partial paralyzed condition of the larynx, throat, and air passages, eyes, ears, head, and alimentary canal.

For a concrete example: If a singer wants a valid excuse for not singing, live on oatmeal, or crackers, or vinegar, or ice cream, or crullers, or pies, or doughnuts, or sweetmeats, or mince-meats, or most fruits exclusively and singly, and the wish will be gratified. Such foods thicken the blood; it then circulates with difficulty; hence,

(k) When the unprotected body is exposed to a draught of air, the capillaries of the lungs contract, the blood is clogged, and congestion, more or less complete, ensues. It is simply because the heart is not strong enough to drive the abnormally sticky blood through those capillaries.

(l) If the congestion is slight, a simple cold results, with a catarrhal secretion, from the partially-paralyzed epithelial cells. If the congestion is more than slight, bronchitis may result. If severe, pneumonia, or lung fever, follows, probably.

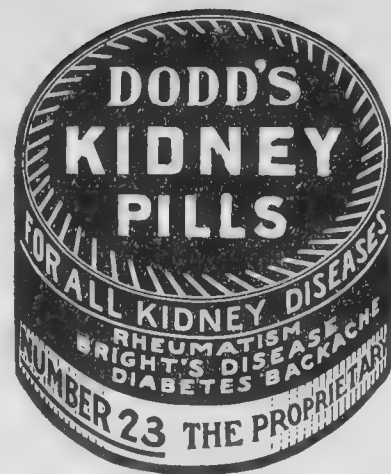
(m) There is a double process: First, Blood rendered abnormal by bad feeding; Second, Contraction of blood vessels in the skin throwing the sticky blood on to the lungs and other internal organs; and whichever organ is the weakest suffers congestion.

(n) Alcoholism intense produces a partial paralysis. Sots, fully drunk, act as if they had locomotor ataxy, hemiplegia, or apoplexy. Indeed, I knew a respectable mayor of a city, suffering under an attack of apoplexy in another city, where he was not known, to be arrested and locked up in a cell as being drunk, much to the dismay of all concerned when found out.

(o) All musicians should, as everyone should, strive to have healthy bodies. They cannot have them unless they eat rightly.

(p) What is it to eat rightly? Without disrespect to the opinion of others, from actual physiological tests, two-thirds food by bulk, from the animal kingdom, and one-third by bulk from the botanic kingdom, taking at will food from the mineral kingdom, as water, salt, and air. This is a health diet for persons not ill. I recommend such a diet to all musicians, performers, or hearers, as it gives health, and, as a general rule, agrees with all constitutions.

(q) When the music of health is joined to the music of the ear and eye, then the bliss of harmony our Creator intended for human beings will be oftener realized.



THIS WASHER MUST PAY FOR ITSELF

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse, but I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see, I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way. So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to buy the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that without wearing the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman and it doesn't wear the clothes, fray the edges nor break buttons, the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might.

So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight, too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 to 75 cents a week over that on washerwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50c, a week till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in six minutes.

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Woman's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind

Probably the majority of housewives who read this page, have been busy more or less all summer in putting up vegetables for winter. Peas and beans are general favorites. Inquiry shows, however, that comparatively few can cauliflower and yet it is one of the most delicious of the canned vegetables. This year cauliflowers are exceptionally good and very reasonable in price, retailing in the cities and large towns from \$1.25 to \$1.50 per dozen for large firm and snowy flowers. One dozen will fill sixteen quart gem jars, and the whole operation of canning can be completed in two and a half hours or less, as once the jars are placed in the water bath and brought to a boil they have only to boil forty-five minutes. The bulletin on canning issued by the Manitoba Department of Agriculture gives the most minute directions for this canning and speaking from personal experience, the results are entirely satisfactory. Only one word of warning—follow the directions implicitly.

Canning Vegetables Canning vegetables, so they will keep, is a much more difficult operation than canning fruit, which has both acid and sugar to help in the preserving process. The period of sterilizing is necessarily longer. The needed time has been carefully tested by experts, therefore, it is well to follow directions. There is always a little tendency on the part of the capable housewife to think that she must know better than the home economics graduate who is less than half her age, and many a woman failed in canning vegetables last year and many others will fail this year because they did not and have not followed directions in detail as they have been laid down in the bulletin.

One or two of my neighbors canned cauliflower last year, and had it ferment. When asked if they had followed the recipe one said, "Yes, but, of course, I did not plunge it in boiling water and then in cold, that is all nonsense." Another said, "Yes, indeed, I followed the recipe exactly only I did not bother watching to see just when the water boiled and time it from that, but a little thing like that would not make any difference, the recipe is just no good." Neither of these women could be convinced that they had been most unfair to the author of the bulletin, and entirely to blame for the failure.

There is an old axiom of proofreaders in the newspaper world that might well be followed by amateurs in vegetable canning, namely, "Follow the copy if it takes you out of the window." If the recipes that have been scientifically tested are followed and followed exactly, there will be few failures.

To return to the cauliflower the canned article with the addition of white sauce and a thick grating of cheese and baked for half an hour in a hot oven, is a savory dish and an excellent substitute for meat.

Since the Brandon Fair I have had several inquiries for the recipes for the chocolate and cake and cookies that were demonstrated by Miss Macdougall and her staff during the week of the fair. Miss Macdougall has kindly furnished them, and here they are:

Cream 4 tablespoons of nut margarine, add slowly $\frac{1}{2}$ sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ corn syrup, 2 squares melted chocolate, 2 eggs well beaten, 1 cup of mashed potatoes, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups barley flour sifted with $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful salt and 3 teaspoonfuls baking powder. Beat thoroughly put in greased cake pan, sprinkle with nuts and bake in a moderate oven.

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup melted fat, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup molasses, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup corn syrup, 6 teaspoons sour milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda, 2 cups cornmeal, 1 cup flour. Combine the fat, molasses, syrup, beaten eggs, milk. Sift the dry ingredients. Combine with liquid. Drop into greased pan. Bake 15 minutes.

These recipes are especially to be recommended because of the small amount of sugar and wheat flour used. They are also very palatable.

Soldiers' Parcels Writing of the use of sugar reminds me of the new regulations with regard to soldiers' parcels, namely, that they must have on the

outside a detailed list of contents. The old formula of "soldiers' comforts" will no longer be accepted. Another point to remember is that each parcel must not contain more than one pound of sugar.

A newspaper friend who has for some weeks been with the armies in France, writes me that the need of soap in parcels sent to France is great; soap, cigarettes and sugar are three things of which it is not possible to send too much, according to this man on the spot. The information was very acceptable to the writer and so is passed on for the benefit of others who are sending parcels regularly.

Someone will be saying, "Is there nothing this month but recipes?"

O Son of Mine

Yes, from a recent issue of the New York Times I have clipped the following poem which in my humble judgment is one of the finest things yet inspired by the war:

It was for this, O son of mine, that down into the depths, the jaws of death, I went That you might live. The agony, the pain You need not know. It is enough that day By day, kind Heaven gave us strength to fight

For life. Unmindful then were we, but now We know it was for this—Our Country's Flag!

I wept and watched o'er you lest ill befall. I prayed. I loved for two. Your father died

Before you saw the light of day, and left Naught else to you but honored name—and me.

'Twas hard, my son, though love did light the way.

Oft did I faint, but childish hands in mine Did comfort give, and lead me on again.



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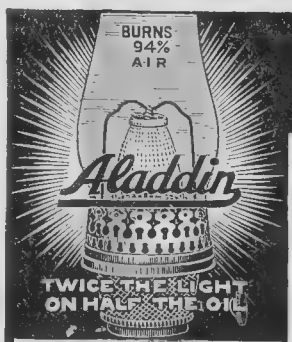
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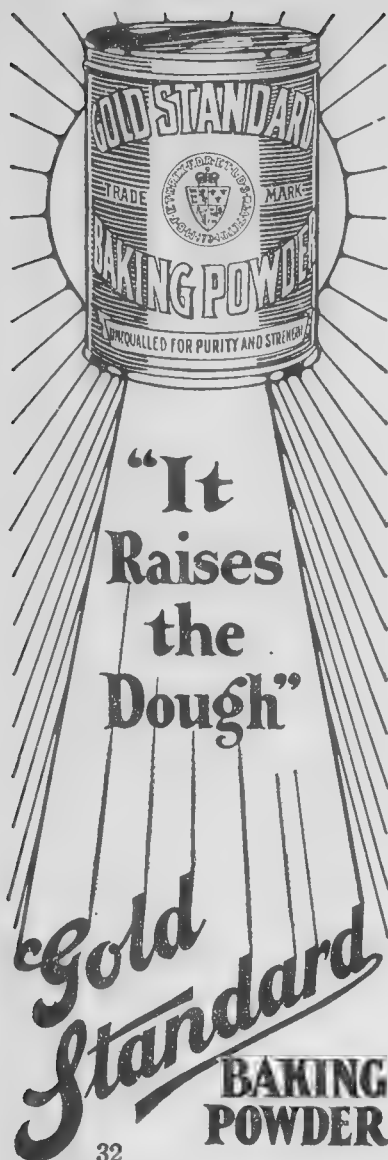
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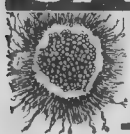
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You to my breast and brushed away the tear
And sped you on—fortears are not for men.
I sped you on, for this, Our Country's Flag.
I taught and trained you, tuned your heart I strove
That you might be the man of my ideals.
'Twas not in vain! Success did crown your youth
While sullen skies did turn to fairest hue.

And now, good son, my comrade—'en my life—
(The heart of me is bound within your own)
You stand before me, brave and strong and true,
In khaki clad, and eager for the fray!
Go forth to war! Heed naught but duty's call!
And if, some time in far-off land, you feel
Your burden is too great—think oft of Him
On Calvary! Then take your cross again.
Good-bye, life of my life. And then, good-morrow!
(Stout heart for you and me. No, not a sigh—
So help us God! Let come what may, we know
That Thine the Kingdom is.) O son of mine,
It was for this—Our Country's Flag—we lived.
It is for this—if need be—we can die!

—Alice Packard Palmer

It needs no comment, but may we hope that it will bring comfort to those mothers who have given their sons willingly, and teach a lesson to those who are selfishly saying, "Oh, but I cannot bear that my boy should go."

The thousands of women throughout the Canadian West who know and love Nellie L. McClung, will rejoice with her in the deserved promotion of her son "Jack." In "The Next of Kin" she has given us a glimpse of what it meant to part with her boy of barely 18. He has spent three birthdays in the trenches and has risen from private to lieutenant. Indeed this lieutenantcy was granted on the field last spring, but within the last few weeks it has been possible for him to go to London, take the officer's course and have his commission confirmed in due form. More than one friend expressed surprise that young McClung did not go as an officer, "Jack" himself had no such desire he "did not want to be responsible for other fellow's lives till he knew more of the game," and in this decision both father and mother concurred. Now his is the great honor of being an officer through real merit of work done in the steady grind of the trenches or in serving the big guns. He has been attached to that famous regiment "The Princess Pats." Many will echo the wish that he may be spared to come "safe home again."

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Children of Belgium in Dire Need of Assistance

The most piteous paradox of the Great War is this: that in unhappy Belgium, the youngest are the oldest in suffering. Twelve hundred thousand Belgian children are starving, but the pith of this appalling tragedy is that ten dollars is sufficient to provide for a Belgian child for a month, that ten dollars can purchase thirty days of life, and that often the bargain cannot be effected because the necessary money is not to be had.

The general rationing of the Belgian people provides for one bowl of soup and two slices of coarse bread per person per diem. It is unnecessary to say by how much this is insufficient to nourish the body of a growing child and to afford it some protection against the diseases for which malnutrition paves an easy way of conquest. There are numerous charities in Belgium, all of which have for their object the welfare of Belgian children, and all of which are almost entirely dependent upon the Belgian Relief Commission for the funds wherewith to carry on their work. They are all hampered by an insufficiency of funds. It has been a common sight, in many of the canteens established to provide special nourishment for debilitated children, to see little tots, pleading and crying for food, removed

from the food lines by canteen workers, not because special nourishment was not all but essential for the preservation of their young lives, but because there were more urgent cases and insufficient food to provide for all.

For four terrible years the Belgian Relief Commission has been striving to save the next generation for Belgium. It has accomplished wonders, but child mortality in the unhappy little kingdom is still exacting an awful toll. There is but one restriction to the work done by the commission, and that restriction is imposed by funds. The people of Canada have it within their power to remove that restriction to a great extent—to give, not money, but Life to those children so old in suffering. Contributions should be forwarded to the local committee, 290 Garry St., Winnipeg, where Messrs. A. Gouzee and R. T. Riley are joint treasurers of the fund, or to the Central Committee at 59 St. Peter St., Montreal, Que.

Does Your Lawn Need Remaking or Renovating?

No part of the home grounds adds more beauty to the place than a well-kept lawn. The rich green coloring lends the finishing touch to flower borders and shrubbery. So it should be kept in the best condition.

The lawn should have an even surface, with grass of fine uniform growth and no weeds—not, as is so often the case, an irregular surface, with patches of bare soil and an abundance of coarse grasses and weeds. A perfect lawn can be insured only by paying strict attention to the removal of weeds, to the proper feeding of the grass to encourage a healthy, even growth, to regular and systematic mowing and rolling, and to judicious watering during dry weather. It is just as necessary to cultivate the lawn as the vegetable garden and flower borders.

The making of a lawn requires considerable patience, skill and hard labor. The reason for poor lawns round suburban homes is often that the soil used was the poor earth excavated to form the cellar of the house. A perfect and perpetual stand of the finer grasses cannot be established in a poor subsoil, which is usually sour, lacking humus and all fertility. In fact, before decent vegetation will grow, the soil requires the mellowing influence of the weather and the inclusion of good fertilizing material.

A lawn that is run down may need more than a casual reseeding. It may repay the outlay necessary for digging it over and incorporating a plentiful supply of good old manure, followed by careful regrading and seeding. If water collects after heavy rains a good growth of fine grasses cannot be expected unless the ground is well drained. This calls for a series of drains laid three feet deep and twelve to fifteen feet apart. Three-inch tiles are necessary to give good service.

It is thorough preparation of the ground that counts in laying the foundation for grass. It is well to fertilize the ground thoroughly, introducing a liberal amount of humus to absorb and hold moisture to carry the grass safely through long summer droughts. If good farmyard manure can be procured it should be used, but it must be well rotted if the grass seed is to be sown immediately.

To sweeten the soil and improve its fertility give it a dressing of fine slaked lime, applying this after the manure has been turned under and at the rate of twenty pounds to each forty square yards. Just before seeding apply fine bone meal, six pounds to forty square yards.

Seed a New Lawn in Fall

Early fall is an excellent season to seed a new lawn. Cool and moist weather assists the young grasses to get a perfect start before winter, and by spring a fine close turf may be had if a little attention is paid to it. If any trees or shrubs are to be planted, set them out before the lawn is seeded so that the newly sown seed will not be harmed by treading over it. In fact, the new lawn should be fenced off until it is necessary to start cutting. This will allow it to settle properly and evenly.

In preparing for sowing, the ground must be well raked, breaking up lumps and removing stones. At the same time it must be kept level, though perhaps gradually sloping to the sides according to the desired effect and the natural position of the lawn. After raking, roll thoroughly in both directions. Then rake again, filling up any depressions. This may be repeated several times if necessary until a perfectly smooth seed bed is secured.

Use the very finest grass seed that can be had; it should be free from chaff and should weigh at least twenty-five pounds to the measured bushel. Cheap lawn-grass seed is dear at any price, and is usually full of chaff and perhaps many weed seeds. When ordering from the seedsmen explain the position of the lawn, for if you have much shade it will be necessary to use grasses specially suited to such a position. One pound of high-class lawn-grass mixture is sufficient to sow three hundred square feet.

Do not attempt to sow the seed on a windy day, because it must be sown evenly. Divide the seed in half, sow in swaths in one direction, and then go over the ground at right angles to the first sowing. In sowing, swing the hand in a semi-circle, keeping it rather low, allowing the seed to escape evenly through the slightly separated fingers. After sowing, rake the ground lightly, so the seed may be worked into the soil not more than half an inch. Then give the ground a thorough rolling.

When sowing is done in early September the grass may require one cutting, but only if it reaches a height of six inches. A new lawn should be cut for the first time with a scythe, and no closer to the ground than two inches. Regular rolling in the early spring is one of the best tonics for the lawn.

Unless the lawn is given regular attention it will soon deteriorate, becoming spotty and worn out. It is not sufficient to mow it when the grass becomes long; it should be regularly fertilized and any part showing the least indication of becoming thin should immediately be reseeded.

Making Over the Old Lawn

When it is not convenient to renew the entire lawn by plowing it up, the harrow or a heavy, sharp-toothed rake may be used. Stir the soil deeply on all bare places, going over it thoroughly in both directions. Before raking apply finely ground bone meal. The seed is then sown and the ground again stirred with the rake, after which it is gone over with the roller. If this renovating is done during September, give the entire lawn a dressing of fine powdered slaked lime some time toward the end of October. If the renovating is delayed until spring the lime may be applied at any time during the winter or quite early in spring, but surely before seeding.

The fine grasses in our lawn take fertility from the soil, especially when all clippings are removed. The drain on the plant food of the soil resulting from this method is very great, with the result that eventually the finer grasses may be starved out and destroyed. To prevent this the lawn should be cut regularly before the grass becomes so long as to be unsightly if cut and left. But even under this practice some plant food must be given at least once a year. In addition to the bone meal already advised much benefit will follow the application of acid phosphates and nitrate of soda, one to two pounds on forty square yards.

It is good practice to reseed all lawns each spring, especially parts showing any tendency to become thin. Unless these parts are very bad, so as to necessitate stirring the soil with the rake, the seed may be simply sown among the existing grasses. This should be done early in March; then the snow and rains will carry the seed into the soil and insure germination. Where bare patches are allowed to develop weeds will assuredly creep in.

A top-dressing or mulch of well-rotted stable manure put on evenly an inch or so thick after the ground freezes is to be recommended. Never use fresh manure, for it may contain many weed seeds.

In Manitoba Big Woods

By C. W. Higgins

THE great forest basked in the summer glare, half sleeping in the intense heat. From the trees the vireo warbled, and the scent of a thousand flowers was wafted out on to the trail that wound through the woods down to the lake. Wild roses, honeysuckle, white-bell convolvulus and scarlet bittersweet grew almost on the top of one another, making a riot of sweetness almost unsurpassed.

For the lake, sparkling in the sunlight beneath the hill was the blue, rippling waters. A sturgeon lay sleeping in the shallows by the lake, basking in the sun, and probably thinking this quietness would go on forever. But to its disgust, along the portage there came a man with rod in his hand and pack on his back.

Fred Herchmer, fond of travel and adventure, was summering in the Northland, but it wasn't the blue-serge-and-white-flannel, golf-stick-and-tennis-racket trip of the Saturday newspaper's society supplement.

It was in the summer of 1917 that the forest inspector found himself in the most northerly part of Manitoba, where the opportunities which the latent resources of the silent places afford to the enterprising and adventurous at the present moment challenge the attention of the world.

he knew they were not whitefish or sturgeon. He paused and thought for a few moments, before he returned to his camp where he withdrew from his bag an old worn out book made over one hundred years ago. The book he regarded as valuable. Not that the book was of much account, but the "flies" the book contained were more than of intrinsic value. From a collection of thirty or forty "flies" he selected five and returned to the lake. The fish were still jumping on the rippling waters. He cast his line, and shortly a big speckled trout bade the river good-bye.

"Speckled trout," he mused to himself. Was it a dream or could he not believe his own eyes. No, he was not dreaming, or at least when he pulled himself up on the bank from which he descended a minute before, when his "prize" made an effort to escape, he was not dreaming. To make sure that his eyes were not failing him, he threw out the line again, and when a second trout came up to accompany the first one on the bank, he was only then sure of his discovery.

"Cook," murmured Herchmer, "may have discovered the North Pole; but I, Fred Herchmer, discovered the only lake in Manitoba in which speckled trout is caught."

It was sundown when Herchmer de-



Prince Arthur, with guides, leaving Devils Portage, Lake Nipigon.

Ten days previous when he left the city, he little thought of such a magnificent country. Nor even when lounging comfortably in the standard sleeper did he foresee the beauties of Manitoba's Northland.

It was on one of his official inspection trips that he embarked on a big steamer, after leaving the Saskatchewan River, several hours previous. Crossing Lake Winnipeg on the big steamer he dreamed of the country he was about to enter. He wondered about its forests and its game. His trip thus far was wonderful and pleasant and one of education. From the time he left the Canadian Northern train at The Pas, down the Saskatchewan River, through game preserves, to Grand Rapids, did a minute hang heavy.

With Indian guides, the inspector changed at Norway House to a canoe, proceeded up the Echimamish River to Oxford Lake, thence to God's Lake, via Wolf River.

For two days he camped on the shores of God's Lake. Ordinarily he would have stayed there only a few hours. But there was a reason, and the discovery made induced the inspector to remain at this place longer than the allotted time.

On this particular day his Indian guides were visiting friends back at the Fort. He longed for their return, as the discovery he made brought his whole world tumbling about his ears, and it began like another day in his life.

He saw fish jumping; their dorsal fins were breaking the water everywhere. Though he was not an expert fisherman

parted for the camp, but not before his basket was flowing with the new variety of fish he had discovered.

At camp he was uncontented till he found the weight of his catch. But how was he to weigh them? No scales were available for miles as far as he knew. An idea struck him. He made a balance beam, putting fish on one end and on the other a copper kettle, his watch, jack knife, a pair of shoes, and other articles he had on his person. Even at this he was not so sure of their weight, but was satisfied as to some idea of it. He waited till he reached a set of scales, and then weighed the articles, and was even surprised to find the weight of the trout.

It has been said that speckled trout have been caught in Manitoba years ago, but nothing on record established this fact. At the mouth of the Winisk, Indians are often catching speckled trout in very large numbers. Winisk is about middle way in northern Ontario, between James Bay and God's Lake. In fact the Indians of that interior country live on fish. They smoke and dry them to a limited extent, and later in the autumn catch them before the larger lakes are frozen over, when the temperature is low enough to freeze the fish.

Up to this time speckled trout was unheard of in Manitoba, and the forest inspector had the honor of discovering the first lake in Manitoba teeming with speckled trout. Whitefish and sturgeon occur in most of the lakes in Manitoba. Both are taken in nets, and the latter also by spearing from scaffolds built out in the rivers.

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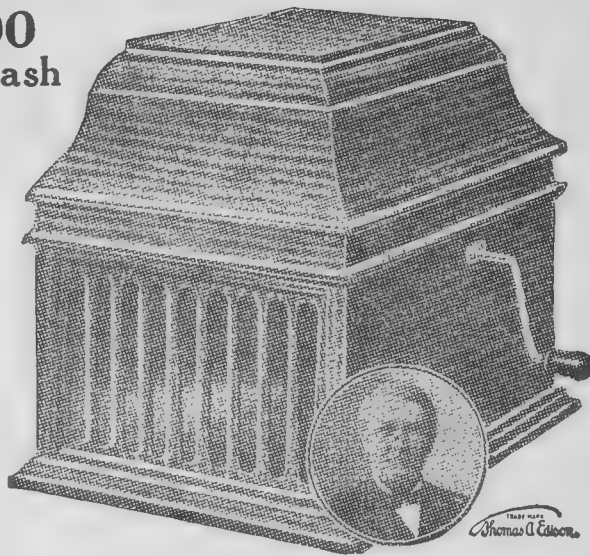
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The Philosopher

Light Ahead

Some time ago Lloyd George, speaking of the progress of the war, said that there was a glimmer of light beginning to be visible in the tunnel. That glimmer of light is increasing as the months pass. The winning of the war is a question of man-power and resources of all kinds. The stars in their courses fight against the Germans. Outgeneralled and outfought this summer by the Allies on the western front, the legions of autocracy are waging a losing struggle. All the free peoples of the world, heartened by the crushing of the plans of the Kaiser and his generals to secure a decisively overwhelming triumph on the west front this year, which would include the taking of Paris and the capture of the channel ports, are girding themselves with greater vigor than ever to fight to the end and rekindle the sacred fire of liberty on the altars in the devastated lands where the Germans have extinguished it in blood. The free peoples have sworn that, as Abraham Lincoln said, "Liberty shall not perish from the earth." They battle, and Canada with them in the forefront of the fighting, not for spoilation and subjugation, the aims and purposes with which Germany began the war, but for human freedom and for a peace that shall be lasting because founded on justice and guaranteed by the united strength of the world's democracies.

A Lesson from the Front

In reply to a letter from a friend who had written down his dissatisfaction with the way some things were going at home here in Canada, and had then apologized for having written such things to a man at the front. The man at the front to whom the letter was written wrote back: "Don't worry because you sent your 'kicks' along. You cannot suppress cheerfulness over here; and we are always glad to keep in touch with things at home." This is an expression of the superb courage and endurance which the men at the front give such proof of every day. Their cheerfulness—a strange word, truly, when you think of what sights and sounds, what perils and labors, what hardships and horrors, fill their days and nights!—is sheer fortitude. What a lesson to us at home! And to get back to the kicks about the things going wrong at home here in Canada, what an inspiration the example of the men at the front should be to every Canadian at home to gird up his loins and do his utmost to have nothing go wrong at home, insofar as he can lend a hand towards making it go right!

A Canadian Flag

Once more the proposal is heard that there should be a Canadian flag more truly distinctive of the unity of the Dominion than the one now in use. Not that this proposal involves any idea of displacing the Union Jack, which is the precious possession of the people of the whole Empire—that glorious flag which is the symbol of all that Canadians are fighting for. The present Canadian flag is the Union Jack with a shield in the "fly" containing the coat-of-arms of only four of the nine provinces stretching from Atlantic to Pacific. That was the flag authorized in 1868, only the four original provinces of the Confederation being represented on it: Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. In 1870 imperial sanction was given for the use of a wreath of maple leaves on the flag, instead of the laurel wreath which it had originally, like the flags of the other colonies. Even with the emblems of only the four original provinces, the shield is too crowded, intricate and indistinguishable. The West is not represented at all. That well-known native Canadian animal, the beaver, emblem of Canadian intelligence and industry, does not appear on the flag. The idea of remodelling the flag, so as to make it distinctive, like the flags of Australia and New Zealand—the former of which has the stars of the Southern Cross, and the latter the four chief stars of that greatest of southern constellations—is deserving of consideration.

Napoleon on the Hohenzollerns

In reading recently in the celebrated Memorial de Ste. Helene, the book written by the Marquis Las Cases, who accompanied Napoleon to St. Helena, on the British frigate, Bellerophon, and remained with him there until the ex-Emperor's death, The Philosopher, came upon a notable reference to the Hohenzollerns. Las Cases made a practice of writing down at intervals everything which he judged worthy of preservation in Napoleon's talk during the closing years of his life as a prisoner on that island rock in mid-ocean. Speaking one day of Germany, Napoleon said: "I made the mistake of my career in not removing the Hohenzollerns from the throne of Prussia when I had the opportunity. As long as that house reigns, and until the red cap of liberty is erected in Germany, there will be no peace in Europe." How much more truly than he could have had any adequate idea of Napoleon spoke when he uttered those words.

Friendless John Barleycorn

No tide of reform has ever rolled across this continent in such volume and strength as tide of prohibition sentiment. Over both Canada and the United States that moral reform has made its way, and worked a change of great and far-reaching importance; a change which, it cannot but be believed, has come to stay. There is no need to go into details in regard to our country; in regard to the country to the south, suffice it to say that since the war began twenty states have adopted prohibition, and seven others are to vote on it before the end of this year. And public opinion, which is thus enforcing itself in legislation, is receiving stronger support from science in the warfare against John Barleycorn than was ever in evidence before. The American Medical Association not long ago proclaimed that alcohol has not even any medicinal value which cannot be better obtained from other substances. But the most important scientific pronouncement of this character yet made is that of the Scientific Advisory Committee of the British Liquor Control, closes with the following summing up of its conclusions:

These conclusions are that for human beings alcohol is neither necessary nor useful in any conditions of peace or war—that it does not give a man warmth when he is cold, that it does not cure or help him when he is ill, that it does not give him courage when he is afraid, and that always, whether in large quantities or small, it decreases his efficiency, his trustworthiness, his intelligence, and his worth as a social unit.

All that is being discovered by scientific investigation of the question of the alleged medicinal, or physiological, value of alcohol goes to support the view that, considered in its effects upon the human organism, alcohol is never anything else than not only needless but harmful. The importance of this great reform in regard to intoxicating liquor will prove itself to be nothing short of epoch-making. Its bearings on the social, economic and moral life of mankind are becoming more and more realized.

On Sentimental Fanaticism

A curious thing about the psychology of the German people under the domination of Kultur and Hohenzollernism as a sort of sentimental delirium is related to the most ferocious conduct. They are constantly repeating phrases which to ordinary human minds have no other suggestion of exalted emotional, and often religious, emotion; but on the Germans, deeply indoctrinated from their childhood with virus which makes them mere human material in the hands of their masters and pastors in the German state-system, these phrases have the effect of stimulating them to inhuman excesses of savagery and bestiality and sanguinary ruthlessness. But through it all the Germans conduct to be sentimentalists, weeping over letters from Germany after they outraged women and murdered children in Belgium and in France. They are sentimentalists whose leaders have had the diabolical art to inflame them to fanaticism by means of shibboleths that, under their high-sounding pretensions, are unspeakably criminal. Civilization, by means of force, and (as President Wilson has well said) more force and force to the uttermost, has to bring Germany to recognize that there is such a thing as the moral law.

A Paramount Duty

Lord Shaughnessy, President of the C.P.R., gave attention in a brief but forcible speech recently to the duties which confront the Canadian people, the first of which is "to carry on the war with all possible earnestness until victory is finally and surely won." It was towards the great responsibilities which confront Canada after the war that he devoted his speech mainly, and among the first of these he placed "the care of the wounded for all time." This plainly is a primary and paramount duty which the people of this country will not fail to discharge in full measure, and with it will come the big task of national reconstruction, in which nothing must be neglected which science or skill can accomplish. But amid all these great practical problems of national reconstruction which will have to be grappled with, the care of the men wounded in the war, a debt justly due to them which must be discharged, will claim unfailing and steadfast attention.

Peace With Justice

"We have been a long time over our present job," writes Rudyard Kipling of the free peoples engaged in this world struggle with ruthless militarism seeking world domination, "and we may be a long time yet. It has been bigger than we expected, because this is the first time since creation that all the world has been obliged to unite to crush the devil." In this characteristically vigorous fashion Kipling has condensed the whole statement of Germany's crimes and Germany's attitude. Kipling goes on to utter an earnest warning against any compromise, any "peace by negotiation" with the power which has with such diabolic malignity planned such wholesale carnage and devastation in order to attain the mastery of the world. In regard to the pleas of men like Lord Lansdowne for making a peace with Germany which would have in it the seeds of another war, Kipling writes:

"If we accept these pleas, we shall betray mankind as effectively as though we had turned our backs on the battle from the first. It is certainly no part of our business to strike moral attitudes for our own satisfaction till we have administered some measure of justice to those who have made it their religion to do iniquity."

"I say some measure of justice, because when the full tale is told the world will see that no retribution which for our own soul's sake we dare exact, can atone for the sin against the light that Germany has deliberately committed. To that extent, then, the world's enemy is protected by humanity's decree that there are certain things which man born of woman must not do."

"Outside that bare protection, what right has this Power of Absolute Evil to concern herself either in the shaping or the substance of life on earth after the war? None whatever, till we have evidence—not merely belief, but sure proof—that her heart has been changed."

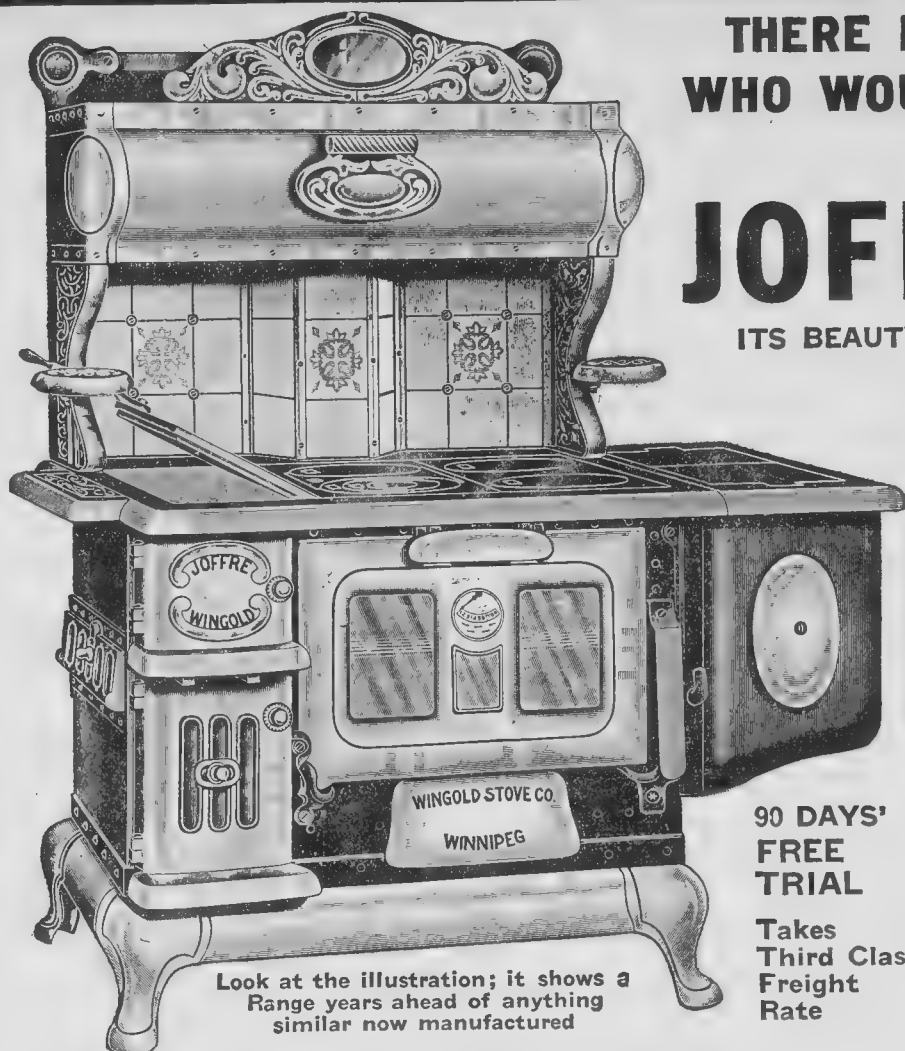
The only peace to which the free peoples of the world can safely consent will be one founded on absolute safeguards against the renewal of the bloodshed and destruction of the present world struggle.

When Logic is Lunacy

A socialist who has had in the past a great deal of newspaper notoriety in the United States was recently on trial in Kansas City for violation of certain legislation of the republic designed to deal with conduct and utterances not helpful towards winning the war, was asked whether a person should love his country, and made answer that one should love all countries. Which is about as much to the point as if a person, on being asked if one should love one's mother, were to make answer that one should love all women. A person's relation to his native country is a fact as unescapable as his relation to his mother. Both facts imply indebtedness and duty, in varying degrees, but still there. A man who was all mind and no heart might point in triumphantly logical scorn at the inconsistency of the innumerable declarations made about many mothers by their sons and daughters, that each of them is "the best mother in the world." It is obviously true that such a statement can be true about only one mother. But the man who is so logically-minded as to point this out in all seriousness is not only without a heart, but his logic is the logic of lunacy. There are truths which are above all logic, and immeasurably and incomparably truer and finer and more precious than all logic.

True Tributes

A reader of The Western Home Monthly sends The Philosopher a copy of the editorial page of The Philadelphia Ledger, which contains a notable article under the headline, "Lest We Forget the Unboasting British." It is a comprehensive tribute to Great Britain and the British Empire for all they have done, and are doing, in the war. From the first moment of the peril to civilization caused by the pouring of the spike-helmeted hordes from across the Rhine on their mission of outrage and slaughter and devastation as a means to seizing world domination for the Hohenzollern dynasty, British sea power, and British military power, and British money power, and every ounce of every other kind of British power has been devoted to the fight to save democracy and freedom. As the Philadelphia paper well says, Britain has not gone into this as a limited liability war, but is in it to the end. Vast as the sum total is of the things which the world knows that British valor, and British endurance, and British tenacity have done in the war, there is also a vast sum total that is unknown, and that will be known in part after the war is ended. The German Intelligence Department knows a great deal of these things Britain has done, which the world at large knows nothing of. "When it comes to self-laudation," says the Philadelphia Ledger, "the British are the poorest advertisers the world has ever seen." Another of the many similar utterances by journals of leading authority in the United States that might be quoted is the plea of the New York Chronicle for more disclosures by the British authorities of what the British are achieving. "Let the British Government give us more news," pleads the Chronicle, "at once and continually, for not even a German agent could accuse the British people of immodesty or boastfulness."



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To the Young Men of Western Canada

Prof. W. F. Osborne, University of Manitoba

Last month I argued from various angles in favor of the Winnipeg project of holding a great national congress on education. I have been moving about Canada during the last two summers, interesting groups of representative citizens in this idea. Of the discussions that have taken place at the various meetings, record has been kept. This record is now printed, and is available to those specially interested. It is really remarkable what a unanimous chorus of approval the project has been welcomed by. From the great mass of favorable comment I have culled the following brief extracts, which the editor gives me permission to publish herewith.

The committee has printed a memorandum of 84 pages containing a full record of all that has been done to date. The secretary will be pleased to forward this memo on request. From it the following comments on the Winnipeg project are extracted:

Rev. R. S. Laidlaw, minister, Knox Presbyterian Church, Winnipeg: "A movement broadly constructive, which will deal in a fundamental way with a vital and acute problem."

The Bishop of Fredericton, N.B.: "There is a breadth of vision about this scheme which makes it very attractive."

Chancellor Jones, University of New Brunswick: "I am entirely sympathetic to proposal. An active and eminent bureau would be able to render great service."

Dr. Kierstead, Professor of Philosophy, University of New Brunswick: "Conference would be a splendid thing."

Prof. Styles, Engineering Department, University of New Brunswick: "Should have a commission that will seriously study what kind of nation we want to be."

J. W. Spurden, Bank Manager, Fredericton, N.B.: "What we want is vision. This scheme seems to have it."

George Inch, Normal School Staff, Fredericton: "The Board proposed would tend to nationalize the spirit of our education."

Chief Justice McKeown, St. John, N.B.: "This plan proposed by Mr. Bulman is one of the biggest ideas ever described in my hearing. The national sense in which it is conceived is one of the grandest things I have ever heard of."

Mr. Emerson, Chairman School Board, St. John, N.B.: "If it succeeds it will open a new era."

John Sealey, Fish Merchant, St. John, N.B.: "I like this because it reminds me of Arnold of Rugby."

President Cutten, Acadia University, Wolfville, N.S.: "The object is the evolution of a national ethical consciousness."

Dr. Tufts, Professor of History and Political Economy, Acadia University, N.S.: "Biggest thing ever started in Canada."

H. G. Perry, Professor of Biology, Acadia University, N.S.: "Conference is essential. Must be made to strike national imagination."

Rev. N. Harkness, Wolfville, N.S.: "Without a vision the people perish, and here is the vision."

Dr. Black, M.P., Windsor, N.S.: "This idea is one of the noblest that can be placed before the nation."

H. C. Burchell, Windsor, N.S.: "The spiritual energies of the nation must be conserved and developed side by side with material; otherwise we shall do what Germany has done, that is, inaugurate an epoch of purely material efficiency."

Justice Russell, Halifax: "I have the largest sympathy with the project."

Mr. Myles, National Drug Co., Halifax: "Might be the salvation of Canada."

Lieut.-Governor Grant, Halifax: "Greatly impressed."

Dean Dywdd, All Saints Cathedral, Halifax: "Cardinal agreement with general point of view."

C. H. Mitchell, Halifax: "Good move."

W. P. Parker, Halifax: "We are jogging along fairly well, but that is not good enough. Would like to devote my life to that sort of ideal."

Principal Robertson, Prince of Wales College, Charlottetown, P.E.I.: "Great teachers, with text-books like those that it is hoped to work out in this scheme will work a transformation in a generation."

Rev. Mr. Dawson, York, P.E.I.: "Christian citizenship, the unselfishness of it, the sacrifice of it, the service of it! If we can get this idea grounded in the thinking of our children, a new generation will be produced."

Rev. Mr. Freeman, Charlottetown, P.E.I.: "This project strikes me as the conception of a statesman with a far-reaching vision."

Col. J. S. Moore, Banker, Charlottetown: "Thoroughly, very thoroughly, in accord with proposal."

C. H. Black, Merchant, Charlottetown: "One of the greatest things that can be started for the uplift of rising generation."

Mr. McColl, Secretary Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Co., New Glasgow, N.S.: "Bringing some hundreds of brainy men together can do nothing but good."

H. L. Hewson, Amherst, N.S.: "No one can afford to oppose this magnificent plan."

J. Alex. Christie, Amherst, N.S.: "There is a vision here that I should like to see worked out."

G. K. Chapman, Amherst, N.S.: "One of the best things re national education that I have heard of in a long time."

Mr. Pethick, Manager Bank of Nova Scotia, Amherst, N.S.: "Splendid thing, and if carefully carried out will place Canada on much higher plane."

Mr. Neftal, Manager Bank of Montreal, Amherst: "Principles of scheme will appeal to every big Canadian."

Avard Black, Amherst: "The idea can be carried out. It will be a great national advance for us."

Mayor Pipe, Amherst: "The plan suggests the vision of a larger Canada, and I am in sympathy with it."

Mr. Harrison, President Canadian Club, Amherst: "At one with object, and at one with method of bringing it about."

Ex-Governor Wood, Sackville, N.B.: "I should like to see the effort made."

Rev. H. Wigle, Principal Ladies' College, Sackville, N.B.: "I receive this message as an inspiration."

Dr. Richard (French Acadian), Moncton, N.B.: "This Winnipeg idea of bringing together all classes in a conference is a fine one."

M. Leblanc, Moncton, N.B.: "The idea should receive generous response."

M. Arsenaull, Moncton, N.B.: "The suggestion if carried out will be of great advantage to Canada."

M. Bourgeois, Moncton: "I hope this convention will come soon."

Mr. McKully, K.C., President Canadian Club, Moncton: "This convention is move in right direction."

Mayor Wood, Sackville, N.B.: "Am in hearty accord."

Wm. Tytler, School Inspector, Guelph, Ontario: "Heart and soul with the whole movement."

Principal Young, Guelph, Ontario: "No more hopeful sign for Canada than that we have men of this calibre thinking of these things, and planning for them."

R. L. Torrance, Manager Royal Bank, Guelph: "Would like to see the whole group present pledge itself to represent the movement in this locality, and bring about its success."

J. M. Duff, Manager Bank of Commerce, Guelph: "Heartily in sympathy."

J. M. Taylor, President Taylor-Forbes Co., Guelph: "My duty will be to be one of those to contribute the sinews of war—to get men for this Board."

John Hancock, Chairman School Board, Galt, Ont.: "The secret of disinterested public service lies in education. We should be prepared to join with our friends in the west."

Principal Gundry, Collegiate Institute, Galt: "Delighted with suggestion of National Bureau. Have no doubt great national impetus would come from this plan."

Principal Linton, Public Schools, Galt: "The scheme is a grand one."

Principal D. S. McPherson, Central School, Galt: "Hope Conference will be called, and that Galt will be well represented."

Dr. Buchanan, Collegiate Institute Board, Galt: "The task is stupendous, but inspiring."

Rev. W. H. Snelgrove, Galt: "Here is a really big idea."

Principal Silcox, Normal School, Stratford: "National Bureau of Education is to my mind the only way to build up a nation-wide consciousness. When this conference is held, I'll be there, if I have to walk there!"

Mr. Gillies, Manual Training Staff, Stratford: "I am persuaded that practical Christian citizenship, the unselfish attitude, will enable us to join hands with Quebec."

Principal C. A. Mayberry, Collegiate Institute, Stratford: "Thoroughly in favor of idea. Let us keep in close touch with the Winnipeg committee."

H. W. Strudeley, Stratford: "Method essential in order to build great nation."

Mr. McLaughlin, Stratford: "National Bureau as clearing-house for ideas would be an excellent thing."

George McLagan, Furniture Manufacturer, Stratford: "That we should have before us a goal exactly the reverse of Germany is superb. Organize for efficiency—only, let the efficiency be in capacity for service, instead of in capacity for ministering to selfishness. If we can see launched in this country a movement that will enthrone unselfishness, a great new era will be opened."

Duncan McVannell, St. Mary's, Ont.: "National idea admirable. It would have a very great influence."

Rev. Captain Master, St. Mary's: "Movement of this sort is simply taking hold of a fertile field that lies freely before us. Perfectly feasible and possible. Now is the time."

W. A. McIntyre, Chairman Collegiate Institute Board, St. Mary's: "Someone has had a vision of what our national life requires."

Rev. Mr. Spence, St. Mary's: "If we are going to harmonize the races, this plan must be carried out."

Rev. W. A. Bowyer, Brantford, Ont.: "There are very good men behind this scheme."

Mrs. A. S. Jones, Brantford: "I agree entirely with the plan."

Mrs. Ballachey, member School Board, Brantford: "I think a National Conference on Education would be an excellent thing."

W. F. Cockshutt, Brantford, M.P.: "If this one great idea can be got out of the war, I believe we shall be well repaid."

Mr. Chadsey, Manager Massey-Harris Co., Brantford: "I think it is wonderful that any group of men should have conceived so great an idea."

Rev. G. A. Woodside, Brantford: "A national goal, and not a national machine, is what we want."

W. G. Raymond, Postmaster, Brantford: "A free people can put a great spirit in control of its educational machine. This is the central idea of this fine scheme."

F. E. Leonard, President Board of Trade, London, Ont.: "I shall take pleasure in watching movement, and will give it support."

Mayor Sommerville, London: "I appreciate this effort to impress the idea of nationality on our people."

Professor Patterson, Western University, London: "Goal presented is: Domination by service. This is a great spiritual ideal."

Principal Radcliffe, Normal School, London: "I am in favor of the ideas of conference and bureau."

Prof. Sherwood Fox, Western University, London: "There are dangers in unified education, but this proposal of an official, independent bureau avoids this danger. Its functions would be advisory only."

Inspector Taylor, St. Thomas, Ont.: "This community will not be remiss in assisting this worthy undertaking."

C. F. Maxwell, Ex-Mayor, St. Thomas: "German Kultur means 'German might is right.' Let us make key of our culture: 'Service for the world.' I should like to see this bureau established."

Dr. James H. Coyne, St. Thomas: "The idea of developing a common Canadian spirit is one that deserves great attention. I approve whole idea."

Principal A. T. McNeill, Baptist College, Woodstock, Ont.: "What must be the great constructive force of the future? It must be education. I agree with idea of a conference."

Robert Johnson, Ex-Chairman School Board, Woodstock: "These men in the west are leading the way."

E. B. Terryberry, President Board of Trade, Woodstock: "We are all ready to go on record as declaring that this idea is a move decidedly in right direction. Good idea to bring in big Britons and Americans to consult."

Rev. Captain Appleyard, Woodstock: "Let us train a nation that will think of 'the other fellow.' I promise my support."

Professor Russell, Baptist College, Woodstock: "Project appeals to me tremendously. Let us take the efficiency of the Germans, and scrap their morality."

Rev. Dr. Gibson, Woodstock: "Great personalities and good citizens should be the output of our schools. Endorse scheme."

James Whiting, Moosomin, Sask.: "The line is a most worthy one, and stamps its originators as high-minded citizens."

Rev. Mr. Heathfield, Moosomin: "We are on the eve of a great constructive period, and these men are laying foundations for a far-sighted scheme."

W. P. Reekie, Regina, Chairman Saskatchewan Education League: "We have come to a time when we must look at education in a national way."

Dr. W. W. Andrews, Regina: "Let us develop a great common spirit in all our souls. We must get into and through our schools the throb of a united Canada."

Dr. Stapleford, President Regina College: "This is the thing that Canada needs."

J. A. Maharg, M.P., Moose Jaw: "Heartily concur with idea. We should have a national perspective in education. Glad that movement started in Western Canada."

J. W. Sifton, Superintendent of Schools, Moose Jaw: "Time is opportune for us to get together. We should develop school systems that will be animated by a national ideal."

His Excellency the Duke of Devonshire, Governor-General of Canada, replying to a deputation from the Winnipeg Committee, which waited upon him at Government House, Winnipeg, on August the 25th, 1918, commented on the significance attaching to the fact that such a public-spirited movement should have been conceived at such a time. He expressed the pleasure he felt at hearing of the success that had so far been achieved. His Excellency in conclusion expressed the hope that he would be able personally to attend the sessions of the congress.

After Chores are Done

Written for The Western Home Monthly
By Allan Campbell

ONE of the most serious questions of the farm for some years has been how to keep the growing sons and daughters on the farm in spite of the counter attractions of the town and city. Of course, under present conditions, all available labor has been pressed into agricultural use and other lines of production, but nevertheless the old question still remains unsolved in regard to making the farm more attractive to the family. A better spirit of willingness is to be found on farms that possess a real home on them, and there are many factors that go to the making of an attractive home. One of the most important things to be considered is the fact that the human body and mind are better refreshed by a complete change of environment, that is

to say, when one comes from the field, stable or milk house, he is not perfectly rested by sitting in a house that harbors in several ways an aftermath of the day's work in the shape of scattered tools, milk cans, etc. The greatest change gives the greatest rest, and we must leave our work behind us mentally and physically at the end of the day to get the best results.

Another point is the upkeep of the best spirits among the farm help, and this can be accomplished best by the encouragement of some interesting hobbies or games. This may seem a somewhat difficult problem, but let us consider the effect on the average body and mind of a whole season's round of work, meals and bed, without any variation. On the other hand, take another number of men who get some diversion of some sort at the end of the day, and there you will find the cheerful workers. By the word "games," of course, it is understood that this does not refer to a strenuous course of exercises at the end of the day, for that would soon defeat the

object in view, but to some easy and interesting amusements, such as some of the popular table games, etc.

Another valuable feature on the farm is a well-chosen library that will interest the majority of men and women and prove a means of education at the same time. There are many books that might be mentioned that have the power to lift us from our immediate surroundings and petty problems. A dozen of such books in a farm house would prove a mental summerfallow of the most profitable kind. These could be kept on a special shelf with the farm papers and magazines and form a free library. Take for instance, a hot day over and the chores done, and for one solid hour before retiring for the night our thoughts of the breaking plow, willow roots and mosquitoes recede into the background as in fancy we take our place by the side of one of Dickens' heroes on the box seat of a mail coach as it rolls out of Old London on a trip on the great North Road

Monotony is what gives us an equivalent to harness sores, and by breaking thit monotony we keep up our desire for continued work. Conservation is the great slogan of the times, and the conservation of energy is worthy of our attention. A change is as good as a rest and is often much better than a rest that is just a cessation of manual labor when we have time to recapitulate our day's annoyances and so aggravate the wound as it were. A good simile to a change of work is a change of boots when the feet are sore, for no two pairs of boots can chafe at exactly the same sore spots.

A New One on Mary

By Charles Houston Goudiss

Mary had a little lamb
And it began to sicken;
She sent it off to Packingtown
And now it's labeled "CHICKEN."

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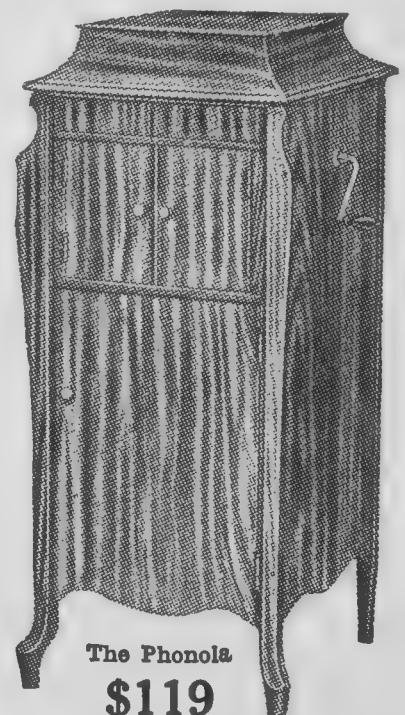
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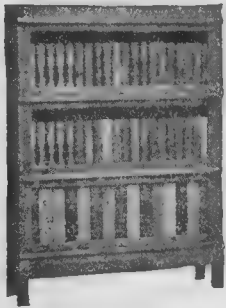
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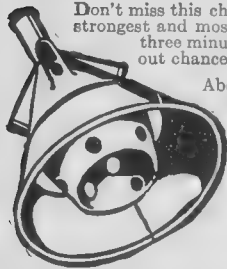
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The Young Woman and Her Problem

Pearl Richmond Hamilton

The Far-Seeing Girl

"Once upon a time" an article appeared in this department entitled "The Profession that Profanes God"—in other words the writer referred to fortune telling. If all the money young girls and women spend in the fortune-teller's heavily draped parlors were invested in Victory Bonds, a safer and brighter future would be the reward. As a matter of fact the one who goes to a fortune-teller indicates a wavering, uncertain, inquisitive character. Her faith in the prediction of the fortune-teller—often a total stranger and a social imposter—may rob her of the very ambition that would make a success of her life. It is my great privilege to know many successful young women. These young women had a vision, and this vision inspired ambition that involved every bit of courage, energy, womanly forcefulness, physical strength, mental growth and moral cleanliness that would make fine accomplishment possible.

If you go into the fortune-teller's haunts you will not find these successful women there. Instead, you will find flabby-faced failures, nerve puckered wrecks, and innocent young bait nibbling at the fascinations of silly girls' illusions.

When I was about sixteen I nibbled at the bait, too, and had my fortune told. The woman gave me a picture of my future husband, whom I would meet within a year. How I treasured that little photograph! How I wasted the year looking for a face like the picture! I failed in my examination in history. No vision of usefulness encouraged me to be ambitious. I spent the time in foolish dreams of impossible happenings. I earned one of my first dollars that year and spent it for ten silly love stories that were advertised in the home paper. Fortunately they all disappeared from my room just as I became interested in the first one. I have always known my mother was the mysterious burglar. Finally the year passed slowly, lazily, vacantly by. I had served my sentence. Not one day had I missed taking that photo out of its sacred place to look at it. But the young man did not appear, and consequently my faith in fortune-telling was shattered. Several years later Prince Charming did find me, but he had not the slightest resemblance to the cherished photograph of my girlish fancy.

All girls are not so fortunate in discovering the foolish deception so soon. Many do not have mothers with a watchful eye. Perhaps to-day there are more fortune-tellers and girls have more time and money to waste, but let us bear in mind fortune-telling is still a profession that profanes God, and robs a girl of noble ambition and intellectual accomplishment.

One time when the path to fortune-telling haunts was crowded with young girls, I announced in our club a lesson that would give a girl a vision of her future. I need not add that our room was filled that day. At the Bible House I had purchased enough little books of Proverbs to give each girl a copy. We also passed a pencil to every girl. Emphasizing the fact that a young woman could find in the little Book of Proverbs an index and guide to her future—a guide that was safe and sure—we began with the very first chapter to mark the most important guiding posts—yes, our guiding posts on the road to the future. There is a wonderful lesson for a young girl in the very first chapter. Read it. Then read this: "When wisdom entereth into thine heart, and knowledge is pleasant unto thy soul, discretion shall preserve thee, understanding shall keep thee." And "Forget not my law; but let thine heart keep my commandments: For length of days and long life, and peace shall they add to thee. Let not mercy and truth forsake thee—write them upon the table of thine heart. Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding." Then this wonderful promise for our future: "In all thy ways acknowledge Him and He shall direct thy paths." That afternoon we found promises and guiding posts in every chapter of Proverbs, and I believe every girl went home feeling that the little copy of the Book of Proverbs held for her the golden key that would unlock the door of a happy beautiful future.

Following a request for helps found in the book after more careful reading, these were some of the answers:

"The commandment is a lamp."

"The law is light."

"In all labor there is profit."

"A wholesome tongue is a tree of life."

"She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life."

"A virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies."

"Her own works praise her."

We shall never forget that afternoon, for we were convinced that the far-seeing girl is the one whose life is worth while—the one who builds for a successful future by first choosing the Sure Guide and cultivating carefully every gift she possesses. The far-seeing girl shines everywhere. Intellectual sympathetic insight stamps any young woman as a factor in the place where she works. It makes her realize the value of her efforts in patriotic progress.

At present there is a careless indifference among many of our younger business girls to-day. They are heartlessly indifferent to the necessity of the success of the business where they are employed. Some of them are paralyzing business. One manager called his stenographer in the other day, and asked about a certain machine that should have been delivered



A coign of vantage.

that morning. She answered in an unconcerned manner: "No, I know it has not been delivered."

To the question, "Why?" she answered impudently:

"I haven't had time. I will attend to it when I have time and not before."

The manager said nothing. He dare not. He told the visitor that she might leave if he did. He was helpless.

Now that girl's indifference prevented production, for the delivery of that machine meant a day's work in the field. A girl must do her work well as a part of her duty to serve the present age. I have heard of scores of similar experiences this summer. Those particular girls see no further than their pocket books. They do not see that their future position is shaky. "Some day the boys will be back," said one manager, "and when that time comes, I'll fire every girl in the place." Work done for money alone is never noble work. The question every girl should ask is: "Am I helping to increase the success of this business? Am I making my position useful and valuable?" Some of these indifferent girls do not take into consideration that they may be forcing the business into a position where they cannot pay.

Many girls work along these lines: "How much can I bleed out of this business?" Not what am I worth to my country during this crisis? This does not refer in any way to the older business,

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woman nor even to the efficient business girl, but in most cases to girls who take a business course when they have not had a common school education, and who have not an intelligent grasp of their place in patriotic industry. Let us choose our work because we believe we can do it well. When we come to realize that we can do no higher work than we are equipped for, the number of satisfied and successful workers will be increased. "The safest investment is in character. The best savings bank is the memory." The conviction of work well done and faithfulness to duty gives dignity and personality to a girl that crowns her with the seal of service.

Wanted—A Home!

During the past summer I have been with many girls in their teens who are old and scarred with the social dregs of the ages. In every case they had little school education. Some had the opportunity but hated to study. Others had

worked since early childhood—nearly all of them had wasted their evenings at the movies or in public dance halls.

Somehow I felt I could read on every face this sign—"Wanted—A Home!" for that was what every one of them needed most. I went to their homes and was convinced.

In some homes the poor mothers were not to blame, for they either had to work all day outside of the home, or their life at home with a large family on a small income made it difficult to make the home attractive enough to hold the young girl. There were other homes, however, where the mother left her home for more attractive work in business, and still others where homes were neglected while the mothers were at club meetings or teas. These young daughters—scores of them—are left to drift where vulgar companions lead them away from home and mother.

There never has been a time when women have been so much in work outside the home, and there never has been a time when so many very young girls and boys have gone down the wrong road.

It may be old-fashioned, this idea of good mothering and cozy home-making, but if we are anxious for our future citizens, we must encourage our young girls

girl looked at the beautiful face of the Army friend, and then at the cold face of her partner enemy, and went off with the enemy. Meanwhile, where was the mother?

I know of another young girl who slipped out of one of the wealthy homes in this city about two evenings every week, and went to the coarsest dance hall in the city, where she danced with the foreign fruit pedlar who came to her mother's door, and others of similar character. When she came in at night she told her mother she had been at a picture show. Were that daughter and mother companions?

"She's my pal—my chum!" exclaimed a beautiful mother, nodding towards her lovely daughter across the table.

What a lovely experience, I thought, as I looked at both! No gulf between those two—no secrets withheld from that mother. That is true mothering.

What is wrong?

Are the homes of our girls stupid, dreary, insufferable places that drive girls into the streets? To create and sustain the atmosphere of a home, the fascination of which would keep fathers from clubs and boys and girls from movies and public dances, is woman's greatest mission.

It is the fashion to think a home-maker

intelligent economy that creates an atmosphere charged with a power so fascinating that boys and girls cling to it eagerly and willingly. There is a home in this city that is one of the many ideal homes—for there are really many happy beautiful homes. This particular home is one where twelve children and a widowed mother live. The mother works every day except Sunday, and the children who are old enough to help. Some are in stores, and the little boys sell papers. An older sister does the housework and cares for the younger children. If you want to experience the meaning of true home-making you should see that family gather round their mother evenings and Sundays. Do you think any outside city attraction could take those boys and girls from the lovely hours with their mother? There are "boys' nights" and "girls' nights" and "family" nights, when all confide their little and big affairs to their mother.

I turn from the warm atmosphere of a home like this and go to club meetings, where I hear women make speeches on the terrible conditions among young girls. They agitate and criticize and suggest reforms, and the creation of new offices. Then I go out on the streets where I see an uneasy, drifting, wandering, aimless girlhood, and I read on their painted faces—"Wanted—A Home!"

Smiles That Conquer

Do you know I have seen the most cheerful faces among those who have suffered and sacrificed most in this war?

In a recent number of a magazine, two pages were devoted to people who smile. The very first picture was a group of Canadian soldiers just returning from the trenches. A smile was on every face. Then there were pictures of some of the most prominent workers connected with the war, among whom was the Queen of Belgium—all taking time to smile, and the smiles were all full of helpfulness, because they came from courageous hearts. "There's a world of toil and a world of pain,

There's a world of trouble and care;
But, oh, in this world of our Father, God,
There is gladness everywhere."

The smiles and good cheer of our Canadian soldiers and all other soldiers of the Allies are a big factor in paralyzing the cruel iron-mailed German fist.

"Yes, the world is growing better, kinder, wiser day by day;
And the weary, heavy-laden, find more helpers on the way.

Courage, then, O earnest worker, sow thy seed with lavish hand,
Soon shall come the glorious harvest,
Smiling over all the land."

Girls, Too, Please?

A movement has recently been launched to promote physical training among boys. Why not give the girls the same opportunity? The need is just as great. I mean among the very young girls. The majority of young women realize the value of physical training. If some of the evenings spent by young girls in dissipating folly were changed to clean, wholesome physical training, our future mothers would be stronger than present tendencies indicate. It might be well to give this very careful thought a little more knowledge of the physical condition of many girls in their early teens might reveal surprises. Just how many in homes of reformation are physically strong? I am glad to see our church clubs and Sunday School classes of girls making a splendid move in this direction. One club I know has fifty girls in a physical training class, another has thirty-five. I believe the Sunday School is doing more for the teen age girl in its organization of "teen age girls" than any other factor. Our readers remember I wrote about their splendid work at the Older Girls' Conference last year. This month the conference is convened at Portage la Prairie.

Good health is a patriotic need. One soldier wrote this to his mother: "I am in perfect health, and try to keep so, realizing that it is the patriotic thing to do."

We all need to keep ourselves fit for what will be required the next hour. We want our girls to increase their physical strength, and change that hump-backed posture that seems so popular to-day.

The healthy girl is usually efficient. She is the girl with magnetic personality that wears long.

Annette Kellerman, the world's champion woman swimmer, was once a cripple. Persistence and determination in physical

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along lines that create pure womanly home-making, and honor in every possible way woman's highest calling and noblest profession—that of mothering, and the art of creating in the home an atmosphere so attractive that outside influences will not lure the young boys and girls elsewhere.

I feel that our young girls have too much freedom evenings. Mothers tell me their fourteen-year-old and sixteen-year-old girls come in at eleven, twelve and one o'clock evenings. They do not know where they are. Perhaps in this city, and other cities as well, if "mother" would put on her wraps and stand at the door of the dance hall, she would see men waiting in crowds to catch these young girls as soon as they come out. If she waited a little while longer she would see cars drive up and take in another lot. Oh, a curfew is needed in every city and town of the west. "Come with me, little girl; I'll take you home," urged a little Salvation Army woman whom I know very well, as she put her arm around a young, fourteen-year-old girl who came out of the door of a popular dance hall one evening this fall. But a man at the side of the girl exclaimed:

"If you think you can take better care of this girl than I can, take her."

The sweet-souled Salvation Army woman replied, "I think I can." The little

leads a narrow life. Frances Cobbe, in her essay on the "Final Cause of Woman," speaks of her as an "adjective." A creator is not an adjective. A woman who creates and sustains a home, and under whose guidance boys and girls grow strong and pure men and women holds a position second to no other profession among women. In the home a cultivated, good, happy, smiling woman creates, monotony, stupidity and antagonisms do not exist. The most perfect home I know is a tiny little cottage where flowers bloom all summer and six little children gather around the simple evening meal. There is little money in the home, but it is full of love and sunshine.

Another home where the girls and boys were grown leaves a beautiful picture in my memory. I boarded in this home while teaching. There was little room to take me in, and sometimes I felt I was trespassing in a place too hallowed for strangers. They had little money, but there was music, good reading, games, and the father and mother sang and played with the young folks. Somehow boys and girls from more pretentious homes liked to gather at this little earthly heaven. Every one was happy there.

Oh, it is not money, nor empty show that creates a home.

It is love and understanding, intellectual sympathy, Christian consideration,



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The Canadian Abroad

By Edward William Thomson O

When the croon of a rapid is heard on the breeze,

With the scent of a pine-forest gloom,
Or the edge of the sky is of steeple-top trees

Set in hazes of blueberry bloom.
Or a song-sparrow sudden from quietness trills

His delicate anthem to me,
Then my heart hurries home to the Ottawa hills,
Wherever I happen to be.

When the veils of a shining lake vista unfold,

Or the mist towers dim from a fall,
Or a woodland is blazing in crimson and gold,

Or a snow-shroud is covering all,
Or there's honking of geese in the darkening sky

When the spring sets hepatica free,
Then my heart's winging north as they,
never can fly,
Wherever I happen to be.

When the swallows slant curves of bewildering joy

As the cool of the twilight descends,
And rosy-cheek maiden and hazel-hue boy
Listen grave while the angelus ends

In a tremulous flow from the bell of a shrine,

Then a far-away mountain I see,
And my soul is in Canada's evening shine,
Wherever my body may be.

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The Home and What it Means to the Nation

Written for The Western Home Monthly By Edwin C. Cuming

HERE is no word in the whole of the English language that arouses so many emotions in the heart of the Anglo-Saxon as does the simple word "Home." Whether it be in the torrid zone or the freezing Arctic, it means to him all that is noblest and best. In its interests he goes into battle and suffers hardship, and in order to build it he spends the best years of his life in painful endeavour. Our best poetry and our noblest lyrics have been written around it, and the songs that we sing are made the dearer because they remind us of its glories and its claims. It is at once the dream and aspiration of every normal, red-blooded man and the fond hope of every maiden. Whether he sweats upon the great Sahara or freezes in the great stretches of the far North, he has come to love and revere it as the place above every place where he is alone the king. Whether he be rich or poor, artisan or millionaire, lives in a palace or in some unobtrusive shack upon the broad prairie, the home has come to mean to him the place above all places on the earth where he finds his highest aspirations working themselves into realities, and the place where they dwell who are dearer to him than life itself. Well has the exiled songster sung.

conditions of the home life of the people.

The story of history in its tragedies is one of the decay of the home. When Rome was tottering to its fall one finds that it was not because the soldiers of the Empire were any less brave than they had ever been, but that there was something missing in their life that robbed them of the power to fight. They were stronger physically than ever they had been, but they had lost that old incentive that sent them out with a great big force to conquer. The women were found more at the baths and at the amphitheatre than they were at the home, and the introduction of the Grecian extravagance in thinking and life led them to be luxurious and physically incapable for the great duties of the home life.

The days immediately before the war had brought to America and England the same great wave of luxury, and naturally there came with it the same break-up of the more puritanic conditions of the home life. We were eating in the restaurants rather than in the home, and the club furnished us with means of amusement that we should have found within the home circle. Night after night found us out at some public place, and the home was being neglected as a place of resort and of mutual conference.

There are two movements that have



One of the giant British guns which are dropping shells daily into the retreating German lines, and which have been instrumental in smashing through the Hindenburg defences.

"Be it ever so humble,
There's no place like home."

There has been a movement recently, however, in our life wherein it has been made subservient, and there are people that are arguing that a form of community homes would be more beneficial to the race. The scientific socialist has told us that if we had an institution wherein the children of the nation were trained along scientific lines they would be made of more value to the nation, for they would be trained in such a way as to lose those idiosyncrasies that are found in the children of to-day, and which are said to be directly traceable to the vagaries of the parent. The increasing number of failures that come into our divorce courts and the large number that suffer alone are held up as proof of the statement that the place of the home has long since passed by, and that to over-rule this we would establish some form of institution that will take the children away from the possibility of such failure and the degrading sights that naturally follow upon such tragedies.

While it is impossible to argue away the statistics and would to God that we could, yet there is a brighter side to the story, and one who looks into the real facts would see that it is not the whole statement of the condition. Even though the number of divorces are larger than a generation ago, yet there are more homes, and the number of successes are infinitely greater. For every failure there are hundreds of thousands of successes that are never brought to the notice of the public, but which are only seen by those who are in close touch with the deeper

led to some degree to this condition, and strangely enough, even though we are at war, these same forces are at work among us in all their subtle power. The literature that has been appearing during the last half century has had an immense effect upon the thought life of the people. The press is acknowledged to be a power in the life of the people equal only by the pulpit, and it is through this channel that the new ideas have been propagated. The modern "problem novel" and the modern "drama" have sought to teach us the new doctrine that the home is not necessarily so important to the happiness of the nation. Its characters have been set up as being more enlightened because when they have found that through what they have thought to be incompatibility of temperament, they have been strong enough, or rather weak enough, to lay down the burden and to break with the marital tie. The old thought of our fathers that this tie was inviolable has been passed by with a superior air, and we have boasted that in the twentieth century we are meeting modern social conditions in a social way. There is no doubt something in the old view that is impossible for us to-day, but the thing can be overdone, and this is the case in the modern novel to which I have referred.

The educational systems that obtain in most of our newer nations seems also to be lacking in those qualities that make for homemakers. In the modern high school we are giving a great deal of time for instance, in the training of our girls in the sciences, and we are neglecting to give them to any large degree some training in the essential elements that go to

make up our homes of the future. It is a greater thing to have an educated democracy and to have our girls taught higher mathematics and such, but there is another side to the question. The majority of the girls that are attending our high schools will become the homemakers for the artisans who, while not wealthy, form the backbone of our modern national life, and within ten years of their graduation, they will be the mothers of the new nation. It is a great thing that they be able to solve the quadratic equation, but there is a far greater need that they be able to understand the bigger equation of life, and all that the great institution of the home means to them. There is a great need for some practical training along the matters that so vitally affect them, and that will go to make up three-fourths of their lives immediately after graduation.

We are meeting a problem to-day with the boys and girls of our homes, and we are wondering why they are to be found away from rather than in it. Large numbers of our parents are at the end of their resources to know just what to do to hold the boys, and despite their efforts and pleadings the boys are finding the pool-hall and the club more congenial than the home. The pith of the question is there. The pool-hall is the more attractive place, and the boys naturally gravitate to it. We have failed to realize that they are boys and that as boys they must have company that is congenial to them, and if this is not to be found in the home then they will naturally seek it outside. One of the manufacturers of a certain kind of pool table has put across their advertisements this caption: "Buy one of these tables and keep your boy at home." It is not our purpose to discuss the qualities of the table in question, but the remark that they have made regarding the possibility of bringing such amusements home that will hold our boys. He will naturally go out to seek companions that are of his class, and if he feels that he can bring them home and enjoy an evening with them in those pursuits that make up his life, he will be found in that place that can be made attractive to him. The trouble is that we are too busy to-day in making money to put into this matter the thought that we ought. Some time ago a certain father was talking to a Sunday School expert regarding the delinquencies of his son. The expert turned round to the father and asked him what equation his son was trying to solve in algebra and where he stood in the team at school.

"Why, Sir, do you think I have nothing else to do but to enter into the boy's sports? How should I know where he stands in the school team? I am a busy man."

Exactly; that father was too busy with the getting of the world's goods that he had forgotten that his son was bearing burdens at school and that the biggest thing in his life was to get to be the captain of that school team. Was it any wonder that the boy went out evenings to have a talk with the boys around town and later joined a clique such as his father thought to be a disgrace to him?

The boys and girls are boys and girls, not grown men and women, and the problem of the home is simply one of keeping them at home with the amusements that really matter to them. If we were to make the homes of the nation the place where the young people in them could bring their friends, and if we were to become the chums of the children they would not drift to the places that are hurting their lives.

Then the home should be the place of education in those great big facts of life. After all, the home is the first great school to which we go, and where we learn the lessons about God and the world. There is, after all, no wonder that the women brought their children to the great Master teacher, for they knew that he could tell them the real things about God and life. If a census were to be taken of all the scholars of the country, I venture to think that the majority would say that the greatest lessons they ever learned were learned at their mother's knee, for there they learned to pray and about the great things religious.

While the home is such a place of education, yet there has come into our life a prudishness about the real facts of life. Too few mothers for instance take their daughters aside and tell them the great miracle they have within them, and speak to them about the real facts of life. We tell them about Jonah and we are

very much concerned if some day they come home to tell us that they have learned some new explanation of the story, and that they no longer believe it in just the way in which we taught it them. We are anxious that they be able to tell the story about the feeding of the five thousand, but we fail to tell them that they have as great a miracle within themselves as ever that was, the possibility of bringing another life into the world. Some day the girl comes home with a story that she loves some man whom she has met, and we fail to tell her just what is involved in that greatest of all human experiences. When we are taxed about the situation we blush and say that she will find out for herself, and let the matter rest there. There are about ten thousand girls who go wrong on the North American continent every year, and the majority of them through sheer ignorance of the real facts of life.

A certain juvenile court missionary said sometime ago that while it is the girls who pay the price in this detestable traffic, it is the boys of our homes who buy them, and who often suffer the consequences afterwards. I have said that the fathers of the nation should become the chums of the boys in the homes. There is no way wherein this could be accomplished as by taking the boys into confidence about this great mat-

ter of themselves. Let us away with the old prudish feeling and be frank with those who are to be the home makers of the future, and we shall find that they will find that the home is, after all, as sacred as the church, and they will seek it in the days when they are faced with the real hard, cold facts of life.

The strange thing, too, about this apathy regarding the real things of life is the fact that there has grown up a wave of obscene talk about the sex that are opposite. If we think that we will keep the boys in ignorance of these things we shall find how badly we are mistaken, for all around us there are those who are waiting to give them the information in the story that is as bad as the man who tells it. Some time ago a minstrel troupe visited a prairie town, and in excuse for a part of his programme explained that it was necessary to tell some of the stories that were told to fit into the tastes of a part of the audience. Needless to say, that the part referred to was best left out, yet that man was laboring under the delusion that has gripped a lot of people to-day, that anything to be funny has to be rude. One of those things that the best comedians are doing to-day is to show to us that this is not so, for there is a great deal in life that is really witty without being vulgar. If there is one thing that the young men ought to do to-day it is

to suppress by their influence all the dirty stuff that is passed upon the streets of the cities and towns, and only have those jokes told that are clean and good. Let us remember that those women of whom that is told are somebody's sisters, wives, mothers, and perhaps sweethearts, and we should take the same position as if they were our own relations. If the men were to join a campaign against such talk it would pass out of our life in a year.

We are hearing a great deal about reconstruction in these days, and we are necessarily talking about what we are going to do after the peace has been declared. There is no department of our life that needs reconstructing as does this, and there is no matter to which we ought to give greater attention than to this matter. The boys are overseas fighting for the safety of the hearth and home; shall we bring them back to conditions in America that will make their hardship vain? One of the enemies that is arrayed against us as a nation and against our national autonomy, is just this spirit that is destroying the home-life, and there is no time to destroy, as really as we are going to destroy, the Hunnish system as now. There is no greater thing that we can do for the boys than to bring them back to homes that are as sacred to them and us as the place where we worship and pray.



MR. HOOVER

"Citizen of Honour and Friend of the Belgian People" Pleads for the Belgian Children

Mr. Herbert Hoover, Food Controller of the United States, has earned the title bestowed upon him by King Albert and the Belgian Government—"Citizen of Honour and Friend of the Belgian People."

The world knows what was accomplished under Hoover's administration before America's entrance into the War. In July of this year, he was in London in connection with his responsibilities as Food Controller, and took the opportunity to learn how things stood in Belgium.

So terribly serious are conditions there among the children that Mr. Hoover wrote an urgent plea, parts of which are quoted:

"On May 14th, 1917, I advised you of the financial arrangement with the United States Government whereby funds were provided for the general rationing of the civilian population of Belgium I stated my hope that the various committees of the Commission for Relief in Belgium that had already accomplished so much would hold together despite the new financial arrangement in order to support certain needed special charities"

"It can be readily understood that in providing a general ration for the whole nation the rigorous system necessary to handle such a great project can make little provision for special cases and for special needs. These cases, running into hundreds of thousands, of sick and defective children. . . . cannot be taken care of by the general funds. There is an increasing need for funds in these cases. The gifts are running low, and our last reports show that the soup lines of Belgium have increased from one-and-a-half to two-and-a-half million persons. . . ."

"I wish particularly to remove any doubt as to the acceptability of contributions to the Commission for Relief in Belgium for the special purposes above indicated. . . . This transmission of money is absolutely guaranteed by virtue of an agreement between the belligerent Governments, the C.R.B. and the Neutral (Spanish and Dutch) protecting Ministers in Brussels."

Read between the lines of Mr. Hoover's letter to his associates, and you will realize the ever fresh tragedy of Belgium. You will see little babies, pinched with hunger, waiting in line for the bowl of soup and two the pieces of bread that form their daily ration.

Think of it! Is it any wonder consumption and kindred ills sweep through the stricken country, harvesting the starved orphans left behind by soldiers who died holding back the Hun in the first days of the War.

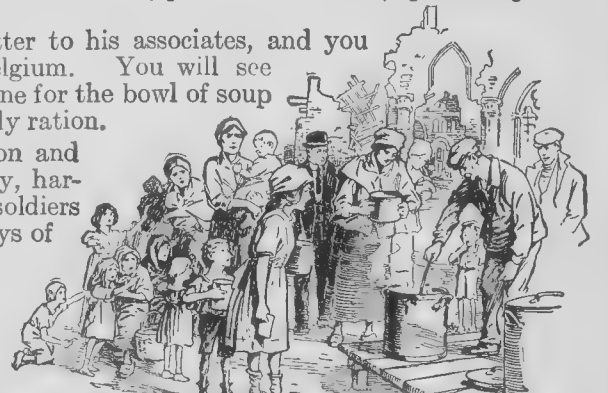
Put your sympathy into practical form. Don't shudder—and then do nothing! While you wait, children are dying. Be generous! Be quick!

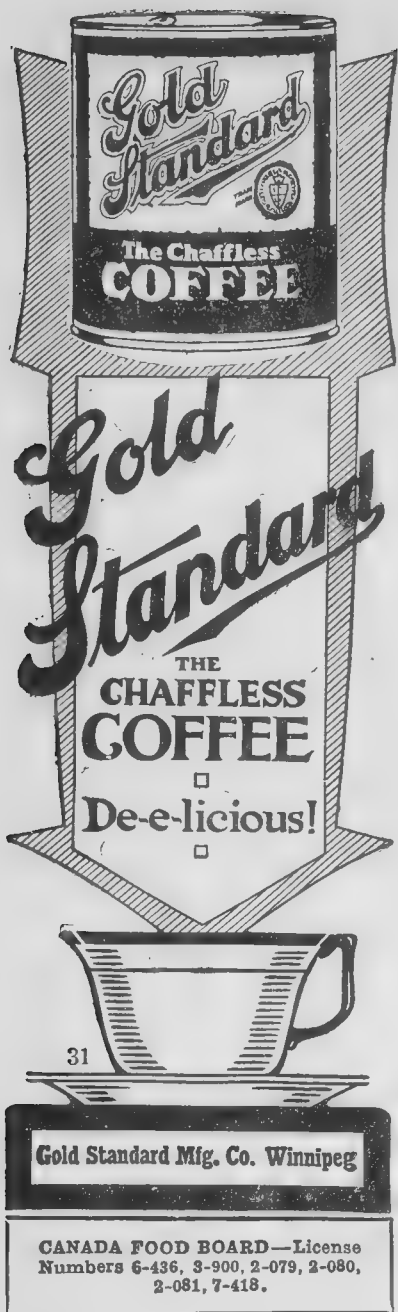
Make cheques payable and send contributions to

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(Registered under the War Charities Act)

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exercise brought her before the world today as a perfect type of physical beauty. Susanna Cocroft, physical training expert, is responsible for the physical fitness of women government employees in Washington. Army officers are assigned to her for drill work, and she is organizing twenty-five companies of women. Already nineteen of these (1900 women in all) have regular drill.

Our own young women in the Voluntary Aid Work are splendid examples of physical strength, and physical strength means, as a rule, moral and mental power. The girl who is healthy in body, mind, and soul is an asset to our country.

At the Door of Opportunity

Our magazines are full of announcements concerning woman's part in industry.

Miss Ida L. Webster is sport editor of The Toronto World.

A young Tennessee woman, Elva M. Witt, has just been promoted from the position of assistant passenger agent to that of passenger agent of the Seaboard Airline at Jacksonville, Fla.

Private Opha M. Johnson is enrolled in the Marine Corps. She will look after the interests of young women who are soon to be enrolled in the Marine Corps Reserve and detailed as clerks at Marine Corps headquarters.

In Italy 120,000 women are facing the hardest work of the war in factories. Some are making airplanes, and their work is recognized and appreciated. Every effort is made to guard the health of the munition workers there.

Day nurseries have been established in the munition plants, and as a result, infant mortality has decreased from 36 to 9 per cent.

Mrs. Mary A. Wilson, who earned \$10,000 a year as head of a school in Philadelphia, teaching institutional cooking to chefs, is now giving her services free to her country. She is teaching sailor boys how to cook. She says the cook is more important than the captain. Miss Maybelle Glenn is bringing about a singing Democracy. Thousands of children have through her, carried the spirit of song into their home; and the inspiration has penetrated the life of the household, the neighborhood and the community. She had a vision of the unification of the voices of children and parents, and now she is making whole towns sing. She has brought about community singing. In some places 4,000 people gather to sing.

Men, women and children of a given neighborhood look forward to the evening their community will have its sing, and everybody sings. A singing democracy is being brought about in Miss Glenn's state, and all has come about through a young girl's vision.

A Business Girl's Club

One night every week for the entire summer, the committee of the Oliver meetings have invited two hundred business girls to tea—a different group every week. It was a big undertaking, and has been most successful. Two weeks ago I went in as a stranger and was deeply impressed with the magnificent manifestation of hospitality and interest in these business girls. They have gathered together a large number, and are forming from it a down-town business club. This is a most praiseworthy movement. A room has been rented in a building on Portage Avenue, which will be open for girls every evening in the week. Girls who want a little wholesome recreation in the evening will find here a safe and home-like place. Women, who are really interested in young business girls, will do everything in their power to help them, and it is hoped this club will be the means of satisfying a most urgent need. In Vancouver and other places similar clubs have been formed and are most encouraging in every way.

The Lips of the Righteous and Others

A girl's conversation interprets her character. The other day a new girl in a store was the subject of discussion among some of the other clerks.

This was the conversation:

"She's quiet, isn't she?"

"Yes."

"Have you heard her talk yet?"

"I heard her twice. She's a tough one—not our kind."

Sarah K. Bolton in her book, "Girls Who Became Famous," emphasizes the power of a woman's conversation. There was Margaret Fuller, who influenced the mind of every person she met. One of her friends said of her:

"What fire, what exuberance, what reach, what grasp and overflow of thought shone in her conversation! She possessed the charm that every woman may possess—appreciation of others, and interest in their welfare. This sympathy unlocked every heart to her. She was made the confidante of thousands. All classes loved her. She was always an inspiration. Men never talked idle, commonplace talk with her; she could appreciate the best of their minds and hearts, and they gave it."

And so the words we say interpret our character and influence others.

"A word of cheer, when dark despair

O'erawes the spirit frail,

Is like the welcome breath of air

That fills the flut'ring sail."

Mrs. Frederick Funston, whose husband gave his life for his country, says this in an article she has written for women:

"Be careful of the prevailing conversation at 'knitting teas.' I have been invited to what was intended to be a pleasurable affair, and have gone home saddened and depressed beyond description as the result of the conversations there. Such conversations rob us of our courage." She calls them "gloom parties." She adds further: "If every woman, who passes on a discouraging story would think twice and realize that it is virtually giving aid and comfort to the enemy, much that is said would not be repeated. Knowing that much German propaganda is innocently made current by loyal but unthinking women, I should not be surprised to see the secret service department issue a slogan to the woman of the country like this: 'Don't talk so much; if you cannot help, at least do not hinder.'"

To Have and to Share

In The National League of Women Workers, with headquarters in New York the club girls in New Haven, Conn., where there are huge munition plants, and the tide of patriotism runs high, have organized a Girls' Patriotic League. Their motto is: "To Have and to Share."

These girls are employed in factories, offices and stores, and many, of course, are in munitions work. They are banded together in neighborhood groups and have neighborhood meeting places. Although quite loosely organized, as compared to the permanent clubs in the National League of Women Workers, these groups make their own plans, supervise their own activities, and decide what sort of patriotic work they will undertake.

Mrs. Charles McLean Andrews, the president of the league, to whose energy and ability its success is largely due, gives her time almost exclusively to organization and consolidation. The work of individual groups is planned and carried out by the girls themselves. There is a President's Committee of about fifty members, elected by the various groups which they represent and constituting a sort of league council. This committee discusses plans and ideas for league work at monthly meetings.

The league headquarters on Whitney Avenue, near the business section of the city, are open five nights a week for R. Cross work and other sorts of war service. Any girl may qualify for membership in the Girls' Patriotic League by promising among other things, to do at least two hours of war work a week, under the direction of the league. This is not a difficult requirement, for there are noon-hour



In Manitoba, the very youngsters know the tricks of motoring.

classes in factories and stores and evening classes conducted by the neighborhood groups, so that there are many opportunities to serve.

Organized for war work, through spectacular growth the New Haven Girls' Patriotic League has become a force for good in the community. It is Mrs. Andrews' plan to develop these efficient groups into permanent organizations which, after the war, shall be devoted to civic activities.

Delicious Corn Bread

2 cupfuls corn meal, 1 cupful white flour, 1/2 cupful barley flour, 1/2 teaspoonful salt, 2 tablespoonfuls fat, 6 teaspoonfuls baking powder, milk to make paste. This corn bread will taste like a fine buckwheat bread.



WHOLESALE WINNIPEG

MANITOBA

Extension Schools

Gas Engine Operation, Agriculture, and Home Economics

November 25 to March 14

During this period Twenty-one Extension Schools will be held. If the work on your farm prevents your taking one of the excellent courses provided at the Manitoba Agricultural College, do not fail to enroll for the Short Course School to be held near your own home.

Circuits are being arranged as follows:

Nov. 26-Dec. 6—St. Louis, Binscarth, Benito.
Dec. 9-Dec. 20—Lenore, Shoal Lake, Swan River.
Jan. 7-Jan. 17—Oak Lake, Minnedosa, Dauphin.
Jan. 21-Jan. 31—Elkhorn, Hamiota, Gilbert Plains.
Feb. 4-Feb. 14—Wellwood, Gladstone, Roblin.
Feb. 18-Feb. 23—Emerson, Cartwright, Oakville.
Mar. 4-Mar. 14—St. Anne, Killarney, Langruth.

SUBJECTS—Gas Engine, Live Stock, Field Crops, Farm Accounts, Dress-making and Millinery for the girls and women.

EQUIPMENT—Good use will be made of material and stock which can be obtained locally, but in addition a carload of gas engines and other equipment will be taken to each school. An advance enrolment of 25 is required.

Live Stock, Dairy and Poultry Course

In six years Manitoba has changed from a province which imported a million pounds of butter to one that exports five million pounds in a year. To meet the demand for information on the selection and care of the dairy herd, the care of milk and cream, and how poultry can be made a profitable side line, Four Day Courses will be held at the following places if a sufficient number of farmers enrol at the organization meeting.

Melita, Waskada, Cypress River, Holland, Baldur, Belmont, Glenboro, Somerset, Camper, Ashern, Moosehorn, Speer Hill, Grahamdale, Gypsumville, Fisher Branch, Arborg, Sprague, Piney, Stuartburn, Inwood (district), Laurier, Erickson and Elphinstone.
Advance enrolment required is 15.

Watch your local paper for an announcement of the organization meeting.

For further particulars in regard to any of these Schools, write the

Agricultural Extension Service
Parliament Buildings, Winnipeg, Man.

The Home Doctor

Silly Superstitions that Slay Infants

By Dr. Leonard Keene Hirshberg, A.B., M.A., M.D. (John S. Hopkins).

You are a young mother. You have a new baby. The baby cries and it worries you. Do you call in your expert physician to explain the various kinds of tears that babies shed? No, your dear mother—who has “buried five of her own,” and hence knows all about children—dissuades you, or your owl-wise neighbor steps into the breach and prevents; so no doctor is summoned.

“The sweet thing is teething,” says the grandmother, and “it has the colic” adds the neighbor, and you yourself know if you do not give expression to the fact that “the little angel is starved to death.”

Now let us calmly examine the truth. Let us at the cost of offending our loving mother, and insulting our learned neighbor, examine conditions as they are. For the infant's raucous cries are due neither to teething, to colic or to hunger. Her shrieks of anguish even before the age of tears, cannot be relieved by any well-meant measures directed towards the relief of these nonsensical and catch phrase diagnoses.

The sins and maladies that are blamed upon the teeth of youngsters, are enough to condemn the whole human race to hospital treatment or the entire nine circles of Dante's Inferno. Beginning, as teeth are wont to do, to appear in the baby's mouth towards the latter part of the first year, they continue to come for two or three years after. Teething, in a word, is a continuous, everpresent condition, normally with no more signs or symptoms than the growth of the hair, the extension of the bones or the lengthening of the infant's finger nails.

The normal babe, spreading in all directions at the rate of half a pound or so each week, is “teething” day and night, with never a sound from him. The ardent mother may as well expect the child to yell at each new stretch of its ever expanding skin, as to look for the cries of what an ancient and long perpetuated superstition calls “teething.”

In all my extensive experience there has never come within my ken any case of crying, coughing, fever, bowel trouble, or other illness that if properly investigated, could be honestly and without a doubt blamed upon the eruption of teeth. Whenever grandmothers, friends, neighbors or even doctors, light-heartedly blame a child's malady upon the teeth, it is time to get a skilled physician, one capable of making a painstaking search for the real source of trouble.

As for the ubiquitous neighbor with her owl-like suggestion, that the baby's war whoop was due to “colic,” she should be firmly, even if not politely, given a hint that her lack of ten years snooping around hospitals and maternity wards, disqualifies her from making even snap shot diagnoses.

True enough, said neighbor may have her children and grandchildren, as Saul had his thousands, at least by the dozen. Unfortunately for the advice she gives, she fails to tell you how many long and unnecessary illnesses her perpetuated mal-observations and errors, she had thrust upon her own offspring. The accidental fact of her children's survival is for her proof positive of the efficacy of her defective treatment.

The usual American child, born at full term, of healthy parents, is destined to suffer about ten times as many ills as nature intended. Why, you ask. Well, simply because of the ignorance of its mother, and the faulty logic, following the observations of other children, of its grandmother.

When the infant bawls forth a yell, “Colic” nods the mother. She then does one of two (erroneous) things. She either nurses it and makes of the child a glutton, or she does it with camomile, fennel or other tea, or even a drug, which is worse. Perhaps I do some other mothers an injustice. These last coddle, bounce or play with the babe, until he is either sick at the stomach or vomits—usually both.

Despite the universal notion that some babies are foreordained to suffer from colic and that nothing can save them, it is really preventable. Colic is actually



With Acknowledgments to Luke Fildes, R.A.

TO every home there comes a time when every thought, every hope, every prayer for the future centres on the recovery of one loved one. In that hour of anguish, every means to recovery is sought—the highest medical skill, trained nurses, costly treatment. Does the price matter?

It may be so great as to stagger the imagination—a sum beyond the possible.

But does anyone ask, “Can we do it?” Money or no money, they do it. And somehow they pay.

It may mean doing without things they think they need. It may mean privations, sacrifices, hardships. They make *unbelievable* savings, they achieve the impossible, *but they get the money to pay.*

★ ★ ★

To-day in this critical period of our nationhood, there is imperative need for MONEY—vast sums of money. *Only one way now remains to obtain it.*

The nation must save, every community, every family, *every individual Canadian must save.*

If anyone says “I cannot save” let him consider to what extent he

would pinch himself to relieve the sufferings of a loved one at home; and surely he would not pinch less for our fighting brothers in France.

Without suffering actual privations, nearly every family in Canada can reduce its standard of living, can practice reasonable thrift, can make cheerful sacrifice to enrich the life-blood of the nation.

You who read this, get out pencil and paper NOW. Set down the items of your living expense. Surely you will find some items there you can do without.

Determine to do without them.

Start TO-DAY. Save your money so that you may be in a position to lend it to your country in its time of need.

Published under the authority of the
Minister of Finance of Canada.

Show your copy of *The Western Home Monthly* to a friend who is not a subscriber, and ask him to send us \$1.00 for a year's subscription.



Grain Growers!

You buy modern machinery to do your heavy work, why not wear modern overalls to make your part of the work easier?

"MASTER MECHANIC" OVERALLS

are well-fitting, lots of room for free movement of the body; they are comfortable and convenient.

"Master Mechanic" Overalls are skillfully made from highest grade materials—specially durable for long wear.

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pain in the abdomen with more or less distention of gas in the intestines. Its presence (when it truly appears without doubt) indicates that the little sufferer has been given once or very often—as a rule the latter—food of the sort his stomach can't manage. Or he is receiving too much or too little of the food he actually needs. If he is at the breast, it means that his mother's diet needs adjusting, that she requires a certain amount of fresh water and milk for herself, that her habits are not regular, that she needs rest or exercise.

Again, when the child has colic, it may be that if fed from the bottle, that the food he is taking even though supposedly excellent milk, is as a matter of fact poisoning him. In each case the remedy is an appointment with an efficient, alert physician. He, though not a grandmother or mother himself, will first determine exactly whether the baby certainly has "colic," if not the ascertained trouble will be removed, if so, he will set about to determine exactly what the baby needs, that is what causes the colic. Then he will write a prescription, not for drugs or for the pharmacy, but to alleviate for the time being the tummy ache, but one for the dairy or milk laboratory, and for the mother.

The word "prescription" brings up the idea of teas, herbs, paregoric, ipecac, nitre, patent medicines, and all the other ancient contents of the infantile medicine chest. The doctor, however, intends nothing of the sort. He readily recognizes that the baby needs pure, nourishing, assimilable food. When a good maternal supply fails—the most perfect food in the world—cow's milk properly modified, so that its native cow-sugars, cow-proteids and cow-fats are made to nearly approach human milk, is made to fit the infant's digestive powers. What the clinical thermometer is to fever, so colic is the test of digestion.

Plain cow's milk is poison to many babies. Even though freed from the various harmful germs by boiling, colic may be manifested. It lacks certain constituents that an infant needs, and contains others that are indigestible. Properly modified, and taken at the hours and intervals laid down by the up-to-date doctor, the child's colic will have faded away forever.

If the summoned doctor, upon a thorough examination, finds that the

nocturnal bawling is not due to ill health, the fault lies with the mother. She fed it whenever it cried, she caused it to associate the act of crying with the acquisition of a meal, she fastened upon it the habit of feeding when it should have been asleep. Such reflex responses are apparent in an infant ten days old. Such habits are formed early and insidiously.

Next to foolish feeding, as a source of apparent colic, comes overcoddling. Pampering, juggling and kissing a baby after it has been fed is more than likely to produce nausea, if not vomiting. The child cannot tell you of its nausea, so it merely groans, draws up its little legs, screws its face into pitiful moulds and exhibits other signs of discomfort and unhappiness.

The desire of all aunts, cousins, sisters, grandmothers, neighbors, parlor-visitors, cooks, maids, domestics and other members of the affectionate sex to see and "hold the baby," or to kiss it, and of all uncles, beaux, granddads and bachelor friends of the family to hoist it to the ceiling, ride it upon ankles, or even to touch it, should be rigorously tabooed.

Now and forever, let there be an end to home doctoring! Though some mothers have with difficulty learned to beware of soothing syrups, most parents retain an unwholesome respect for and faith in paregoric. For colic it unhappily remains a dangerous favorite. For while giving a dippy relief, thus removing the pain, but not the intrinsic cause of the trouble the morphine that is contained in it, often causes the sleep that is mischievous. One or two drops overdose may remove the infant from all future pain. Paregoric should never be used without the advice of your doctor.

Your baby does not need drugs at all. Pure food, fresh air, and a modern physician are his requisites. Throw away pernicious pacifiers, cast your stock of chest protectors and belly bands to the winds. Give him loose clothing and muscular leeway. Clean frocks, clean milk, clean air and lots of sunshine to make him free.

Heart Disease

Diseases of the heart are sometimes organic and sometimes functional; in some cases there is a material change in the tissues of the heart itself, and in

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others the symptoms give evidence of some disorder elsewhere in the body, or of a constitutional change in which there is no apparent alteration in the heart structure.

Organic diseases, again, may be divided into two groups: those that are caused by an inflammation of the membrane that lines and envelops the heart and those that are owing to the slow degeneration of the cardiac muscle. The inflammatory affections of the heart occur usually as complications or accompaniments of rheumatism, scarlet fever and other acute infectious diseases, whereas the degenerative diseases may follow typhoid fever, diphtheria, influenza and other depressing diseases, but especially occur in consequence of overwork, worry, overeating, especially of flesh foods, athletic pursuits carried to an extreme—the same things that are often responsible for high blood pressure and arteriosclerosis.

The functional disorders are usually marked by a disturbed heart rhythm—a pulse that is too rapid or too slow, intermittent or irregular. They are the least serious of all the diseases of the heart, yet they alarm the sufferer most because the symptoms are so conspicuous. They are often caused by an overloaded stomach, by acute indigestion, by excessive smoking, especially of cigarettes, and by various nervous affections. They are often useful danger signals, calling the attention of the patient to a disease that is beginning elsewhere in the body, or to some hygienic fault that may lead to serious diseases of the heart or other organs.

There is another form of functional cardiac trouble in which the heart is simply "weak." Such a heart has strength only for the everyday needs of the body, and has no reserve force to meet any emergencies that may arise, such as acute illness or unwonted muscular or mental strain. It is usually associated with general muscular weakness and lack of physical tone, and always with abnormally low blood pressure. The low pressure is partly owing to the fact that the heart is too weak to propel the blood with sufficient force to fill the arteries, and partly owing to the want of muscular tone in the arteries themselves.

Growing Old Too Early

We have learned something about the meaning of high blood pressure and arteriosclerosis; next we are to consider what the perils are. They take the form of so-called "degenerative disorders," especially the degeneration of the organs that must bear the brunt of the wear and tear to which the system is subjected. Those organs are especially the heart, the liver, and the kidneys.

The willing heart has to work twice as hard as it should in order to force the blood through the vessels that have become, or are becoming, like contracted and brittle pipstems, instead of the supple and elastic tubes that healthy arteries are. But in spite of the heart's best efforts, the stream of blood is sluggish and reluctant, so that the poisons that are formed in the system are not flushed out and carried away as they should be. Then the liver and kidneys must redouble their exertions in order to get rid of the waste matter. Sooner or later they all grow tired, they do their work more and more imperfectly, the poisons accumulate in the blood, and a condition of conscious ill health begins.

The heart is at the pumps all the time, and is the chief sufferer; in many cases it is attacked by valvular disease, or angina pectoris, or it becomes ruptured. Other grave results may be Bright's disease, cirrhosis of the liver, hemorrhage, which may take place into the brain with fatal results, and innumerable other disorders, nervous and physical, from which no portion of the body is exempt.

You must not think that the first stages of this unhappy condition are necessary disagreeable. A person with the first signs of high blood pressure often feels stimulated; he actually feels better than he does when the first efforts at reduction are successful. But that stage is soon followed by one in which the patient feels generally out of sorts; there is "nothing much" the matter, and

yet he never feels quite well. At the same time he often resents every suggestion that he change his mode of life. He tries to hide from himself the fact that he loses breath after slight exertion, or that he is constantly troubled with a worrying headache, or that he is beginning to lie awake for hours before it is time to get up. But that is the time—and the only time—when treatment will help him.

Had One After All

Jimmie had always lamented the fact that he had no grandmother. He was quite satisfied with the quality of his parents, and he was not especially anxious on the whole to have any more people about the house than already lived there,

but somehow or other it irked him very much to think that other boys had something that he had not. There were Billie Robinson and Sidney Grant, both chums of his—they both had grandmothers, and it didn't seem exactly fair that he was deprived of one.

One day, however, he had a happy thought.

"Ma," he said, "what does the word grand mean, anyhow?"

"Why, lofty, beautiful, noble, sublime," replied his mother.

A broad smile wreathed the boy's face as he jumped up and down on the floor in an ecstasy of glee.

"Hurrah!" he cried. "I have got one after all."

"One what, dear?" asked his mother.

"A grandmother," he replied.

"Where is she, dear?" his mother inquired.

"Why, you're it, mother," said the boy. "You're my mother and you're lofty, beautiful, noble and sublime—especially the beautiful!"

Whatever the quality of the lad's logic, his course of reasoning made one "grandmother" very happy.

Soliloquy of an Heiress

By W. B. Kerr

How'er it be, it seems to me,
The foreign noble is a fluke;
A coronet might not be bad,
But heav'n preserve us from the duke!



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Woman and the Home

Teaching Children Politeness

By Anne Guilbert Mahon

"I was telling you something, mother!" It was with a very respectful, timid manner, and with very big, aggrieved eyes that the little girl looked up into her mother's face.

Instantly the mother stopped in the remark she was making to a caller.

"Excuse me, dear," she said to the child. "Mother did not hear you. Mother did not know you were speaking. What was it you wanted to tell me?"

Smiling shyly, but with the aggrieved look all gone, the little maid repeated her question, to which the mother paid due attention, answered graciously, then turned to her friend and continued her conversation.

"Do you believe in allowing children to interrupt their elders?" asked the friend, who had been taking silent note of the proceedings.

"You mean Eleanor?" The mother smiled and flushed slightly. "As a general thing, of course, I do not believe in children being allowed to interrupt grown people, and I try to teach my children not to do so, but in this case I consider it only a question of fair play. I treated Eleanor as I should wish anyone to treat me. It was really I who interrupted Eleanor, although I did not know it till she spoke."

"But, she is only a child. It seems to

treated with politeness himself, he is not going to learn it from any amount of precept. It has to become second nature. It has to be ingrained in the child, if he is to grow up to be a true gentleman."

"So many children are ill at ease, either bashful, or naughty, when older persons are calling on their mothers," she continued. "In many cases it is because the child feels awkward, does not know just what to do or say, and so either shows his discomfort or acts naughty. I want my children to know how to behave rightly at all times. If it happens that a child comes into the room when someone is calling on me, I always stop in the conversation and introduce the child with as much courtesy as I would an older person. I do not think that because he is a child he is entitled to no notice, or that he should grow up with no knowledge of the rules of good society. Such a course helps a child wonderfully over the awkward age. I do not believe in children being pushing and forward, of course, and I do believe in according them decent, common politeness, such as one would show to an ordinary acquaintance of adult years."

"I have always been a firm believer in fair play for children as well as grown people, and I can not expect my child to be polite to me unless I am polite to him, unless he is surrounded by an atmosphere of kindness, courtesy and thoughtfulness for others. I try to be as particular in my intercourse with my children, saying 'please,' and 'thank you,' for everything, acting to them as I would wish them to



Below Virgin Falls, Nipigon, C.N.R. H.R.H. Prince Arthur is seen in canoe at pier.

me perfectly proper for a grown person to interrupt a child," remarked the friend.

"I do not think so," responded the mother quickly. "I think a child is entitled to just as much consideration, and to be treated just as politely, as one would treat an older person. How else are we to make our children polite, if we do not show them the right way, if we do not treat them as we expect them to treat others?"

"It seems to me there are a great many impolite children now. One sees them in school and at public places. I do not know what their parents can be thinking of—and yet I know some homes where the children are always being corrected and taught politeness—yet they are the rudest little beings one could imagine," answered the friend.

The mother hesitated a moment, then said, slowly: "If people would only realize that children learn far more from example than from admonitions, it would be found so much easier to train them. In a home where the father and mother are not always careful to speak kindly and courteously to each other, where the older brothers and sisters are allowed to be rude and careless, where the children see such examples before them daily, and strive to imitate them—as children do—how can they be expected to pay attention to teachings which are foreign to their everyday surroundings? For my part, I think that unless a child sees perfect courtesy in his own home, between the members of his own family, unless he is

act to me and to others, as I would be to any grown person. I do not think I have ever had to give them rules for polite conduct, yet I am proud to say that I have never been ashamed of my children when I have had them out with me. They are not perfect—I do not expect them to be—but I have never had to blush for their rudeness."

"Very few mothers can say as much," remarked the friend.

"More of them could say it if they realized the importance of treating children in the way they would wish them to treat others. Only in such way will politeness and courtesy be ingrained in a child, so that when he grows to be a man he could not be other than polite and considerate of others, for those qualities would be a very part of him."

Personal Appearance—Its Relation to Self Respect and Vanity

By Isabelle Wood Patterson

To the average human being, be it child or grown-up, man or woman, comes a feeling of content and satisfaction when it knows itself well dressed.

The tiny girl when she begins to notice her "new so's," and holds them out proudly that someone may admire them; the little boy in his proud possession of first trousers; the young girl in her "Easter Bonnet," the youth in his first evening clothes, are all pervaded with that same

sense of well being and satisfaction with the world in general.

On the other hand, the consciousness of not looking as well as our fellow creatures, of being shabby and out at elbows, in the same manner, takes from us some of our sense of self respect. I do not mean all of it, and it should not take any, but we are very human after all.

A man advertises for a stenographer, and, while now and then the intelligent looking girl in the shabby hat and suit may attract him, nine times out of ten, he will choose the one who is well groomed, even though she may not give evidence at first glimpse of half the possibilities of the shabby girl.

Perhaps a man long out of work tramps here and there looking for something in his line. He knows that he is a first-class book-keeper and has had years of experience before misfortune overtook him; but he has been out of work a long time, his clothes are shabby, his shoes worn, and he steps back with despair in his heart when the jaunty young fellow, not long out of business college, in the well-fitting clothes and the general appearance of well being, snatches the position almost out of his hands.

Perhaps had the man out of work taken a little more pains even with his shabby clothes and shoes and his general appearance before applying for the place, it might have been his in spite of the well-dressed young fellow. He had been shabby and out of heart so long that he had forgotten just what an impression little attention to details makes on the average business man of to-day.

There is another side to this story, which the girl and boy of to-day, but perhaps most of all the girl, should think of, and think long and wisely. It is the fact that one can pay too much attention to dress to the exclusion of other things. In this day of extremes it is sometimes hard to avoid them, but, however longingly one may look at the dressy suit, the high-heeled shoes or the striking hat, they should never be bought provided it is the only suit, hat or shoes that the prospective buyer is going to possess.

The too dressy coat and skirt is not

meant to be worn day in and day out in all sorts of weather, neither are the fancy shoes or hat; perhaps they should never be worn at all, certainly not by some people.

Too many girls are over-dressed these days making of themselves cheap caricatures of the popular fashion. The girl going to her work in office, store or factory, will command greater respect from her employers, as well as from others, if her clothes are simple and well fitting, and adapted to her business life.

The girl who stays at home to "help mother," or the girl who represents society with a big S, has far greater latitude in clothes than the business girl—but too often are the cases reversed.

Not so long ago we viewed with a shudder the girl or woman who painted her face and wore impossible clothes. Now, to use a slang phrase "everybody's doing it." The leader of society, the club woman working for the good of the community, the little working girl, all paint and powder and wear silk stockings and low necks; this, of course, with exceptions but these exceptions are far too few.

"Anything to be in style," is the flippant cry of the day; and many a whole week's or a month's salary is spent on one frock or hat, both of which are sadly unfitted to the wearer.

The boy who indulges in too loud or too many clothes, is too often the boy who forgets the tired mother at home sadly in need of many things; or the little sister, struggling to get through her High School course, yet at times often tempted to give it up because her clothes are shabby and she is slighted and perhaps sneered at in consequence. This, fortunately, is not generally the case, but it does sometimes happen not only in the city but in the country as well. Could that brother, indulging his little vanities, do without that new suit or the latest things in ties or hats, and now and then buy the simple dress his sister longs for, or even a fresh blouse or two, what a great, big difference it would make for her—and for him as well.

Thus we see what the relation is between one's appearance and one's self-

respect as well as one's vanity. To be well dressed helps us over many a rough place in life, but that does not necessarily mean expensively dressed. It means, although so many fail to recognize it, to dress according to one's income and to one's circumstances in life. Too often these meanings are confused, and so looms up one of the great questions of the day, the good or bad effect of clothes.

"Clothes makes the man," is often apt to be misquoted, and yet how true is the old saying.

Children can be trained in the right directions regarding their personal appearance, if such training is begun in time. A little girl loves to wear a pretty new dress because her mother tells her that children should always be sweet and fresh and dainty. The number of yards of lace, or how the dress is made, bothers this little girl not at all. She loves to look dainty, she likes the pretty things when they come her way, but she does not pout and fret because her dress has not as many ruffles as that of the little girl next door. This is because she has been trained from infancy to simplicity and daintiness.

She is fortunate in possessing a wise mother, who, even though hers was a beautiful child who "showed off her clothes" as the saying is, never mentioned this before the little girl. She did not call her friend's attention to the child's good points when the child was present, if at all, nor did she say when dressing her; "Now sit still and let mother make you a pretty little girl so people will say how sweet you look," or any of the hundred silly things that fond but foolish mothers say to their children at this impressionable age.

This child has not heard any such foolishness. Her clothes are sweet and dainty but absolutely simple and childish. She does not look over dressed, nor does she wear jewelry. As a consequence she is a happy, light-hearted child, full of the unconscious grace of childhood—and fast on the way to make a happy and unspoiled woman.

So in our personal appearance, as in all the vital things of life, it is the beginning which counts.

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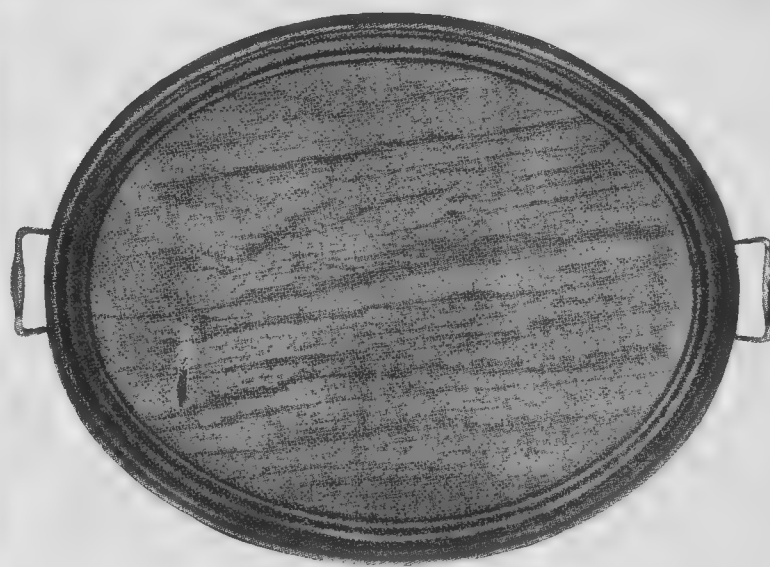


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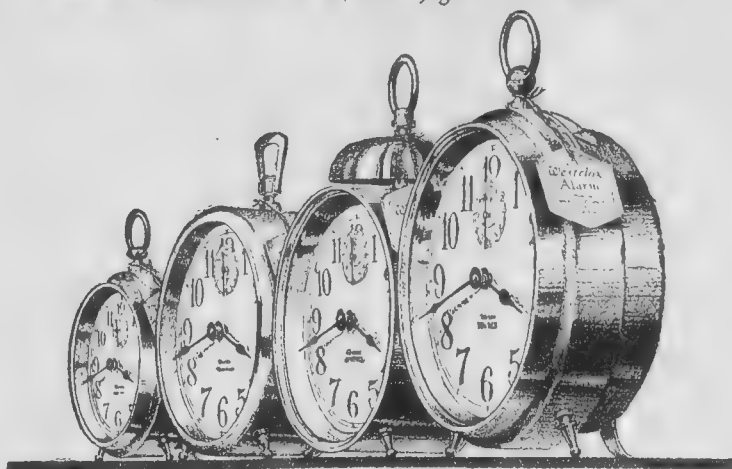
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About the Farm

Poultry Chat

Written for The Western Home Monthly
By H. E. Vialoux, Charleswood

The shortage of suitable chicken feed, and the withdrawal from the market of all wheat and wheat products this season has made the raising of "war chickens" rather a difficult proposition. However, I have noticed some very fine poultry this fall raised on hulled oats and feed barley and crushed grains. Of course, out on the farms the lack of wheat is not so noticeable as near the towns and cities. The wise farmer usually manages to retain a bin of chicken feed to tide him over the growing season of his young flock. Careless, indifferent poultry raisers are grumbling of few eggs from their hens this past summer and under sized chickens, but this condition of things in the poultry yard is quite unnecessary. My own flock has done remarkably well in filling the egg basket, and the young stock is splendid and well matured. The "war ration" feed contained very little wheat at any time and none recently. The mashers are difficult to make without bran and shorts or cracked wheat, but barley, meal and crushed oat chop must take their place until the new crop is threshed and milled. Wholesale dealers do not promise much feed wheat for the coming months either, as the wheat crop is likely to be of excellent quality from present prospects.

Most of the wheat of 1918 will be fit for milling, therefore, our hens and chickens must be content with a war ration for another season. In the hands of a careful person good results will be

obtained, all kinds of garden produce will vary the ration such as lettuce, cabbage leaves, potato peelings, sunflower seeds, beets and turnips. Our pigs and chickens both lay claim to all the garden waste, and do well on a variety of food. Even in summer when they range about under the trees they relish vegetable scraps of all kinds, and this green food is a great help to moulting hens.

When hens are in their moult and not laying eggs there is a tendency to just let them browse around the place to pick up a living. This is a mistake as the faithful biddies that have raised their families and laid dozens of eggs should be given especial care at this time of year. Hens over two years old should be penned up and fattened a few days when they should be sold off or used to vary the family diet. A nice pot-pie or delicious roast fowl cooked in a covered basting pan for three or four hours, is a real treat these days, when we are deprived of some of the meat we would like to use. Fowl are not tough when they are killed and dressed 24 hours before they are cooked. Stuff them with stale breadcrumbs and some dripping mixed with seasoning and one egg, and put an onion in the pan with the dripping if liked, add two cups of water, cover closely in the oven for two to three hours, that depends on the age of the fowl; then remove the lid and the bird will soon turn a rich brown if well basted, add water to prevent burning. Then you have a dish fit for a king!

An old fowl has twice as much flavor as a spring chicken. Old hens now sell at 25 cents (wholesale) per lb. in Winnipeg and all such surplus stock should be marketed in the early fall to make room



The goat at home on the barren hillside.

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33-19-13

for the growing pullets and to save feed. New laid eggs now retail at 60 cents per dozen in the city, and are very scarce indeed. Moulting hens that are to be kept over winter should either be given some skim-milk or oilcake crushed, in the mash. Sunflower seeds are especially rich in oil, an ideal food for the rapid growth of new feathers.

Pullets and cockerels should be put in runs by themselves now and the cockerels can be crate fattened later on as they mature and be killed off or shipped alive to market before the weather gets too cold. Early marketing is always profitable, and the poultry raiser who can market his chickens by Thanksgiving, the 14th of October, will secure the extra high price given at that time, and save a lot of feed.

Judging from all accounts there must be a tremendous lot of poultry in the country. Boys' and girls' clubs have raised thousands of chickens and no less than 30,000 baby chicks were shipped into the country this season. Turkeys have done remarkably well this summer, no doubt the dry weather in May and June gave them a good start on their life's way.

In November I will write on winter care of laying stock and suitable houses for them.

It Does Make a Difference

"Mother, it's lovely out here on the farm. But did you see papa at the breakfast table this morning. There was something wrong with his soft boiled egg."

"What, my dear, what?"
"He didn't smell it."

Bedding Materials Compared

There is much argument as to the relative values of the different kinds of bedding material for stock. Most stockmen seem to think that wheat straw will go further than oat straw for this purpose, and it has been commonly believed that shavings and sawdust will go much further than either kind of straw.

A test of different kinds of bedding materials was conducted at the Illinois station in the spring of 1917, with interesting results. It was conducted primarily for the purpose of determining what kind of bedding material is most economical to use at the experiment station. A test of the water-holding capacities of the materials showed that when soaked for 12 hours and then allowed to drain for 24 hours oat straw retained about 19 per cent more water than wheat straw, and twice as much as ordinary mixed shavings.

From this it would be expected that more shavings than wheat straw and more wheat straw than oat straw would be required to keep animals bedded. Such proved to be the case. With comparable lots of beef cows, dairy cows, and brood mares, 40 to 82 per cent more shavings than oat straw and 9 to 18 per cent more wheat straw than oat straw was used.

From the standpoint of fertility value of the manure, oat straw is somewhat better than wheat straw, and either kind of straw considerably better than shavings. The amount of animal excreta saved in the test with each kind of bedding was just about the same, but the straw in straw-bedded manure is considered to have as much fertility value, pound for pound, as manure, while shavings have little or no value. They are so much inert material.

The amount of bedding required and the fertilizer value of the manure saved are of course, not the only criteria of the value of a bedding material. On an ordinary farm they are most important, but under some conditions the cleanliness of the animals is the first consideration, and under some the freedom of the bedding material from weed seeds is an important factor. It is here that shavings and wheat straw have an advantage. Shavings kept the animals, especially cattle, noticeably cleaner than either wheat straw or oat straw. Wheat straw was somewhat better than oat straw in this respect. Shavings again have an advantage in being entirely free from weed seeds. Straw, and especially oat straw, may be a carrier of a variety of weeds.

Sizing up the whole situation, the bedding materials rank oat straw, wheat straw, and shavings in economy of amount required to keep animals bedded, and in the value of the manure produced, but the rank is just the reverse in efficacy in keeping animals clean and in freedom from weed seed.

J. W. Whisenand.

Working Brood Mares in Pairs

A brood mare in harness makes extra work and bother for the driver when nursing a foal. Some time is lost dealing with the youngster and humoring the mare. Two mares together are better than one for the reason that the two foals are raised with little if any more trouble than is caused by one alone.

If two mares with foals are together that pair can be kept at work which leaves them handy for bringing to the barn in the middle of each half day while the foals are small. Some other team can be sent on the long trip that keeps the outfit away from home from morning until night. It is hard on a foal to have the mare gone all day, and it is a tedious task to milk the mare out at noon.

If a man plans to raise one foal next year he might just as well plan for two if he has another mare that he can breed. On farms where a number of mares are kept there is little trouble about it. The mares that settle and produce foals may be worked together in pairs, threes or fours as the work may require from time to time. Then the best man with foals may have charge of them. Handled in that way, the foals make so little extra work, that the field operations are not appreciably disturbed. Generally among several men there is one who would prefer attending to the mares with foals because of the interest he would take in seeing the little fellows thrive.

The usual suckling period is five months during the busiest time of the year. Toward weaning time the foals take care of themselves very well if turned to feed and water, and frequent nursing is unnecessary. Counting up cost of management for the whole time it is really almost nothing if the mares are paired off with each other and given stable and paddock accommodations convenient for handling them and their foals.—Breeder's Gazette.

Four Cows and a \$10,000 Hide!

There's a farmer in Ohio whose name is Peter Small. Peter Small made a mighty big mistake a few years ago. The mistake cost him over \$10,000! And all he has to show for it is a bump of experience and a lifeless hide.

Peter Small will never make the same mistake again.

Peter Small did not swallow his loss, and selfishly keep his story to himself. He was big enough to tell the dairy world, so that you and I and others would not lose as he had lost. He took his hide to the National Dairy Show last year and told the story of his mistake.

In the Peter Small exhibit there were five stalls. Four contained cows placidly chewing their cuds. In the fifth there hung the hide of the bull that had sired these cows. He had been slaughtered before Peter Small knew what his daughters could do. That was Peter Small's mistake.

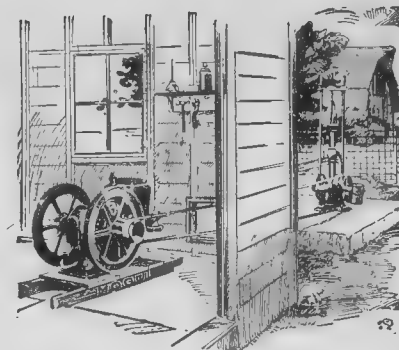
He knows now. He kept a record of his cows after the bull was killed. He found out that they averaged 25,210 pounds of milk and 977.3 pounds of butterfat! And he had killed the bull that had sired them! He had killed for meat a bull that was worth at least \$10,000. He had found that out too late.

It was a lesson in cow testing that cost Peter Small \$10,000.

But the National Dairy Show gave it to the thousands of wide-awake farmers, who attended the show at Columbus last year, for nothing.

Unless worms be expelled from the system, no child can be healthy. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is the best medicine extant to destroy worms.

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(Have a box of B. C. Apples, in the house this winter. The best time to buy for winter use is from October 1 to December 1.)



In Scotland, war-time demands leave the care of cattle to the youngsters.

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly

Young People

By Bessie Marchant

The snow was so deep on Christmas Eve, when the children set off for a surprise party at Mrs. Brown's, that it was hard work to get the two sledges up the steep lane, to the little log house on the hill.

Cassie Vincent, with her brother Ned and Daisy Semple, had the first sledge, which was piled with groceries, baskets of cakes and mince pies, and all sorts of comforts for Rufus Brown and his wife.

The second sledge was loaded with firewood, which had been sawn and split by Dick Semple and Alf Vincent, and now they were tugging and straining to get it up the hill.

Presently they came to a place where a great pile of snow had drifted on to some young birch trees, bending them down until they formed a sort of tunnel.

Then Cassie and Dick, who were the biggest and strongest, pushed their way down into this hollow under the trees, and squirmed along to the other end to see if it would be possible to get the sledges through.

"Hullo!" cried Dick, who was in front,

"there's something here. I say, Cassie, it's a man!"

"Where, where?" cried Cassie, in great excitement, scrambling along on all fours as fast as she could go.

"Here." Dick moved aside as he spoke, and she saw a man, asleep or unconscious, sitting close to the stem of the last birch tree.

"Is he dead?" she asked, in a tone of awe.

"I don't think so; he feels warm inside here," said Dick, slipping his hand inside the man's coat with quite a professional air. His father was the only doctor in Drayton, which is a little mining town in the Rockies, so Dick considered himself something of an authority on sickness.

"We shall have to carry him along with us to Mrs. Brown's; luckily it isn't much farther," said Cassie. "It will be a double surprise for her, and if she won't take the poor man in, we shall have to drag him back to the town on the wood sledge."

The man groaned a little when they moved him, and so they were quite sure he was not dead. Then, dragging the sledges through the tunnel, they tipped all the firewood in a heap, after which by dint of great exertion they succeeded in

hoisting the man, who was not very big, on to the wood sledge, and then they started for the house, which was already in sight.

It was a little wooden hut with a shed at the back, and just as they reached the gate, which hung by one hinge, a big sandy-brown dog came rushing out of the shed and barking fiercely.

With shrieks of fear Daisy Semple and little Ned Vincent, who was only nine, bolted to the rear, hiding behind Alf and Dick.

Cassie stood her ground, however, and began coaxing the dog; but it only barked the louder, and growled so savagely that it was plain something must be done to pacify it.

"Towser, dear Towser, we are only a surprise party, and there'll be a chicken bone for you, maybe, if only you will let us past," said Cassie.

"Ur—r—r—r!" growled Towser, as if the mere mention of a bone were an insult. "Throw him a piece of cake, Cassie; p'raps he'll like you better then," called Ned, who was hiding behind Dick.

"A good idea!" exclaimed Cassie, pulling open one of the baskets. "Here is a currant bun just a little scorched. Now then, Towser—catch!"

Snap went the dog's jaws on the fragment of cake, then the bristles along his back smoothed out, he wagged his tail, and, coming a little nearer, plainly asked for more.

This time Cassie broke off a bigger piece, and, flinging it farther away, walked up to the door and knocked, whilst the dog was busy eating the cake.

The door opened a little way, and Mrs. Brown, looking very miserable and disagreeable, put out her head.

"What do you want?" she asked.

"If you please, we have come to pay you a visit—we are a surprise party," said Cassie with a smile.

"I can't have company to-day; my man is in bed with rheumatism," replied Mrs. Brown, looking as if she were about to shut the door in their faces.

"Oh, please, but we must come in, because we have brought you so many things, and we will do all the work, so, that there won't be any trouble for you," pleaded Cassie. "And we have got a poor man on the sledge, that we picked up in the snow; he is very ill with the cold, and we want you to warm him up by your fire."

"My fire! I haven't got one, so you will have to take him somewhere else"; and again Mrs. Brown moved to shut the door, while her lips quivered, and she looked as if she were going to cry.

Cassie sprang forward, seizing Mrs. Brown's two hands in her own. "Please, please let us bring the poor man in, and then we will make you a lovely fire. The boys were bringing you a load of wood, only they had to tip it out when we found the man."

Mrs. Brown gave way a little then—that is, she allowed Cassie to push the door wide open; upon which, Daisy and Ned darted in with the two baskets of cakes and groceries, and, running out again, came back laden with as many parcels as they could bring.

Then Dick and Alf dragged the wood sledge closer to the door.

"Couldn't we drag the sledge right into the house, please?" asked Cassie. "It will be quicker, then the boys will take the other sledge, and run back for some of the wood. They can bring just a little to start the fire."

Mrs. Brown made no more objections; she just dropped on the nearest chair, and sat staring in surprise at the energetic visitors who had taken possession of her house.

Alf and Ned rushed back for some firewood, the dog going with them, and barking loudly, just as if he understood that there was some very good fun on hand.

Cassie and Dick, with Daisy pushing hard behind, managed to drag the sledge over the door-sill and turn it round in front of the stove, which was black and cold. Then the boys came running back, each with an armful of dry kindlings, Cassie whisked the paper from one of the smaller parcels, and in less time than it takes to tell, a brisk fire was roaring in the stove.

The boys rushed back for more wood, and Mrs. Brown, rising stiffly from her chair, came to help Cassie with the poor man, who lay on the sledge. "It is good to have a fire again—it sort of puts new life into one," she remarked, as she stooped down by the sledge. "Dear, dear! how bad the poor fellow looks! Why, it is Sam!" she shrieked, springing first to her feet in pure amazement, then dropping on her knees again, to smother the face of the stranger with kisses.

"Who did you say it was?" asked Cassie softly.

"It is Sam, my boy Sam; we haven't seen him for five years, and to think that he might have perished with cold, within a few steps of his mother's door, if it hadn't been for you children!" said the poor woman, beginning to cry.

"Couldn't you rub his hands, and get his boots off, while Daisy and I get the tea ready?" suggested Cassie. Then she reached a saucepan from the shelf, and sent Daisy to fill it with snow, to melt over the fire for the tea.

The poor man was beginning to recover in the glow of warmth from the stove, and in a very short time they were able to lift him off the sledge and put him in the rocking-chair which stood by the stove. Then the boys dragged the sledge outside, and brought in the firewood, which they piled behind the stove.

"Don't you think that Mr. Brown would like to get up, if the boys went and helped him to dress?" asked Cassie,

The Plain Truth about Shoe Prices

LEATHER is scarce and is growing scarcer. A large part of the available supply must be used for soldiers' boots. Importations have practically ceased and we are forced to depend upon the limited quantity of materials produced in Canada.

The cost of everything which goes into a pair of shoes is high, and is going higher. Workmen by the thousands have joined the colors, and labor is increasingly hard to get. It is not merely a matter of high prices, but of producing enough good quality shoes to go around.

These conditions are beyond the control of any man, or any group of men. They fall on all alike. No one is exempt—neither the manufacturer, the dealer, nor the consumer.

You must pay more today for shoes of the same quality than you did a year ago. Next Spring, prices will be higher still.

These are hard facts. They will not yield to argument. They cannot be glossed over. We cannot change them, much as we would wish to do so.

But you, as a wearer of shoes, can help to relieve them if you will exercise prudence and good judgment in purchasing. See that you get *real value* for your money. Spend enough to get it, but spend nothing for "frills."

See that the manufacturer's trade-mark is stamped upon the shoes you buy. High prices are a temptation to reduce the quality in order to make the price seem low. But no manufacturer will stamp his trade-mark upon a product which he is ashamed to acknowledge. Remember this, and look for the trade-mark. It is your best assurance of real value for your money.

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when Mrs. Brown had rushed into the bedroom to tell her husband that Sam had come home, then had hurried back to stoop over her son, and wrap the blanket closer round his shoulders.

"Why, yes; Rufus would be just tickled to come out to a spread like this," replied Mrs. Brown, lifting her hands in astonishment, for Cassie and Daisy were setting the table for tea. "We have not had anything but pork and beans for a week, and I'm fair sick of the sight of 'em, and the smell, too."

Dick and Alf hustled off into the next room to assist at Mr. Brown's toilet, while Ned helped Daisy to toast tea-cakes, and Cassie poured the melted snow-water from the saucepan into a kettle in readiness for making the tea.

The blanket in which Sam was wrapped was a brown one, very big and warm, brought by the surprise party. There was also a blue and red bedspread, which Cassie suggested putting round the rheumatic shoulders of Mr. Brown to keep away wandering draughts.

"You are burning the cakes!" cried Daisy to Ned, who was so busy staring at Rufus Brown in the red and blue wrapper that he forgot what he was doing.

"And you have burned your cake, too, just a little," said Cassie, as she took them both for buttering. "Now I'm going to make the tea, and while it is drawing, we will see if we've got everything just all right."

"Nothing missing," said Dick, proceeding to count the things. "A cold chicken, half a ham, two pork pies, twelve sausage rolls, two jellies, three big currant cakes, seed cake, rock cake, railway buns, mince pies. Daisy, where are the jam-turnovers? I know mother made some."

"Here they are in this empty saucepan," said Daisy. "There were no more dishes or plates or trays, so I put them in a saucepan; it is a nice clean one, and they are quite handy on this shelf."

"Don't trouble about seats for us," said Alf; "we would much rather skirmish round and help ourselves."

"I shall sit on this round box," said Ned, dragging a cheese-box from under the table, and sitting down upon it with a bounce.

It was that bounce which brought disaster. There was a cracking, splitting noise, and Ned, shutting up like an umbrella, disappeared inside the box, while only the soles of his stout little boots remained visible.

The others laughed so much that it was some minutes before they could pull him out and set him on his feet again. Then Cassie turned with an air of rueful apology to Mrs. Brown.

"I am so sorry the box has been broken. I will ask mother if she has one like it, that she can spare for you, then the boys shall bring it up to-morrow."

"Don't you go a-worriting about that box, my dear; it is worth having it broken to hear all of you laughing," said Mrs. Brown. "And then I'm not forgetting that you have brought me my Sam home again, and that is worth more than a hundred old cheese-boxes."

Cassie poured out the tea. There were only three cups, two mugs, and a basin; but they managed quite nicely. Reserving the cups for the Browns, Cassie gave Daisy the little blue mug, used the red one, which was cracked, herself, and gave the three boys their tea in the basin.

"It is a beautiful treat, that it is, sitting here like a lady and taking my tea, with nothing to do but enjoy it," murmured Mrs. Brown, as she nibbled her cake with great relish.

Just then there came a whine outside the door, followed by a scratching noise, and Cassie, who was sitting on a three-legged stool, jumped up in a great hurry, knocking the stool over with a bang. "May I let the dog in, please? I'm sure he wants to share the fun."

"Do as you like, Missie dear; he won't bite folks that are inside, though he is a bit rough on them that are outside," replied Mrs. Brown.

"I don't think he will hurt me," Cassie said with a laugh. "I gave him some cake just now, and he is sure to remember. Mother says animals always do; it is only people who forget."

Towser came in wagging his tail, and looking as if he enjoyed surprise parties more than anything else in the world. He knew some tricks, too, and when Rufus Brown called out sharply, "Now, Towser, die!" the creature just dropped

on the floor, stretched his legs out, and gave such a dismal, sighing groan that Daisy cried out:

"Oh, the poor, dear dog is really dead!" But just then Towser came to life with great suddenness, for Dick dropped a piece of cake on his nose, and they all laughed at the eager way in which he snapped it up.

Then Rufus Brown told him to sing a song, and shutting one eye, whilst he flung his head up, Towser howled in such a truly dismal fashion that they all shouted to him to leave off. But he mistook the shouting for applause, and howled and howled, until they had to stuff a big piece of cake in his mouth to stop the noise.

After that, Sam said he would sing, but he was still weak from his adventure in the snow, and he had very little voice. He had also forgotten most of the words, and had to fill in the gaps with something that sounded like um-um-um.

But they cheered him tremendously, and rattled the crockery, so that he flushed with pleasure at the praise.

Leaf Ladies

By Nancy Byrd Turner

The three children filing across the meadow looked rather forlorn. It was the first time that they had ever spent a week on grandfather's farm, and the very day after their arrival their mother had been suddenly called away. When the buggy drove off with her, a cloud seemed to settle over everything; all three children, Jack, Virginia, and little Sue, felt unhappy and even a little cross.

"No one to take us round, no one to show us things!" grumbled Jack. "I wish we hadn't come!"

"There's Molly!" cried Virginia suddenly. "Listen! She's always singing. I don't think she was ever discontented in her life."

Molly was a girl who lived on the next farm. She was round-faced and jolly; if she ever were discontented, no one knew it. She came down the path swinging her basket and singing. At sight of the mournful line of children, she stopped short and crinkled her face in a smile.

"Mother's gone," explained Jack. "And we don't know what to play or what to do with ourselves."

"I see," said Molly. She stood quite still and her eyes took on a far-away look. "Oh, by the way," she asked briskly, a moment later, "did you ever know the Leaf ladies?"

The children answered with one voice that they did not. Their bored look vanished and their faces brightened.

Molly took little Sue by the hand and began to walk on. "I'll introduce you, then, of course," she said. She led them through a brown cornfield and across a dry, spicy meadow, then, where the meadow touched the edge of a big wood, she made them all sit down. "You wait here, and I'll ask the ladies to come."

Jack and Virginia and Sue were all looking pleased and interested when she came back, a few minutes later. "Now," said Molly, taking her seat and putting a hand under the lid of her basket, "here they are—or as many as I could call together in such a short time. I will introduce them to you."



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Solve this Hun Beating Proverb picture No. 1 and send it to us at once. We will send you the other eleven proverb pictures by mail.

TWELVE proverbs prophesy the downfall of Germany. Some of them were written centuries ago, others are of more recent origin, but they all point the same way—to the destruction of arrogance, tyranny, villainy, vice. We have represented these twelve proverbs by 12 pictures without the titles, and the puzzle is to fit the correct proverb to each picture. Proverb picture No. 1 is represented in the picture at the upper right hand corner of this advertisement, and a clue to it may be found in the list of a few of the Hun Beating Proverbs below it. Find the answer to this proverb picture and mail it to us to-day. If your solution is correct, you will at once receive the complete set of 12 Hun Beating Proverb Pictures, the famous Hun Beating Proverb Book and big complete prize-winning outfit as per our great offer below.

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If you have the correct proverb to fit picture No. 1 we shall write and tell you so at once, and send you postage paid the complete set of twelve Hun-Beating Proverb Pictures by R. E. Johnston, the famous Canadian cartoonist. With it you will get our grand complete 48-page Proverb Book, from which were chosen all the proverbs represented by the pictures. You will need it to help you find your solutions. We shall also send you the big 16-page illustrated prize list with full particulars and rules governing the contest and a free sample copy of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Canada's Greatest Magazine, and its supplement EVERYWOMAN'S NEEDLECRAFT COMPANION, which this great contest is intended to advertise and further introduce throughout Canada. The complete value of this great outfit is 50c. Kindly send only five 2c stamps to cover the actual cost of packing, wrapping and mailing same to your address. This is not an entry fee. It merely covers these mailing charges and ensures that the contest outfit will come only to those who really desire to solve the proverb pictures and win the big prizes.

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Don't delay. Don't hesitate. Get the set of pictures and complete outfit to-day. You can win this grand car or your share of the other big prizes, if you try. According to the rules contestants may send as many as three separate answers to each picture, if they desire, so if you are in doubt as to the correct proverb to fit picture No. 1, you may send two extra solutions.



This is the FIRST PRIZE, Value \$935.00

SEND YOUR ANSWER TO

The War Proverb Editor, Everywoman's World, 33 Continental Building, Toronto, Ont.



No. 1 This is the first of the twelve Hun Beating Proverb Pictures. What proverb does it represent?

You may find the answer to the Proverb Picture No. 1 here:

The hypocrites' hopes shall perish. Hasty climbers have sudden falls. He that sows iniquity shall reap sorrow.

Who takes up the sword shall perish by the sword.

Peace begins where ambition ends. He who exalts himself shall be humbled.

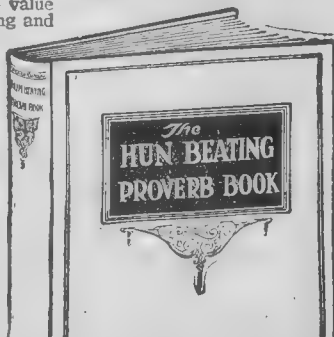
Where villainy goes before, vengeance follows after.

Foxes come at last to the furrier. Big heads have big aches.

Punishment follows close on the heels of crime.

To the wicked, misfortune comes triple.

Force can never destroy right.



FREE. This great 48-page proverb book contains the correct proverbs to fit each of the 12 proverb pictures. You get it with your outfit. Solve picture No. 1 and get it to-day.

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means larger trading with the Public. Your announcements should appear regularly in *The Western Home Monthly*.

She drew out a bright leaf, so beautiful in color that Jack and Virginia gave a little cry of pleasure. "This is Miss Oak Leaf," Molly explained. "At this time of year she begins to dress in russet clothes, red and brown. See how the colors mix in her broad ruffles. Then here comes Miss Locust Leaf. She's a tall, slim girl; she wore a yellow-green, but now she is all decked out in buff and lemon-colored flounces."

The children examined the two leaves with delighted interest. Then, at Molly's bidding, Jack put his hand under the lid and drew out a third. "What's this beauty's name?" he asked.

"That's Miss Gum Leaf. You came from the North, so you don't know. She's quite a little lady, and later on her red October clothes will be lovely," Molly answered. "Now, Virginia—your turn."

Virginia held up her leaf with a happy laugh, and Molly laughed with her. "That's Mistress Maple," she said, "the loveliest of the whole lot. Look at her carefully. She changes her dress early. See her bright overskirts, scarlet from hem to hem, with splashes of gold. And here's a sister of hers in a gold frock, splashed with scarlet. And still another

So up and down through Tree Town went the four, gathering leaves until their hands and their pockets were full. Birch and Poplar ladies they found, Aspen, Chestnut, Beech and many more.

Molly led them to a bank where lived the graceful Fern family—tall, slender folk dressed in lacy green. Fern ladies without number they gathered to carry home.

As they trudged out of the woods, Virginia looked up suddenly and smiled. "A little while ago we were nearly ready to cry," she said.

"We didn't know what to do with ourselves," Jack explained to Molly.

"O, child," wise Molly answered, "there's always something to do if you look for it hard enough. It is generally close at hand, too."

Bits of Help

A bit of a smile in the morning bright,
From Joe,
Made glad one heart till the sweet "Good night!"

I know.



The Collie on guard at lunch hour.

sister, all in clear yellow from top to toe." "It must have been spun out of pure gold," Virginia sighed in delight. "Oh, I didn't know that leaves could be so lovely and so interesting!"

Little Sue's eyes were round as she poked her fat fist into the basket. It came out clutching two sprays of green.

"But they're not Leaf ladies!" cried the others. Sue looked grieved; she was afraid that the game had ended.

Molly laughed as she pried open the chubby fingers.

"No, but they came from Tree Town, all the same, and they're just as fine as the rest. These are Miss Pine Twig and Miss Cedar Twig. They wear green all the year round; in fact, their family name is Evergreen. Miss Cedar comes out sometimes in the prettiest jewels you ever saw—turquoises, they look like."

"I like them just as well as the Leaf ladies," said Sue, dimpling. "They're going home with me, too."

"Oh, they're all going home with us!" Virginia cried. "And a dozen more besides. We will press them in a book."

A bit of thought on what was right,

By Dan,

Made him from a careless, thoughtless boy,

A man!

A bit of a song sung while at work,

By Ray,

Chased many an ache from the passers-by

Away.

A bit of a question: "Please let me help?"

And Fred

Saw a smile, while there scudded away a frown

From Ned.

A bit of a lift—so kindly done—

By Phil,

And the work was through, with an hour of fun

For Will.

A bit of advice, "I wouldn't, Jack,"

That's all!

"I won't!" came the cheery answer back

To Paul.

How many there are—little folks

Like you—

That can make by such "help bits" other

little

Folks true.

Corns are caused by the pressure of tight boots, but no one need be troubled with them long when so simple a remedy as Holloway's Corn Cure is available.

It is better not to eat anything whatever between meals.

Fashions and Patterns

Here is an Ideal Suit for the Growing girl. 2588—As portrayed, velvet and satin are used for the coat, and plaid suiting for the skirt. The coat may be of the same material as the skirt, with the vest of contrasting goods. Blue serge for the coat, with plaid in blue and green for skirt and vest would be very nice. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 14 will require $3\frac{5}{8}$ yards for the skirt, $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards for the coat and $\frac{7}{8}$ yard for the vest, of 27-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

Waist—2591. Skirt—2600. For a separate skirt and waist combination you will find this very attractive. The waist pattern, 2591, may be of flannel, silk, satin, voile, madras or linen. It is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure, and requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 44-inch material for a medium size. The skirt is cut in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 24 requires $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 44-inch material. The skirt measures $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards at the foot. This illustration calls for two separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents for each pattern, in silver or stamps.

A Very Attractive Style. 2599—This model is good for satin, silk, crepe and velveteen, and for combinations of materials. The overblouse and tunic are joined and finished in "slip on" style. One could use crepe for the skirt and blouse, with chiffon for sleeves and tunic. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18, and 20 years. Size 16 requires $4\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 44-inch material. Without the tunic, $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard less. The skirt measures $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Good Cover-All Apron. 2589—This style is especially nice for gingham, percale, alpaca and brilliantine. The front is cut in panel shape and forms deep pockets over the sides. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42, and extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

Just a Simple Dress for a Little Maid. 2586—This is a good model for wash material. It will make a practical, ideal school dress. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. Percale, repp, poplin, gingham, seersucker or chambray, and also serge, cotton or wool gabardine, novelty and check suiting are nice for its development. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Smart Dress for Home Wear. 2374—This model is nice for gingham, linen, seersucker, percale, gabardine, serge and silk. The sleeve has a short seam at the back, below the elbow, which may be finished for a closing with buttons and buttonholes. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material. The skirt measures about $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Simple but Becoming Dress for Mother's Girl. 2376—All wash fabrics, cashmere, serge, checked and plaid material, corduroy, velvet and silk are suitable for this model. White lawn with edging of embroidery, gingham, with collar and cuffs of embroidery, or brown velvet with tiny frills of satin, could be used. The skirt portion is closed under the centre plait. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 8 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 44-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Simple Coat and Cap for the Little One. 2249—Serge, cheviot, gabardine, velvet, plush, silk, linen, corduroy, pique and all cloakings suitable for children, are nice for this style. The cap may be of any material, or of embroidery, lawn, faille or fur. The pattern includes coat and cap. It is cut in 4 sizes: 1, 2, 3 and

4 years. Size 2 requires 2 yards of 36-inch material for the coat and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard for the cap. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Practical, Comfortable Undergarment 2583—This is a very desirable one-piece model, good for cambric, nainsook, longcloth, batiste, washable satin, silk, crepe, domet or outing flannel. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

2598—This attractive style may serve as an early fall suit. It is nice for velveteen, satin, serge, Jersey cloth, plaid or checked suiting. The over-blouse is finished separately. The two-piece skirt is joined to a semi-fitted waist, which holds the collar and revers, and under which the vest is arranged. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires $7\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material. The skirt measures about 2 yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Smart Suspender Dress. 2601—This is lovely for combinations of material or remodeling. Serge, gabardine, plaid or check suiting would do for the skirt, and crepe, lawn, madras or drill for the waist. The model is nice for velvet and silk or serge and taffeta. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 requires 4 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Simple Style for the Little Tot. 2603—This model is nice for gingham, seersucker, chambray, repp, poplin, crepe, serge, flannelette and gabardine. The belt and pockets may be omitted. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow

length. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 1, 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 will require $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 44-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Natty Suit for the Growing Boy. 2259—Linen, galatea, gingham, cheviot, serge, mixed suiting, corduroy and velvet, are nice for this model. The belt may be omitted or finished separately. The trousers are straight at the lower edge and close at the centre front. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 8 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 44-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Smart Combination of Separate Skirt and Waist. Waist—2595. Skirt—2597. Pattern 2597 supplies the skirt, and pattern 2595 the waist. One could make the skirt of plaid suiting of serge, velveteen or corduroy. The waist could be of crepe, taffeta, batiste, linen, madras, flannel, voile or repp. The waist pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 3 yards of 36-inch material for a 38-inch size. The skirt is cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Size 24 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. It measures 2 yards at the foot. This illustration calls for two separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents for each pattern, in silver or stamps.

Here is a Simple, Comfortable Coat Style. 2515—It is easy to develop and good for satin, silk, pique, as well as cloth, serge, mixtures, plush, velvet and other cloakings. The fronts are lapped at the closing. The belt is cut in two parts. Double-faced cheviot with trimming of broadcloth would be good for this. For a more dressy model, plush or other pile fabrics could be selected. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12 and

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Could Not Work For 8 Months.

Palpitation of the heart is one of the most common of all heart troubles, and many people are kept in a state of morbid fear of death, become weak, worn, and miserable, have weak and dizzy spells, their nerves become unstrung and they cannot sleep.

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Mrs. Walter Grieves, Apsley, Ont., writes: "I had been run down and doctors told me I was anæmic, but did not help me with their medicines. I could not sleep nights, my heart palpitated so, and I could count every beat. I used to have such dizzy spells I would have to go to bed. I was not able to do my work for eight months. A cousin of mine had taken Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills and told me what they had done for her. I took eight boxes of them, and now I am able to help every day with the work. I am so thankful to tell others what they have done for me, so that they may try this great and wonderful remedy. I hope this may prove good to some one who is suffering the way I did."

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A safe milk diet, better than cow's milk alone. Contains rich milk and malted grain extract.

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Miss Dorothy Clark, Kouchibouguac, N.B., writes: "For over three years I suffered great agony from pains in the stomach. I tried several remedies, but got no relief until a friend advised me to take Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills. I started with two vials, and before I had one quite used I found much relief. I continued until I used four vials, and they have completely cured me. That was fourteen months ago, and I have not had the slightest return since. The best praise I can give them is not enough."

Most of the misery and ill-health that humanity is burdened with arise from disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels. If you are feeling out of sorts, have pains in the stomach, especially after eating, bilious spells, headaches, sour stomach, coated tongue, water brash, etc., you should take a few doses of Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills. You will be surprised how quickly they will fix you up."

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14 years. Size 12 will require 3¾ yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

2592—A comfortable house dress like this will make work lighter and more agreeable. The style is becoming. It is simple and easy to develop. Seersucker, gingham, chambray, lawn, percale, drill, linene, or linen may be used. Flannelette, cotton, gabardine, repp and poplin are also desirable. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 5 yards of 44-inch material. The dress measures about 2¾ yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Good Easy-to-Make Apron. 2435—This model is nice for percale, for galatea, Indian head, khaki, chambray and gingham. The back portions button over the fronts. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42; and extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure.



A medium size requires 4½ yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

The Growing Girl's Best School Dress. 2584—You will find this a comfortable, becoming model; good for serge, gabardine, velvet, plaid and other suitings. It is also nice for linen, galatea, gingham, chambray and percale. The skirt has plaits in back and front. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 will require 4¼ yards of 44-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

After 10 Years of Asthma Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy proved the only relief for one grateful user, and this is but one cure among many. Little wonder that it has now become the one recognized remedy on the market. It has earned its fame by its never failing effectiveness. It is earning it to-day, as it has done for years. It is the greatest asthma specific within the reach of suffering humanity.

A Talk to Mothers

Written for The Western Home Monthly
By Hester Fenton, L.L.A.

Mothers, I would like a talk with you. Do you care to listen? Last summer when I was in Winnipeg I was invited to address a "Mother's Meeting." I felt a little diffident, I had frequently addressed women's meetings, but this seemed different. I am not a mother, and I was a little afraid. However, I conquered my diffidence and gave a talk on "Habits." When the meeting was over someone thanked me for my sermon. I felt rebuked, I did not want to preach. I never did like that word, it sounds so superior. So please don't consider this a sermon. I am not a mother, but I am vitally interested in children, and I love them. Without that love I could not teach effectively. I am a teacher and I enjoy my work.

May I ask you a few questions? First,



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Send for trial bottle today and say whether your hair is naturally black, dark brown, medium brown or light brown. If possible, send a lock in your letter.

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except when she wanted something, and, of course, mother is still the unfailing source of all the material things the children need, mother or father.

Another question, do you know your children's friends? Are they welcome visitors at your home? Do they love to come?

Do you know the men or women who teach your children? If not get acquainted. You can help them so much, and they can help you. In nearly every case I find that knowing the parents of my pupils helps me and it helps them. The home interest stimulates activity in school work. Mother's "well done" counts for a lot. Mother's sympathy and faith in better things to come helps the boy or girl who has not done well this month to work harder next month, when a word of discouragement or lack of faith may produce a don't care attitude.

Perhaps, mother reader, these questions do not affect you, you have not lost your children's confidence, you know their

their confidence, it will come naturally. You may show your interest in many little ways. Give them a pleasant little surprise some day. Don't you love a surprise? I do. Invite their friends home, and give them a really good time. A boy or girl loves to hear his chums say, "What a brick your mother is."

Don't put yourself up on a pedestal, because you are older than your children, if you are worthy they will do all of that that is necessary. Your extra years alone are not sufficient to claim respect. There are just as many old fools as young ones. Parents are often tempted to quote Scripture. Remember that the same book which bids us "Honor your father and mother" also says, "And ye fathers provoke not your children to wrath."

The Old Testament contains ten commandments, the law, and the prophets. Christ summarises them all very briefly, love for God and love for our fellow man. There you have the key to all. Love will open every heart. If you love the Good



See particulars on pages 43 and 44.

friends, they are welcome to your home, they love to come, their noise does not bother you, and so on. But if you are not so fortunate do not be too discouraged you can still recover much of the ground you have lost. You have always your love to help you, and by degrees your children will come back to you. Now if there is one word I would like to eliminate from your vocabulary and mine in our intercourse with children it is the word "Don't." It is so easy to say, and so provocative to the child. "Don't" is so often accompanied by a frown. Children of a larger growth are none too partial to the word. I have an obstinate friend who immediately does what you tell him not to. I wanted his opinion of a book, so I said, "Don't read it, you won't like it." He read it, and I got the desired criticism. I think he often heard "don't" both at school and at home. I do not advocate diplomacy of that nature in dealing with children.

Now having expressed myself on the word I am going to use it a few times in my talk to you. If you want to know your children better don't try and force

Book, and, of course, you do, get a reference Bible and look up the word "child." Especially read the words of the Great Teacher, and you will feel wonderfully enlightened and helped. No this is not a sermon, or if it is I am preaching it as much to myself as to you. In conclusion, let me say have faith in your children and you will inspire them to do the best that is in them. Be a child with them, learn with them and from them, then they will be willing and able to gain from your experience

The strength is not infrequently increased by reducing the amount of food eaten.

An Oil of Merit.—Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is not a jumble of medicinal substances thrown together and pushed by advertising, but the result of the careful investigation of the curative qualities of certain oils as applied to the human body. It is a rare combination and it won and kept public favor from the first. A trial of it will carry conviction to any who doubt its power to repair and heal.



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The small package of Quaker Oats contains 2490 calories of food. It costs 35 and 15c.

The calory is the energy unit used to measure food. Quaker Oats equals in food value—approximately—the following amounts of other staple foods.

Measured by Calories

One 13 Package Quaker Oats Equals

3 lbs. Round Steak	3½ qts. Milk
3 lbs. Leg of Lamb	2 lbs. White Bread
5 lbs. Young Chicken	7 lbs. Potatoes

Figure what you pay for these foods. You will find that meat foods—for the same calories—cost 8 to 14 times as much as Quaker Oats. Then compare them.

Calories Per Pound

Round Steak 890	Eggs 720
Young Chicken 505	Quaker Oats 1810

Thus Quaker Oats—the food of foods—has from 2 to 3 times the calory value. Yet all are good foods, and some are indispensable.

Use Quaker Oats to bring down the food-cost average. Make it your breakfast. Serve it fried. Mix it with your flour foods to add flavor and save wheat. Each dollar's worth used to displace meat saves you about \$8, measured by the calories supplied.

Quaker Oats

The Extra-Flavorly Flakes

The reason for Quaker Oats is super flavor. They are flaked from queen grains only—just the rich plump oats. We get

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When such a grade sells at no extra price, it is due to yourself that you get it.

35 and 15c Per Package

Except in Far West

Quaker Oats Muffins

¾ cup uncooked Quaker Oats, 1½ cups flour, 1 cup scalded milk, 1 egg, 4 level teaspoons baking powder, 2 tablespoons melted butter, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons sugar.

Turn scalded milk on Quaker Oats, let stand five minutes; add sugar, salt and melted butter; sift in flour and baking powder; mix thoroughly and add egg well beaten. Bake in buttered gem pans.

Quaker Oats Pancakes

2 cups Quaker Oats (uncooked), 1½ cup flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon soda dissolved in 2 tablespoons hot water, 1 teaspoon baking powder (mix in the flour), 2½ cups sour milk or buttermilk, 2 eggs beaten lightly, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 or 2 tablespoons melted butter (according to the richness of the milk).

Process: Soak Quaker Oats over night in milk. In the morning mix and sift flour, soda, sugar and salt—add this to Quaker Oats mixture—add melted butter; add eggs beaten lightly—beat thoroughly and cook as griddle cakes.

Quaker Oats Bread

1½ cups Quaker Oats (uncooked)
2 teaspoons salt.
¾ cup sugar.

2 cups boiling water.

1 cake yeast.

¾ cup lukewarm water.

5 cups flour.

Mix together Quaker Oats, salt and sugar. Pour over two cups of boiling water. Let stand until lukewarm. Then add yeast which has been dissolved in ¼ cup lukewarm water, then add 5 cups of flour.

Knead slightly, set in a warm place, let rise until light (about 2 hours). Knead thoroughly, form into two loaves and put in pans. Let rise again and bake about 50 minutes. If dry yeast is used, a sponge should be made at night with the liquid, the yeast, and a part of the white flour. This recipe makes two loaves.

The Quaker Oats Company

PETERBOROUGH, Canada

(2021)

SASKATOON, Canada

MOTHER AND CHILD VERY LOW WITH DYSENTERY.

Dysentery is one of the worst forms of bowel complaint. It comes on suddenly, the pains in the bowels become intense, the discharges occur with great rapidity, and are very often accompanied by blood, and the action on the system so weakening that its termination often proves fatal.

When the bowels get loosened up in this way, and you wish to check the unnatural discharge without bringing on constipation, there is only one remedy to use, and that is Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

Mr. W. J. Metcalfe, Tofield, Alta., writes: "I wish to state that we have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry with good results. I can say that it can't be beat. It saved my wife and little boy last summer, when they were very low with dysentery. We always have a bottle of it in the house, and would not be without it if it cost five dollars a bottle."

"Dr. Fowler's" is not an experiment but a tried and proven remedy that has been used in Canada for the past 72 years.

There are many cheap imitations and substitutes of this sterling remedy on the market. Beware of them and accept only the original when you ask for it, as these cheap no-name, no-reputation, so-called strawberry compounds may be dangerous to your health. The genuine is put up only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont. Price, 35c.

I CAN HELP YOU

If you suffer from Piles, I can tell you how to treat yourself at home to get rid of

PILES FREE TREATMENT

A free treatment of my new absorption method will give early relief and prove to you its value.

Send no money, but write me to-day, and tell your friends about the free trial treatment.

MRS. M. SUMMERS
Box 86 WINDSOR, ONT.

RHEUMATISM A HOME CURE GIVEN BY ONE WHO HAD IT

In the spring of 1893 I was attacked by Muscular and Inflammatory Rheumatism. I suffered as only those who have it know, for over three years. I tried remedy after remedy, and doctor after doctor, but such relief as I received was only temporary. Finally, I found a remedy that cured me completely, and it has never returned. I have given it to a number who were terribly afflicted and even bedridden Rheumatism, and it effected a cure in every case.

I want every sufferer from any form of rheumatic trouble to try this marvelous healing power. Don't send a cent; simply mail your name and address and I will send it free to try. After you have used it and it has proven itself to be that long-looked-for means of curing your rheumatism, you may send the price of it, one dollar, but understand, I do not want your money unless you are perfectly satisfied to send it. Isn't that fair? Why suffer any longer when positive relief is thus offered you free? Don't delay. Write to-day.

Mark H. Jackson, No. 316E Gurney Bldg., Syracuse, N.Y.

Mr. Jackson is responsible. Above statement true.

Mr. Jackson is responsible. Above statement true.

When writing advertisers, please mention
The Western Home Monthly

Correspondence

Boys Must Have "Spunk"

Dear Editor:—I have been an interested reader of the W.H.M. for five years. I am very fond of the correspondence page, so am writing my first letter. I certainly agree with "Soldier's Sister" that we must measure up with the boys "Over there." My only two big brothers have gone voluntarily. One, two years ago, and the other a few months ago.

"Bashful Kid" says that the girls should go and ask the boys to take them to dances, etc. I think that if the boys have not got the "spunk" to ask the girls, they don't deserve to have the girls.

I am "Sweet Sixteen" myself, and agree with "Sweet Sixteen" that overalls are becoming to girls. Now I must close. I sign myself, "Cutie Curls."

Bates on Love and Marriage

Dear Editor:—After re-subscribing to the W.H.M., I am persuaded to believe it has, without a doubt, become the leading home paper in the west. I am simply delighted with it, and I am sure any country should be proud of such literature as it contains. There are none who appreciate it more than the bachelors in this west. It is impossible to determine the benefit derived from these columns, including the good stories, etc. As people of many opinions write to these columns, I would like to write mine in regard to "Love After Marriage." We all know, but many do not apprehend, we must sow before we can reap. In other words, we must give and trust before we can receive. Herein lies the whole secret of my opinion. If each love truly and trust for a return of love and cover all envy, strife, etc., with love, then how can anything but peace and happiness prevail in that house. Of course it is striving, but anything good is worth much. I would like to give my exact opinion to anyone who cares to write to me, as space here is too scarce. Yours truly, "Bates."

Congratulates W.H.M.

Dear Editor:—May I congratulate you on having such a good paper as The Western Home Monthly. I think it is a very interesting magazine and I know everyone who has read it will agree with me. I always read your correspondence column and I think we get some very good views. "Soldier's Sister" is correct when she says that a slacker is anyone at home who does not stand behind the boy in the trenches. I agree with her. I write to quite a few boys over in France and do enjoy writing to the boys who do not get many letters, although I do not know them. I agree with "A Sport" in thinking that it does no harm to dance in war time. I heard someone remark the other day "That the war would never be over until all dancing is stopped," but dancing is not harmful unless people put it ahead of everything else. I have four sisters and three brothers. My oldest brother is eighteen and my oldest sister is seventeen. I, myself, am nearly sixteen. My address is with the Editor if anyone would be kind enough to write me. "Sunshine."

Lonely Discusses Love

Dear Editor:—I am a subscriber to The Western Home Monthly, and in looking over the correspondence page I notice what "Hubby's Darling" says in reply to the query of "A Western Bach." It seems to me that "Hubby's Darling" did something very wrong and unwise when she married without being sure she loved her man. In most cases this would be disastrous, and she may consider herself very fortunate indeed in the happiness which has come to her.

Yes, "Western Bach," love does in a great many cases grow less after marriage, but let me say that in almost every case the fault lies with the husband. Personally, I was married for over eleven years to a sweet, true prairie girl who ever loved me with her whole heart and whose love was fully returned. But God called her and took her to Himself,

leaving myself and two dear boys. But though she is gone, she is with us yet in memory of the true love she ever had for us. And the memories that crown those happy years are very precious and sweet indeed.

"Western Bach," if you are contemplating marriage and want the happiness of your honeymoon to last, make that honeymoon extend to where the parting comes. How many of our western women are heart hungry for some of the love, the endearing words and fond embraces of the first year of their married life. Husband has more land, more stock, more machinery, more work. He works so hard he is often irritable and cross. His thoughts and attentions are entirely taken up with his work. The little woman whom he promised to love and cherish plods along doing her best and being always faithful. He has forgotten the times when he used to take her in his arms and kiss her. How little he realizes what he has lost, for let me say in the rush and worry, the difficulties and problems of this western life, a few minutes thus spent with wife will mean so much to him and a thousand times more to her. And love will not grow less but will ever grow and bloom and blossom in happiness in their home, and in their lives. "Lonely."

From a Cowgirl

Dear Editor:—I have been a reader of your paper for several years and think it very interesting, especially the correspondence page and the stories. I live on a farm about eleven miles from a small town. I have been herding cattle all summer and think it is great sport. I named my horse Pansy and my dog Jack. I herd a four fifty head of cattle. I would like to correspond with some of the readers. Now, as my letter is getting long, and I am using valuable space, I will close, wishing your paper every success. "Dad's Cowgirl."

Owens Horses, Pigs, Dog and Cat

Dear Editor:—I am not a subscriber to The Western Home Monthly, but it comes to our home and I have the pleasure of reading it. I like it very much and always read the correspondence column with great interest. I live on a farm four miles from a village and have horses, pigs, a dog and a cat. I am fond of skating, dancing, horseback riding and all other sports in slack times. I would like to correspond with any of the girls between the ages of sixteen and twenty. I will answer all letters and exchange photos if they will write first. As this is my first letter to your paper, I will close, wishing the W.H.M. every success. "Happy Anda."

From Over There

Dear Editor:—I have been a constant and interested reader of The Western Home Monthly for several years and have had the pleasure of passing many pleasant hours exchanging opinions with the correspondents, and although I came to France sixteen months ago, I have received all copies but one. I have also received a few letters from your correspondents, but lately they all seem to have forgotten me, as I only hear from one occasionally. Of course, maybe it has been my fault, as at times I have not been able to write as much or as often as usual, but I hope I will be excused. I miss the many pleasant and interesting letters very much. I have just received the June copy of your paper and as usual I find some very good and interesting reading, also some very good letters in the correspondence column. In fact, the letters are all good, but the ones from "Constance Canuck" and "A Soldier's Daughter" interested me most. I see they would like to hear from France. I would like very much to write

The use of Miller's Worm Powders insures healthy children so far as the ailments attributable to worms are concerned. A high mortality among children is traceable to worms. These sap the strength of infants so that they are unable to maintain the battle for life and succumb to weakness. This preparation gives promise of health and keeps it.

OWES HER LIFE TO "FRUIT-A-TIVES"

The Wonderful Medicine, Made From
Fruit Juices and Valuable Tonics.



MADAME ROSINA FOISIZ

29 St. Rose St., Montreal.

"I am writing you to tell you that I owe my life to 'Fruit-a-tives'. This medicine relieved me when I had given up hope of ever being well.

I was a terrible sufferer from *Dyspepsia*—had suffered for years; and nothing I took did me any good.

I read about 'Fruit-a-tives'; and tried them. After taking a few boxes, I am now entirely well. You have my permission to publish this letter, as I hope it will persuade other sufferers from *Dyspepsia* to take 'Fruit-a-tives' and get well."

MADAME ROSINA FOISIZ.

"Fruit-a-tives" is the only medicine in the world made from fruit.

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50. trial size 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

SHE WAS ONLY TWENTY

Yet Suffered with Functional
Disorder and Was Cured
by Lydia E. Pinkham's
Vegetable Compound.

Spring Valley, Ill.—"For many months I suffered from periodic pains—I doctored with our family physician but received no relief—then I explained my trouble to another doctor and he advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Soon after taking it I began to notice a change for the better, and after taking six bottles I am in perfect health, and I cannot thank you enough for the relief it has given me."—Miss KATE LAWRENCE, Box 725, Spring Valley, Ill.



School girls and girls who are employed at home or in some occupation should not continue to suffer tortures at such times, but profit by the experience of Miss Lawrence and thousands of others who have tried this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and found relief from such suffering. If complications exist write the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of their 40 years experience in advising girls on this subject is at your service.

to them, but I have not their address, nor have I any stamps to put on letters to be forwarded to them, but if they would care to write, I would be pleased to hear from them. I am from Western Canada, but came overseas with an Ontario battalion. I like what little I saw of the east, but believe I would rather live in Western Canada. There are lots of things I could write about, but I do not want to take up too much space, and if any of the readers care to write, my address is with the Editor. "Restless."

Wants Showers of Letters

Dear Editor:—I have been an interested reader of The Western Home Monthly for a couple of years, and at last I have picked up courage enough to write to the correspondence page. "Myosotis," I am a farmer's daughter and have helped with stooking and have found it quite hard. However, one soon gets accustomed to it. I have to do a lot of outdoor work, and "Hurrah for Overalls." I live on a farm twelve miles from town, and one mile from a post office.

"Kentish Hop," I like your letters, please write again. I don't see any harm in having dances for patriotic purposes. We have raised a lot of money for the Red Cross in that way. Like so many of you, I am wishing this dreadful war over and to see our brave lads marching home again. Nothing would please me more than a shower of letters, and I promise to answer them all should anyone care to write. Wishing the W.H.M. every success, "Undine."

Are there Slums on the Prairie?

(Continued from Page 16)

these men, not the much larger class of well housed, home loving prairie farmers of whom I am writing.

Now what are the reasons for the existence of these conditions that I have tried to describe? One of the main causes is, without doubt, the lack of a well founded and established tradition of good living and a public opinion that supports and enforces the tradition. In too many cases the prairie farmer and his wife have broken with the past which stood for a certain standard of living. Once upon a time "down East" they were careful of the amenities of living, but now—well, all that is gone, though it is at times recalled with a sigh. You will hear people say, "When we lived in the East we had a real nice house," and now they are content to live in a hovel. And at that they have more money than they ever saw in the East. Others around them are living in a squalid, apathetic manner, and they fall into the rut, too. Why it should be assumed that all the decencies were left behind in the East some of us have never discovered. The fact is that in the older parts of this old world of ours, people live as they do because it is the custom, and custom as a real force in life does not cut much of a figure in the West. This makes for sturdiness and independence of character all right, but in some aspects like these we are discussing, we would like to see more of the healthy check of a vigorous public opinion against a poor standard of living.

Unfortunately another operative cause is found in the fact that early difficulties in homesteading and getting a start have taken the heart out of the farmer and his wife. For years, maybe, they struggled on amid enforced mean surroundings until the spirit broke, the values of life became perverted, petty scraping and grasping became habituated and then when the chance came for better living, they had lost the desire and the will to change. This is a most pitiable state of affairs, and yet any observant prairie dweller knows it exists. Even the faces of a certain prairie type show that this has happened, and the strain of their general conversation reveals it still more. The narrowing lust of gold has robbed such men and women of the finest joys of living, and no Midas ever paid more dearly for his gold than these poor people.

This leads us to what is perhaps the deepest cause of all. The great want behind it all is a true conception of the worth and dignity of home. Too often the home to the farmer himself is a place where he eats and sleeps. To his wife

and family it bears a different complexion. The man is absorbed and obsessed with his farm work and the house has to look after itself. This kind of man is mistaking the means for the end, and there are lots of him, men who cannot see beyond the barn and the half section, not even into their own homes. Such men are sacrificing the stuff of living in the haste to get rich. The question may surely be put as to whether this is worth while. One thing is certain. It is bad for the prairie and those who live thereon.

A Cure for Fever and Ague.—Disturbance of the stomach and liver always precede attacks of fever and ague, showing derangement of the digestive organs and deterioration in the quality of the blood. In these ailments Parmelee's Vegetable Pills have been found most effective, abating the fever and subduing the ague in a few days. There are many who are subject to these distressing disturbances and to these there is no better preparation procurable as a means of relief.

Work and Worry

It is sometimes a slight compensation for the man who is broken down physically or mentally, the man with early heart disease or kidney disease, or the neurasthenic, to boast that hard work was the cause of his undoing. It is a much more respectable cause than dissipation, or at least it would be if it were the cause. But the best medical authorities and hygienists believe that few men have ever been seriously injured by hard work properly done. It is hard work combined with worry or hard work performed in the wrong way that does the mischief in the majority of cases.

Of course there may be such a thing as too much work—too constant application without recreation of any sort; but even in such a case enquiry will usually show that there is a want of system which increases the hours of work and induces a state of worry and hurry.

Some of those who accomplish the greatest tasks seem to have the least to do, and the reason for this is that their work is thoroughly systematized. The day is not begun with a despairing glance over all that must be done before night, and a hesitation where to begin. On the contrary, each hour has its appointed task; one thing is taken up, and for the time being the mind is concentrated upon that alone, as if nothing else pressed for the day. When this is done the next is taken up, and the next and the next; and when night comes there is no accumulation of unfinished work, and no worry for the morrow.

System, a quiet perseverance in taking up and completing one thing at a time, moderation in eating, one hour at least each day in the open air and seven hours' sleep will enable a man to put behind him an enormous amount of work every day without hurt to mind or body.



The Burden of Anxiety falls on the Women

ALMOST everybody is living under a tense nervous strain during these trying times, but the burden rests particularly heavy on the women in the home. Whatever their employment about the house, the mind has much time to dwell on the dreadful things that might happen.

There is nothing so wearing on the nerves as worry and anxiety. Nerve force is consumed at an enormous rate, and as the nerve cells become starved and depleted you find yourself unable to rest or sleep. You soon get so you can only see the dark side, and become down-hearted and discouraged.

Headaches, neuralgic pains, indigestion and failure of the vital organs to properly perform their functions are among the symptoms which tell of exhausted nerves and low vitality.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food will help you if you will only give it a chance. We know this from long experience with this great food cure. We have proven it by evidence published in this paper from time to time. It only remains for you to put it to the test.

You may wonder why people are so enthusiastic in recommending this treatment for the nerves. But you will understand after you have experienced the benefits that are to be obtained by its use.

You will find yourself resting and sleeping better, appetite and digestion will improve and you will know again the joy of good health.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

50 cents a box—do not pay more—at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto. On every box of the genuine you will find the portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., the famous Receipt Book author.

What the World is Saying

A Bitter River for the Germans

The Marne may be a little river but it has had great floods of bitterness for Germany.—Ottawa Citizen.

Well Understood

We understand the Germans too well to ever conclude a peace by understanding with them.—New York Tribune.

Their Main Reliance

German military science seems to consist of one poison gas after another.—Toronto Star.

A Whirlwind Driven Back

All that seems to be left of Hindenburg's "whirlwind campaign" is the whirl and the wind.—Halifax Herald.

Boss of the Kiel Canal

Germany has a new Minister of Marine. It is a high-sounding title for a canal superintendent.—Paris Figaro.

He Has Had Many Wrong Ideas

The Kaiser has the wrong idea. The war will end when he asks for peace terms; not when he proposes them.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

Civilization's Burden

The colored Republic of Hayti entered the war for the purpose of taking up the white man's burden.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Beyond Dispute

It must be admitted, however, that the Kaiser has come nearer fooling all his people all the time than any other ruler.—Indianapolis News.

Where Money Talks

The French franc is now worth more than the German mark. Money has no country. It follows the winning side.—Baltimore American.

All Push!

Says The Berlin Vossische Zeitung: "Either Germany or Britain must be pushed out of the ranks of world powers." Quite so. Now all push!—Vancouver Province.

A Rash Demand

An American newspaper asserts in a headline, "Red Tape Holds Up Soldiers' Garments," and proceeds to demand it be cut!—Regina Leader.

Blood and Iron

The Kaiser's policy is blood and iron, with some other man's son furnishing the blood while he and the Krupps furnish the iron.—Detroit News.

A Plain Statement of Fact

The two farm women who were injured a few days ago in harvest work near Blenheim, Ontario, deserve a place in the casualty list of the war.—Toronto Telegram.

An Epitaph Somewhere in France

Nothing finer has come out of this war than this line from an epitaph in a British graveyard in France: "For your to-morrow they gave their to-day."—London Truth.

The Name Fits

The name of the Canadian soldier who escaped from Germany on the seventh attempt and walked 200 miles to gain freedom. It was A. Corker. The name fits.—Toronto Globe.

Turkey's Evil Companionship

Another thing that would have been considered impossible four or five years ago is that Turkey could possibly get into any company that would be bad for her morally.—Ottawa Journal Press.

"Mistah Rat-Face"

A ducky soldier has named the Crown Prince "Mistah Rat-face." It should live as one of the world's most famous bits of description.—Detroit Free Press.

The Kaiser Sent Her His Photo

Must have been a treat for Frau Meter, the German mother who lost her nine sons in the war, to get a photo of the man whose six safety-first sons haven't got a scratch.—Edmonton Journal.

Patriotic Hens, Please Copy

The Lethbridge Herald tells of an Alberta hen with a record of 151 eggs in 158 days. Patriotic hens elsewhere are urged to please copy.—Calgary Herald

The Huns Are Worse Than Sharks

Sharks are reported to have menaced American aviators fallen into the sea, but they have not been accused of attacking hospital ships.—New York World.

His "Faithful Allies"

When the Kaiser speaks of "my faithful allies" he means Austria, which he is holding by the hair; Bulgaria, which he is sitting on, and Turkey, which has just made a break for the window.—Toronto World.

An Infamous Popinjay

The Germans are now blaming the Crown Prince for their reverses. A nation that has applauded this war-crazed buffoon for years is getting its deserts.—Victoria Colonist.

A Plea for a Robber

A Swiss lawyer pleaded for leniency for his client accused of robbery, on the ground that he had lived a long time in Germany. That is the way the rest of the world will look at it for a long time to come.—Washington Star.

Quite So, Indeed

The Kreuz Zeitung explains to its readers that American troops for the Allied armies "happened to flow somewhat freer than anticipated." Quite so. American enterprise and British naval strength both "happened" to be on the job.—Saskatoon Star.

Great Britain's Long Purse

The Chancellor of the Exchequer reports that Britain has loaned £568,000,000 to Russia, £402,000,000 to France, £313,000,000 to Italy, £208,500,000 to the Dominions, and £119,000,000 to Belgium, Greece and smaller nations.—Hamilton Herald.

A Proper Reminder

Lord Robert Cecil gives a proper and timely reminder that the indemnity already extorted from Belgium amounts to 2,300,000,000 francs. Till that has been repaid by Germany the question of "peace without indemnities" cannot even arise.—Glasgow Herald.

Benighted Russia

There are vast districts in Russia wherein the people believe that the Czar still rules. Democracy can make but little headway in a country so benighted.—Regina Post.

A Good Use for Them

A box containing 450 German iron crosses was among the booty captured on the western front. If used by the Allies in the making of shrapnel, they may after all serve some useful purpose in the world.—Minneapolis Journal.

Canada's Pension Roll

Canadian war pensions will soon reach \$17,000,000 annually. It is an expenditure the public will not object to, since the men who fought for us dearly earned the pensions they receive.—St. John Telegraph.

Foul Fighter, Bad Loser

The German is a foul fighter. He is also a bad loser. He wants to play always with stacked cards. He violates the rules of war when he sees advantage to himself in violating them. But as soon as he begins to suffer from their violation he begins to whimper and asks for a return to civilized practices.—Duluth Herald.

How Long?

German generals who have failed to "make good" have been dismissed and disgraced by the Kaiser. How long will it be before the German Kaiser, who has failed to "make good" will be dismissed and disgraced by the people he has so long deluded?—Toronto Mail and Empire.

The Ancient Lord of the Prairies

From a herd of 750 buffalo in 1909, the Canadian Government now has a total of 3,500 in the Wainwright park, all due to natural increase. This is good business. At that rate, all fear that the ancient monarch of the western plains will become an extinct species is groundless.—Brantford Expositor.

Remarkable Bungling

Some men who pretend to guide the destinies of other men in this city have lately reminded us of the man whose cat's head got stuck in a pitcher. He cut off the cat's head to save the pitcher and then broke the pitcher to get the cat's head out.—Vancouver Sun.

A Suggestion

The Dominion Government might profitably put an end to an active enemy agency in Canada by confiscating all known stores of spirituous liquor. They can be used to advantage in the manufacture of high explosives.—Peterboro Examiner.

The Cost of Clothes in Russia

A good suit of clothes is said to cost \$700 to-day in Russia, and poorer clothing is in proportion. At that rate the mass of the Russians should be going about in old duds, and in extreme cases hiding behind their whiskers.—Woodstock Sentinel Review.

Gloom in the Kiel Canal

"The German army and navy now face dark hours. May God protect the fatherland!" writes the military critic of the Dusseldorf Nachrichten. Where did the critic get that stuff about the German navy? Has there been an eclipse of the sun in the Kiel canal?—Windsor Record.

Another Job for the Food Board?

Excessive drinking of lemon extract is said to be causing trouble in Saskatchewan. This new indulgence would seem to open up the dreadful possibility of the Canada Food Board having to prescribe lemon pie when it is above proof.—Victoria Times.

Ship Construction

Some idea of ship construction and sailing regulations may be gathered from the fact that to-day a merchant vessel is leaving North Atlantic ports for Europe every forty minutes. The U-boat as an important factor in the war, has ceased to exist.—Canadian Finance.

Precarious Thrones

Candidates for thrones in the German made "kingdoms" of the Baltic region should take a good look at the trade mark which will be found stamped on them somewhere. It may be got up in fancy language and design, but what it means is simply this: Good only as long as the Brest-Litovsk treaty lasts.—New York Sun.

An Exploded Myth

The last four years have been hard on supermen. The carefully cultivated myth of German superiority, which gained adherents easily when nobody was particularly interested in examining and exposing it, has been blown sky high through the efforts of men who were compelled by necessity to exert all their power. It can never be restored.—London Daily Mail.

Women's Work and Pay

Forces of orderly progress may welcome the evidence that English women have the intelligence to claim the same rate of pay as men for similar work. There is nothing revolutionary in the women's demand. After the war the danger to the state will be in the possibility of women causing men to be unemployed by accepting lower wages than men.—Kansas City Star.

The "No Booze" Secret

Tommy Mason, a correspondent, tells us was superintendent of the construction work on the Tuckahoe, the naval collier turned out of the yards of the New York Shipbuilding Corporation in 27 days 2 hours 55 minutes—the world's record cut in half. After the launching Charles M. Schwab sought Mason to learn how he and his men had made such phenomenal speed. "I want to pass your secret along to other shipyards," said Schwab. "No booze," replied Mason. "That's the secret."—New York Outlook.

As the Crown Prince Sees It

"To hold our own and not be vanquished"; that, says the German Crown Prince, has been his idea of a German victory ever since the British entered the war. The amiable prince will explain soon that the invasion of Belgium and France was just a friendly visit, the motive of which was misunderstood by the inhabitants.—Manitoba Free Press.

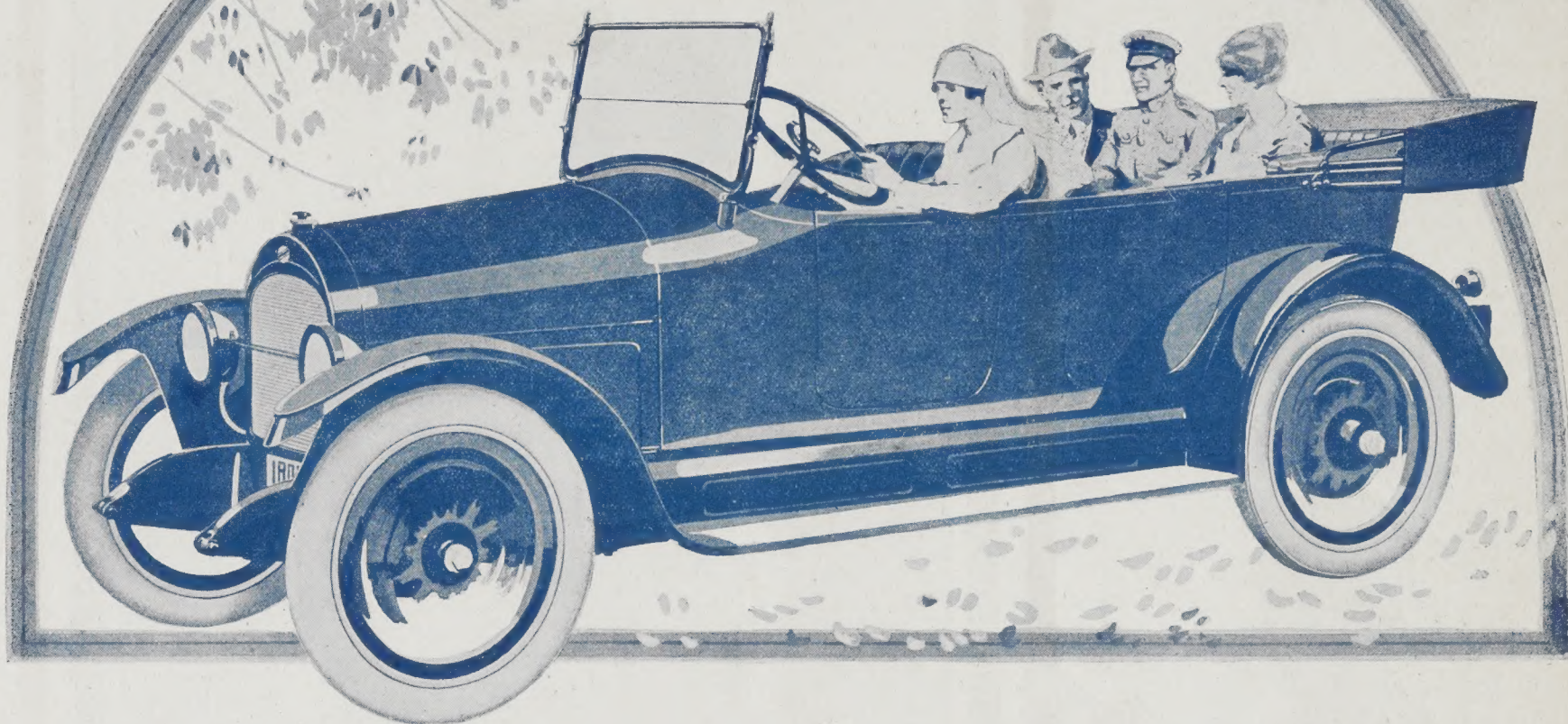
Canada's Forthcoming War Loan

The new Victory Loan is another opportunity for every Canadian to help in speeding the war to a close and giving the cause of the Allies a victory so complete that peace between nations will reign in the future.

Overland

TRADE MARK REG.

The Thrift Car



For War-Time Saving and Serving

Canadian soldiers overseas are willing to give their all. Here in the Dominion there are men and women with the same feeling.

There is a way to make the most of your life; a way to *multiply yourself* as it were; a way to save time, gain time, and to do the increased work per day that is so mandatory for victory.

Others are making themselves more useful with the help of their efficient Overland Model 90 cars. Their days are fuller of good works accomplished, their energy not wasted, their time not dissipated.

And to drive a Model 90 Overland is to stamp you as a person of thrift; a person who knows the true value of quality goods; a person of good taste, and of sound business judgment who gets the most for his money.

Then there is the Canadian service and protection in which every Overland owner is a beneficiary. Behind your car is an institution with the ability and reliability to take care of your service needs now—and later.

An Overland is a safe investment.

Light Four Model 90 Touring Car, Model 90 Sedan, Model 85-4 Touring Car

Five points of Overland Superiority:

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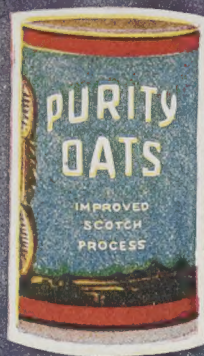
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need Wheat*

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